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A LITTLE STORY TRITE BUT TRUE.

BY O. D. V.

She sat in her heavily curtained box
And scarce noticed the gaudy play,
And she smiled in contempt at the *ballet* girls,
All tarleton, gauze, plus and curls,
As they'd execute their pas and twirls,
And shrank if they came her way—
For proud and cold spite her golden locks
Was the fair haired lady who sat in the box
And smiled in contempt at the girls and play.

But cold and proud as she was she'd smile
A warm and pleasant smile, forsooth—
As a stately, handsome man would lean
And whisper—then anon demean
Himself as one does to a queen,
And she looked a queen in truth—
For she loved him—this Queen with the golden locks;
And she show'd it, too, in her curtained box,
As she smiled in contempt at the girls and play.

A day or so before this night
A girl of quiet, modest mien,
Stood after rehearsal and did beseek
Of her chaste—to the stately man—most meek;
'Twas man again wicked and woman weak;
And she begged him her error to screen.
She might better have tried to move the rocks,
For he laughed—and went to the queen of the box,
Who smiled in contempt at the girls and play.

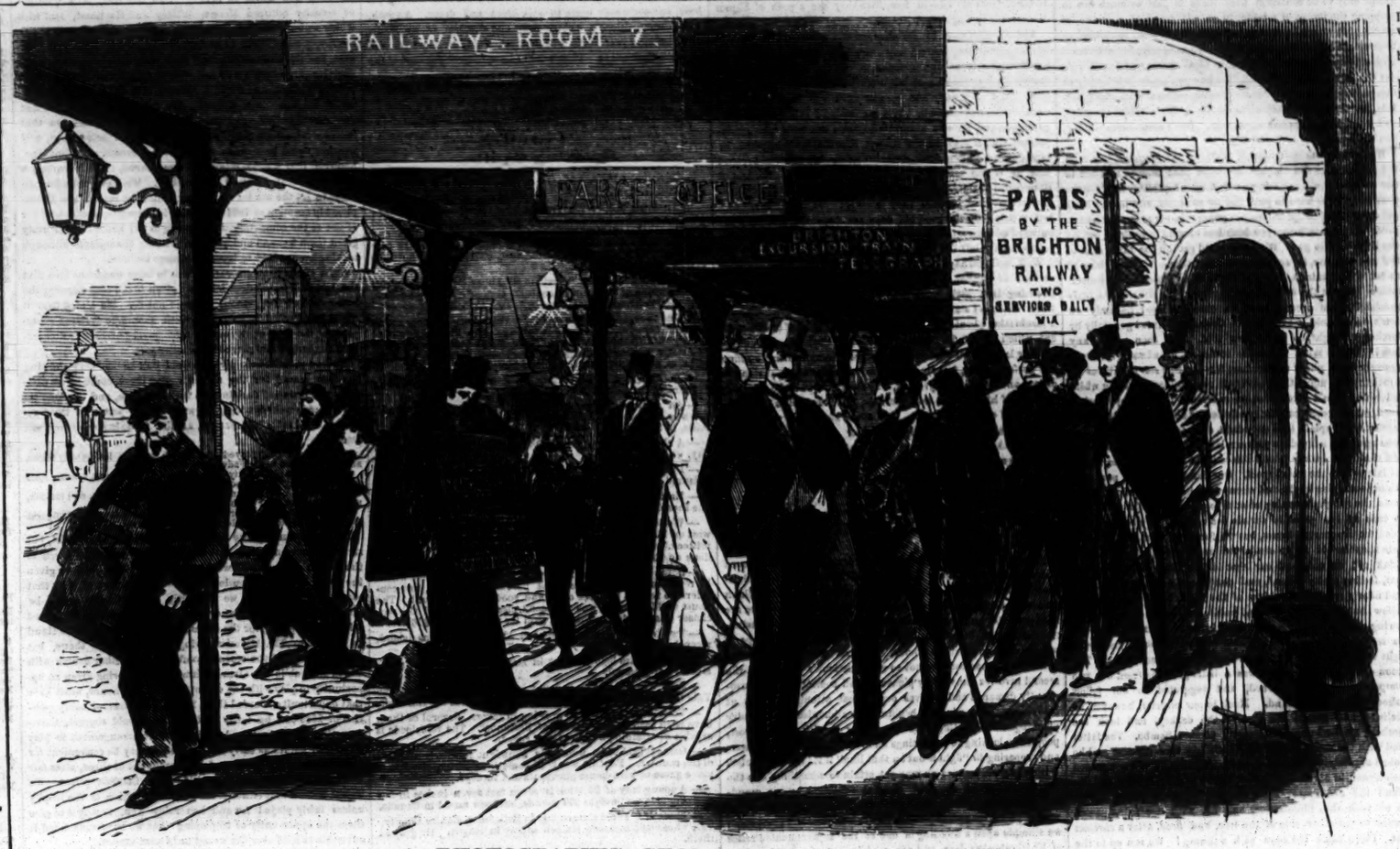
A little month had scarcely passed—
The town talk was of a wedding grand,
Between the lady proud and cold,
With tresses like the purest gold,
And the stately, handsome man so bold—
She ne'er thought ill when she gave her hand,
Did this queenly one, with the golden locks,
She'd forgotten when she sat in the box
And smiled in contempt at the girls and play.

The wedding day the papers had
A little paragraph that read
"Found Drowned—and floating near the piers
A girl—quite pretty—young in years,
A *ballet* girl named Lilie De Veres,
And when found she was quite dead."
He read it with no conscience shocks,
Swore to "honor and love" the queen of the box,
Who had smiled in contempt at the girls and the play.

To take your life is a crime against God,
But we think at the trial on Judgment Day,
The record of poor young Lilie De Vere
Will be blotted out by an angel's tear,
While the stately man's is bold and clear,
Despite he's lived since in a quiet way,
And kept faith to the queen with the golden locks
Who sat in the heavily curtained box
And smiled in contempt at the girls and play.

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP OF OUR CHARACTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION—DOUBTFUL PEOPLE AND PEOPLE ABOUT WHOM THERE IS NO DOUBT AT ALL.

The usual cluster of people had gathered about the Victoria Railway Station. There were "clean your boots," venders of fusees and oranges, and many other specimens of itinerant traders. Among the people there assembled was, on the morning on which our story commences, a flashily dressed man of about forty-five years of age.

There was no need to hear him speak to know that he was a Jew, for his features, especially his nose, proclaimed that fact so very clearly that all who ran might read it. This not at all prepossessing individual was named Sharkey Morris.

He was proprietor of a "silver hell," and of a low concert room, a money-lender, bill-discounter, receiver of stolen goods, and dealer in everything that was dishonest and disreputable. Having drawn forth and looked at his gold watch, attached to a tremendously large chain, Sharkey Morris saw that the train whose arrival he was waiting was nearly due, and so swaggered into the station.

"I say, sir, would you like to buy a box of the very primest cigars as never was, or some real bandana wipes?"

Thus whispered a very seedy-looking young man into the ear of another, whose appearance gave ample promise that he was not without a few shillings in his pocket. To the surprise of the dealer in cigars and bandanas, the individual whom he had accosted burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed—

"Hallos, Mr. Sam Grover! What, you are still in the same line, eh? The cabbage leaves and the——"

"Bless if it isn't Nat Nickem," cried the other. "Well, you know, Nat, there is no harm in trying to get an honest crust."

"I should think the people you sell your goods to are crusty enough. You call taking in the flats getting an honest living, do you?"

"Flats was made to be took in," replied Sam Grover; "if a fellow chooses to be a flat he must take the consequences."

"Well, now, Sam, that's very sensibly argued," Nat Nickem cried, admiringly. "And how goes trade, old fellow? Are you likely soon to retire from business?"

"Well, there isn't much stirring, but there's always somebody to be picked up in London, you know. But, may I venture to ask, Mr. Nickem, what game you are arter, figged out in such a spicy sort of way. Have you come in to somebody else's property?"

"No, Sam, I am living by my abilities."

"Then you don't get a dinner every day, I should say. But perhaps you will explain, and tell me how you come to be here?"

"I'm on the look out, to see what I can pick up."

"You haven't taken to pick up things before anybody drops 'em, have you, Nat?"

"No, Sam, I haven't. But I'll tell you what my game is. If I see a young man from the country arrive by the train, I offer him my services to show him about town and point out the interesting sights to him, such as the Monument, and Trafalgar Square, and the Penitentiary."

"Ah, you well know the road to that interesting building, you have been in it so often, Nat."

"No, I haven't, Mr. Sam; and I don't want no aspersions on my moral character."

"Ah, you are a nice young man, Nat," laughed Sam Grover. "But go on, tell us. When you have taken your victims to the Penitentiary you don't leave 'em there, I suppose?"

"No, I take 'em everywhere else, show 'em life—take 'em to a good hotel, get 'em a first rate dinner—the best wine—best bed—in short, he wants for nothing."

"Except money, when you have done with him, for of course you make a good commission out of all that."

"Certainly, I expects to be paid for my services."

"And you fixes your own wages, and deducts 'em yourself, don't you, Nat?"

Instead of replying to that, Nat Nickem cried—

"My eye, Sam—look at that old image!"

He directed Sam Grover's attention to a man prematurely old, and worn almost to a shadow, who came creeping along with unsteady pace, and who was carrying, one in front and the other at his back, a couple of advertising boards.

"Oh," said Sam, "that's Mister Tom Boozey—Old Tom, we generally calls him, 'cause of his partiality for that insinivating liquor."

"Then that's what makes him go reeling along so. Blest if I didn't think he was tight."

"He's always as tight as a drum; he lives upon Jackey, has Elderly Thomas for breakfast, dinner and supper."

"And yet he is always walking about between those sandwiches," laughed Nat, and indicating the two boards.

"Wait a bit," said Sam, "I'll show you what he's like."

Then he called to Boozey, who was leaning against a lamp-post, his chin resting on his breast.

"Here, I say, old Tom!"

"What now?" muttered Boozey in a hoarse, thick voice, and slowly raising his head.

"Will you have some wittels, old Tar?"

"No," Tom shortly and sullenly replied.

"Have you had anything to eat then, to-day?"

"No."

"Are you never hungry?"

"Never."

"Well, look here, Old Tom, will you have a drop of your namesake?"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly and tremblingly cried the poor wretch, his dull flaby eyes for a moment sparkling with light.

"No, you won't," laughed Sam Grover, "it don't do to encourage drunkenness; there's too much of it about. I suppose you wouldn't care about a drop of beer?"

"Yes," said old Tom, but not at all eagerly this time.

"Well, old fellow, if you would like a drop of beer, all I can say is that if it depends on me, you—you can't have it."

Sam chuckled, and old Tom Boozey's chin sank again upon his breast, and he was lost again to all that was going on around him.

"Come, come," cried Nat Nickem, "it's a shame to tantalize the poor old chap in that sort of way—come here, old fellow, I'll stand two penn'orth."

"Do you mean it—do you really mean it?" cried Boozey, anxiously, and reeling towards Nickem.

"How come you to be so fond of blue ruin?" demanded the latter.

"It kills thought, brings sleep," excitedly muttered Boozey.

"I tell you what, old fellow," cried Sam Grover, "if you don't give over soon, it will be a case of *spontaneous* combustion with you one of these days."

Nat Nickem gave the old drunkard two pence, and he reeled away, as fast as he could go, towards the nearest public house.

Old Tom, hurrying away, brushed against a lad selling vesuvians, to whom Sam shouted:—

"Look out, boy, or there'll be a conflagration; Old Tom will set your stock in trade on fire, and I dare say you are not insured."

Presently, as he chanced to glance in at the railway station:—

"Oh, there's that vagabond," exclaimed Sam; "how I do wish the law would allow me to strangle him."

"Strangle who? What are you talking about?" inquired Nat Nickem.

"Look at that man with the spicy waistcoat, and a gold chain as big as a ship's cable."

"I see him; but I don't know him. Who is he?"

"You don't know the notorious Sharkey Morris! I thought everybody knew him. I know him, to my sorrow. He's the fellow that did me out of my money when I first come up to London."

"Your money, Sam? Why I never heard before that you ever had any."

"Don't talk about it, Nat. Ah, the ups and downs of this world are awful!"

"So they are in the treadmill," groaned Nat Nickem.

"When my old father died," pursued Sam Grover, "he left me two hundred pounds, and then I came up to London to see a bit of life, and it's nearly been the death of me. And then there was poor Caroline," added Sam, gulping down a sigh.

"Oh, a sweetheart, eh?"

"Yes, and as nice a girl as—oh, dear!"

"Well, don't cry, Sam, my boy," bantered his friend. "But how did you get rid of your money—the two hundred pounds I mean."

"A swell chap of the name of Millington, that I met at a cigar divan in the Regent's Quadrant, introduced me to that rascal I showed you just now."

"Him in the station, there?"

"Yes, Mr. Sharkey Morris, and it ain't the railway, it's the police station he ought to be in."

"He cleared you out; did he?"

"Yes, pretty quick, I can tell you. He got me into that silver hell of his, and made more out of me in a month than I could make in a thousand years out of my cabbage leaves and bandanas."

"But how about your young woman? I suppose she hasn't come after you?"

"No, not yet," replied Sam; "certainly I haven't asked her. And since then she too has fallen into a bit of money, left to her by her uncle, and I rather expect that she'll come to London now to look after me."

"Hookey, she will," grinned Nat Nickem.

At that instant a bell rang, and those in waiting, or loitering near, heard a train roll into the station. Then ensued all the bustle and confusion which is usual on such occasions, and the passengers, some on foot and others in cabs, came streaming forth. And amongst the passengers was a rosy-cheeked, smartly dressed young woman, whom Sam Grover saw, and beholding was struck all of a heap.

"Caroline Cook, as I'm a sinner," he exclaimed, and ran to her.

But he was very coldly received by the damsel.

"I desire, sir, that you will keep your distance; no familiarity, I beg," grandly said Miss Caroline Cook.

"To think that we should run against one another in this extraordinary manner," cried Sam.

"And as unpleasant as extraordinary," returned Caroline, with a toss of the head.

"Don't say that, Carry, my dear, for I know you came to London to look after me."

"What impudence!"

"Don't attempt to deny it, Carry, my angel," Sam said, with his most insinuating manner, "for if I thought you no longer loved me, I'd——"

"Well, what would you do?" defiantly demanded Caroline.

"I'll tell you what I would do," Sam, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, responded.

"I'd run into the station, lay myself flat down on the rails, and ask them to be good enough to let an engine and half-a-dozen carriages run over me."

Terrified by that dreadful picture, Caroline suffered herself to be mollified, and condescended to parley.

"Unfaithful wretch," she whimpered, "how comes it that for a long time you have never answered one of my letters?"

"Where did you send them to?"

"Why, to where you said you lodged, in——"

"Oh, bless you, I left there three months ago."

"Why didn't you write and let me know?"

"So I did," plumped out Sam; he knew, however, that he had done nothing of the sort.

"Well, I never got any letter."

"What a shame! I'll write to the *Times*, and ask 'em to blow up the postmaster general."

"I think you are deceiving me, Master Sam."

"You want to break my heart and drive me to massycree myself."

"How came you to leave those lodgings?"

"The chimney smoked, my angel, and the rent was more than I felt inclined to pay, so I had a few words with my landlady and never went near her any more."

"I don't believe you are telling me the truth; I must go and look after my boxes, and then you and I must have a little more talk together."

Sam Grover, aware that Miss Cook was now worth a little money, and being besides really fond of her, determined to make his peace with her and to persuade her, as soon as might be, to bestow on him her hand and fortune.

But, moving after her he had scarcely entered the station when he met and ran against a gentleman who had arrived by the last train, and who wore an undress naval uniform.

"Look where you are running, my good friend," said the young gentleman.

"Pon my word, I beg your pardon, sir; but you have knocked nearly every bit of breath out of my body," grunted Sam.

"Why, I declare," cried the naval gentleman, recognizing him, "'tis my old acquaintance, Sam Grover!"

"Yes," cried Sam, staring hard at the man who claimed acquaintance with him, "yes, that's my name, I believe; but who are you, if I may be so bold?"

"Is it possible that you have forgotten me, Sam?"

"Law," cried that individual, opening his eyes wider than ever, "it can't be possible!—it never can be that you are the gentleman what's in the East Indies?"

"No, that I certainly am not," laughed Sam's acquaintance.

"Yes, I declare, it is Mr. Richard Brandon, my old playmate, down at home, who has given me many a good hiding,"

"The very same," smiled Richard Brandon.

"So then you have really come back?"

"It would appear so, my good fellow."

"How surprised I was when I heard that you was an officer in the navy; and you have had some fighting for I read about it in the papers, and I felt very glad that I wasn't there. Whatever made you go to sea?"

There was a little bit of romance in that history. Richard Brandon, whatever he might have returned, had been, before quitting his birthplace, a very different and retiring young gentleman. He had fallen in love with a young lady and, bold as in battle he had since proved himself, had lacked the courage to declare his passion to the object who had excited it. Believing that, as then he was, it would be presumption to aspire to her hand, he resolved to earn for himself a name, and to render himself more worthy of his adored one.

Therefore had he entered the navy, and in sharp and active service had greatly distinguished himself. But he had asked and obtained permission to hasten to India, having received word that his father, who had long been a resident there, was on his death bed. Having closed his father's dying eyes, Richard Brandon found himself master of a large fortune, and had hastened back to England to lay that, and himself with it, at the feet of his beloved one.

But hardly had he reached England when, to his great despair, he learned that, during his absence, a rival had supplanted him, and that the woman on whom he had so doated, degraded, lost, had fled from the place of her birth, her village home. And even revenge for that young girl's betrayal was impossible to him, because that destroyer of innocence was his own brother. Greatly now did Richard Brandon upbraid himself for that cowardice which had forbidden him to declare his love, for had he, in those early days, spoken manfully out, how different might all have been.

"I suppose, sir," said Sam Grover, "you have come to London to look after your brother?"

Richard Brandon started, but spoke not.

"It's a pity, sir," continued Sam, "that you didn't come before to take care of him."

"How is that?" hastily said Richard,

"Because it's too late now; he is a ruined man."

"Ruined—my brother?"

"Yes, sir. You should have seen him after he came into his property; if he didn't go to the pace then, it's a pity—horse racing, gaming table, and all sorts of deviltry."

"Good heaven!—is that really true?"

"Too true, I assure you, and now everything's gone, not a shilling left. A fellow that was telling me about him the other day, said he knew for a fact that poor Mr. Walter was positively starving."

Richard Brandon shuddered with horror, and thought not only of his wretched brother, but also of that unhappy girl whom Walter had betrayed. Was she still with the man who had so wronged her? Had she clung to him through all, and was she sharing with him now his degraded poverty, his abject misery?

That unhappy young girl had broken no faith with Richard Brandon, had perhaps never even suspected his love for her, and had it been otherwise, he would have forgotten his wrongs to remember only her present forlorn condition. Nor had his brother knowingly injured him, his brother, whom again, in his mind's eye Richard saw a little curly-headed boy—and that wretched brother was starving! Almost overpowered with his emotion, Richard faltered—

"My good fellow, conduct me instantly to poor, unhappy Walter."

"I can't do that, sir," replied Sam, "for I don't know where he lives."

Then, beholding the agony displayed on Richard's features, he hastily added—

"But don't be down-hearted sir, I shall know how to find out where he is before the night is over."

"Tell me where you reside, that I may come to you."

"Well, you see," hesitated Sam, "circumstances alters cases, and my lodgings just now are not quite so respectable as I've been used to——"

"Never mind that. Speak!"

"Well, sir, I live at number five Adam street—it's one of the turnings in the New Cut."

Brandon, with a trembling hand, wrote down the address.

"There's no bell, Mr. Richard, and there ain't no knocker, but, if you give a good kick, or throw a big stone against the door, that will do just as well."

"Thanks, good friend, thanks. I will secure apartments at the hotel here, and, in an hour or so, hasten to the address you have given me, and we will together proceed in search of Walter. And rest assured I shall not prove ungrateful for your services."

CHAPTER II.

CONSCIENCE DOTH MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL—WHO KILLED MARY PRITCHARD?

Sharkey Morris, who had entered the station as we have seen, had awaited with great impatience the arrival of the expected train. As the passengers descended from the carriages, his anxious eyes readily distinguished the man whom he had come hither to meet.

This was a tall and portly man, and, in every sense of the word, a most imposing person. His garments were of the best material and most exquisite cut, and his appearance would have been altogether unexceptionable, but that he wore a white hat, and that there was something of a sporting look about his light green coat. He was rather good looking than otherwise, and when his features were in repose they were really pleasant to look upon, telling nothing of the devil that reigned within his heart.

Outwardly as well as inwardly he was perfectly fitted for the way of life that he pursued. Certainly he was fifty, but looked not nearly so old, which might be accounted for by the fact that his serenity was not easily to be disturbed, and that he could practice the greatest crimes as smoothly and unruffled as he could smoke his cigar. As this gentleman leisurely alighted from a first class carriage, Sharkey Morris ran to him, and, seizing and shaking his hand, said—

"Jolly glad to see you back again, Ben Hooker, my boy."

"I have told you not to call me by that name," quietly replied the man thus addressed.

"Millington, I mean," hastily cried Morris, "I'd forgot again."

"Well, take my advice, and don't forget any more."

"Val, I won't; but there was nobody near."

"So much the better for you."

"Well now come, let's walk about here, there's nobody on the platform, and I want to hear all about the great news you've got to tell me."

He linked his arm in that of Millington, and the two men, every way worthy of each other, slowly paraded about the platform.

"Well," commenced Millington, "I needn't tell you again about the run of ill luck I had down yonder."

"No, no, you sent me word about all that, and asking me to be good enough to send you down a pony or two to set you on your legs again."

"And you, like a miserable Jew as you are, declined to assist me in my distress."

"I didn't want you to stop away from me any longer, my boy."

"Well, any way, it doesn't matter now, so I forgive you."

"What a good hearted chap you are!"

Having looked around and made certain that no one was near, Millington, speaking in a very low tone, continued—

"One evening, with my pockets empty and without a notion how to fill them again, I took a stroll just to air my brains a little, and give my ideas a turn—"

"What a chap you are," grinned Sharkey Morris; "blest if you aint enough to make a cat laugh."

"I had quite left the town behind me, and had arrived before a solitary and very substantial mansion, just as an elderly gentleman, evidently the proprietor of the establishment, followed by his servants, came forth."

"Where was they all a going to?"

"To church—that was clear enough, for they carried books, and it was Sunday."

"I suppose," chuckled Morris, "you asked the old gentleman to take you long with him."

"Shut up! One of the servants locked the door on the outside."

"A pretty clear proof, my boy, that there wasn't nobody at all left inside."

"Exactly. And you can't have an idea, Sharkey, of what I felt at seeing a house left entirely unprotected."

"Yes, I think I can form a notion," chuckled Morris. "I couldn't help saying to myself that such carelessness deserved to be punished."

"Quite right, Millington, my boy."

"So directly they were out of sight, feeling that a little exercise would do me good, I thought I would try how high I could jump—and, would you believe it, hang me if I didn't jump clean over the garden wall?"

"Well, it's wonderful, that it is!"

"Delighted with my gymnastic capabilities, I thought I would try if I could climb as high as I could jump, and I give you my word of honor, Sharkey, that I contrived to scramble up on the balcony that led into the back drawing room."

"Well, my boy, I know you are not given to tell lies, else 'pon my soul I couldn't believe you!"

"Greatly admiring the sumptuous furniture, my eyes presently fell—and rested, too—on an escritoire; the outside was so beautiful that I longed to make myself acquainted with its interior. It was locked, but I could not endure that my curiosity should be balked, and so——"

"Of course you opened it!"

"It was so easy a matter that really—"

"And what did you find!" eagerly whispered Morris, his fingers working, and a greedy covetous glaring in his large round eyes.

"I found something like forty sovereigns, friend Sharkey."

"How some people will leave their money about."

"Just so. Determined to teach those people to be more careful for the future, I hastily wrapped the sovs. in the first piece of paper I laid my hands on, and——"

"And," impatiently interrupted Morris, "made your way out of the house a precious sight quicker than you got in. What's the use, Millington, of making a long rigmarole story about a bit of business like that, a reg'lar common every day occurrence? It's quite a waste of time, Millington, and I am quite surprised—"

"Stop a bit; keep cool, Mister Sharkey; don't be too clever, I haven't quite done yet."

"Oh! if there is something more interesting to follow——"

"You shall judge. After I had got safely home——"

"Hush, Millington, my boy," hastily whispered Sharkey Morris, "there's an individual standing yonder with his eyes fixed on us in a very peculiar manner, and I don't like it."

"Oh, we have nothing to fear just now."

"Ours is a precarious profession, Millington, and sometimes we are in the greatest danger when we thinks ourselves the most secure. Let's go; we can talk as we walks along."

"Perhaps it may be as well," said Millington.

They sauntered arm in arm from the station, just as Sam Grover had parted with Lieutenant Brandon, and was about to hurry away. They were solicited to have their boots cleaned and to buy oranges and vesuvians, while Nat Nickem, planting himself directly in Millington's path, accosted him with—

"Can you give an honest hard working fellow a job, sir? I'll take you to the most comfortablest hotel, if you are a stranger, show you all the sights that are worth seeing and take carp of you generally, so that you shan't be neither swindled nor g'rotted."

And while Nickem, in front of Millington, was thus addressing him, Sam crept up behind the gentleman, and whispered—

"If you're fond of a good cigar, sir, I have got some beauties; and some of the choicest Bandany's, real Ingy, smuggled over—just come this way a minute and I'll show 'em to you."

Both Ned and Sam had been under the impression that the gentleman with Morris was some sporting flat from the country for whom the Jew had been laying in wait, and on whom he now pounced.

But Sam Grover, at all events, was unpleasantly undeceived, and recoiled a step or two as Millington cried—

"To the devil with you rabble! Where are the police?"

Sam recognised that voice, even before he had seen the face of the speaker, and a remembrance of the past rising vividly before him, felt very uncomfortable indeed. Old Tom Boozey, tottering about with his boards, staggered against Millington, who roughly thrust him aside. Nat Nickem, angry, because disappointed in his hopes of making something out of Sharkey Morris' friend, blustered up to Millington, crying—

"Who are you, I should like to know, shoving people about in this sort of way. You might let that poor old chap alone; he couldn't do any harm to anybody."

"Oh, couldn't he though," said Sam Grover, "I know a word or two that will always make a furious maniac of him."

"You don't mean that?"

"It's as true as you are standing there."

"What words are they?"

"You shall hear directly."

Then, laughing to himself, Sam stopped old Boozey, who was tottering away, and, pointing to Nat Nickem, said—

"Boozey, old boy, you see that fellow there?"

"Yes; is he going to give me another tuppence to get some more Old Tom?"

"No; but I'll tell you what—he's the very man that killed Mary Pritchard."

Yelling like some savage beast of prey, Old Tom flew at Nickem, and held and almost shook the life out of him, Nat feeling as helpless as a child in the hands of that usually weak and imbecile old bourdman. Sam, laughing heartily, and assisted by others around, forced Boozey away, and liberated poor Nat Nickem.

"Don't hold me," hoarsely raved old Tom, "I'll kill him, I will, for he killed Mary Pritchard."

"No, he didn't, old man," laughed Sam; "it was only my chaff."

"Nice sort of chaff," grumbled Nat, putting himself to rights, "it's a wonder he hadn't tore my clothes all to pieces, for they are precious tender."

"There, there, smooth your ruffled feathers, my old Bantam," Sam said to Boozey, "it was only a joke; come along, and have a drop of your favorite beverage."

"A joke—Mary's death—murder—where's the joke of that? It was no joke when she—no, no joke—no joke!"

"Are you coming to have the elderly Thomas?" demanded Sam.

"Yes, yes, come along—you don't say that in joke, do you?" anxiously cried the poor old wretch, who even then was verging on delirium tremens.

Tremblingly he seized and tossed down his throat the liquor given to him by Sam, and, forgetting all that had so recently excited him, sank again into that dull and apathetic state from which Grover had known how, for one instant only, to arouse him.

CHAPTER III.

THE IMPORTANT PART OF MILLINGTON'S HISTORY—THE VICTIM

If any person had been closely observing Mr. Millington, they would have perceived that at the mention of the name, Mary Pritchard, he very perceptibly started. He had been walking away with Morris, but stopped abruptly as he heard that name pronounced, and looked very hard at Old Tom.

"Come along," impatiently cried Morris, "what's the use of stopping here? I tell you, I didn't like the look of that man in the station, I'd take my solemno the's a detective."

He seized Millington's arm, and pulled him forward. Morris continued jabbering, and pausing after awhile for an answer to something he had said, heard Millington mutter to himself—

"If it should be? I must see that man again."

"What man? what's the matter with you? I don't believe you have heard a word of what I have been talking about."

"Hold your tongue—don't bother," savagely muttered Millington.

"Something's put him out," thought Morris; "I wonder what it is. But I'll shut up; it doesn't do to cross him when he has got one of this sort of fits on."

They walked on for some distance, neither speaking, and Millington was, as his friend could see, busied with thoughts which were the reverse of agreeable. At length Morris exclaimed—

"I say, Millington, look, here's that feller, Walter Brandon, coming along. Let's turn the corner here, we don't want to meet him."

"Yes, we do," shortly answered Millington, and holding the Jew fast.

"But I don't want to see him; when I have plucked a pigeon of all his feathers it makes such an alteration in him that I never knows him again."

Those two and Walter Brandon presently met on the pavement, and the latter would have passed on his way without taking the slightest notice of the others, only that Millington blocked the path against him. Quite a young man, and handsome, notwithstanding the extreme pallor of his countenance, and that his eyes had in them a wild and haggard look, was Walter Brandon.

Worse than shabby was his attire, and slovenly his look and bearing; yet was there about him the signs of one who had moved in a very different sphere, who had, as the saying goes, seen better days. Walter, who had been crawling listlessly along, raised his drooping head to see who it was had barred the way against him.

"How you look at me, Brandon, Millington said, with a laugh; "you haven't forgotten, me, surely?"

"Forgotten you?" repeated Walter, "no, I am not likely ever to forget you."

"That's right; I am glad always to be remembered by my friends."

"Friends!" scornfully muttered the young man, and would have hurried forward.

"Stop, stop, don't be in such a deuce of a hurry. Here's Sharkey Morris; you know him too, don't you?" said Millington, with a little ironical laugh.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Brandon, hope I see you well, sir," stammered Morris, without daring to look into the face of the man he addressed.

"And how is the charming Eliza?" pleasantly inquired Millington.

"What is that to you?" sharply responded Walter. "What have you to do with her?"

"I speak because I am sorry for her present unhappy condition, that is all."

"You sorry!"

"Yes, and for you also, and soon—— By-the-bye, you will be at home this evening, I suppose?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because this evening I intended to pay you a visit, and shall have something very particular to say to you, something, I hope, for your advantage."

"You! It is my curse that I have ever known you, or that other miserable wretch."

As he said that, Walter dashed past those two men and went on his way.

"Come along, Sharkey," coolly and quietly said Millington, and on they both walked.

Morris coarsely laughed, and dug his elbow into his companion's ribs.

"What's the matter with you now?" inquired Millington.

"Now, I see," groaned Sharkey.

"See what, you old image?"

"Vy you vants to be so friendly with that poor devil we have so nicely cleaned out between us?"

"Ah, you're a clever fellow!"

"Yes; it's because of that gal, his Eliza."

"You are all wrong, Sharkey; certainly the girl is passable, and perhaps, at a future day—but at present I have a very different and, I hope, much more profitable object in view."

"Vat do you mean?"

"Do you forget that your interrupted me when——"

"Ah, to be sure—the most important part of your story was to come, you said."

"Exactly."

"Vell, let's hear it, Ben—Millington, my boy."

"Then listen attentively. Having reached my lodgings I proceeded to ascertain of how many sovereigns I had made myself proprietor, and glancing at the paper in which I had wrapped them, I saw it was a letter, which, having just then nothing else to do, I proceeded to read."

"Vas it interesting?"

"Very. It has come from India, and was signed Brandon——"

"Brandon!"

"Yes, Brandon, who, formerly a wealthy manufacturer of Manchester, had afterwards gone to and fixed himself in India, whither he was followed by his eldest son.

"This letter was written by the old gentleman to his friend Summerford, a retired merchant; the very person at whose house I had made myself at home."

"You see, Millington, what it is to be industrious. If you hadn't got over that wall——"

"Hold your tongue. The subject of the letter was an acceptance by Danvers of a proposal that had been made to him by Summerford to marry their children. At once it occurred to me that as old Danvers had two sons, and that as so long a time had elapsed——"

"I see," cried Morris, "you mean that the pigeon we plucked shall be the—my wig, Millington, but you are a clever fellow!"

"The next day I paid a visit to old Summerford, told him that young Brandon was in London, and the merchant and his daughter are even now on their way hither."

"Ve goes halves, of course, Millington, my boy?"

"Yes, and I can promise you a clear five thousand out of the business—only——"

"Only what?"

"Why you will have to supply the needful to fit out young Walter that he may meet his intended bride in a becoming manner."

"Well, as it seems a pretty safe spec——"

"Yes, I think so; but nothing venture, nothing win, and it will be ten thousand pounds between us, or——"

"Or five years a piece at the hulks, at the very least," rather nervously stammered Sharkey Morris,

TO BE CONTINUED.

English and American Ladies.

A writer in *Tinsley's Magazine* says:—"English women have their out of door sports, as well as the men. They row, they ride, they have archery meetings, and, more than this, they walk out in every kind of weather. I am not about to repeat the old cry that American ladies wear thin shoes, fade quickly and die early. This cry was never quite true, except in regard to ladies of fashion; and such ladies are very much alike all over the world, wearing the same attire, living the same life, and coming to the same end. But, unquestionably, the opening of the New York Central Park—which rendered all American parks suddenly fashionable—and the subsequent and consequent introduction of English walking boots have greatly benefited American women, and have blessed, like a new Providence, the American children. I have had the honor of introductions to English matrons who appeared quite as young as their daughters, and have met an English lady who assured me that she was a grandmother, although she looked young, charming and handsome enough for a maiden of 18; but I think I could find similar phenomena in America, and I have encountered girls who seemed old enough to be their own mothers, not to say grandmothers, and ugly enough to suggest the theory of demoniacal influences. The truth is, that American ladies, as a rule, are as handsome as the English, and last just as long; but theirs is a different style of beauty, and each man has his own ideal. I do not want the American women to look like the English, but I want them to be as healthy, and to introduce to the world as healthy children. To accomplish this, they should wear warmer under clothing, walk more, be more independent of the weather, live more in the open air, and take horse-back exercise regularly. Almost every English lady knows how to ride; that goes without saking, but in America, although you may be sure that every lady can thrum the piano, not one in fifty can ride. Croquet is not exercise—for which reason, I presume, the American women have been willing to adopt it; but gardening is a healthy amusement, which most Americans neglect, and in which English ladies take the utmost delight. Foreigners who reside for any time in England soon learn the pleasures of a garden. I have seen an Italian *prima donna*, for whom the critics cannot find sufficient praises nor the public adequate applause, digging away with enthusiasm and a trowel at 6 o'clock in the morning; and it is astonishing how much interest American residents here take in an occupation which they scarcely thought of in their own country. Better this than forming woman's club, or agitating for woman's rights by declaiming woman's wrongs. Far better than resorting to watering-places every summer in quest of rest and strength, and returning in the autumn more fatigued than ever. English women go to watering-places also, but they go for the water, and first incidentally; they bathe; they trot about on the beach; they take walky; they go into the adjacent country; they go walking excursions into the adjacent country; they are not so particular about their toilets as in town. The American ladies go to bed at 12, and take the water fasting; they pass the day in the utmost changes of dress, almost out for the breakfast, lunch, promenade dress, almost out for evening dance; go to bed when they should be thinking of getting up, and commit more follies in a few weeks than they can satisfactorily repent of during the remainder of the year. The first duty of a woman is to be handsome and healthy, and the average English woman performs her whole duty faithfully; the average American woman fails after the handsome part."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.	
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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3 880 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

E. F. S., Elmira.—1. Mr. Austin came to America in 1839, and appeared at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the benefit of Emma Isce. 2. Lola Montez died Jan. 17th, 1861. 3. Mad. Vestris was lessee of the Olympic, London, in 1832. 4. "Black Eyed Susan" was produced at the Surrey, London, in 1829, under Elliston's management. 5. Alex. Wilson was manager of the National Theatre, corner of Leonard and Church streets. He died in 1854.

I. S. G., Baltimore.—"A party of six friends sit down to play a game of six-handed euchre of seven points—C. W. V. partners against M. D. X. The agreement at the commencement of the game was, that if a party went it alone and made all the tricks, it should count six, although no mention was made what it would count the opposite party if the person should be euchred. I went it alone and got euchred; what does it count the opposite party?".....Two points.

W. J. G., Louisville.—The following is a correct list of the seating capacities of the places named:—Pike's Opera House, (Cincinnati, (burnt) 2,200; Academy, Philadelphia, 3,124; Academy, Brooklyn, 1,091; Academy, New York, 2,550; Crosby's, Chicago, 3,600; Boston Academy, 2,200.

I. R., Burlington, Vt.—1. Bill Poole was shot between 12 and 1 o'clock A. M., Feb 26, 1855. 2. Baker was captured on board the Isabella Jewett on the morning of April 17, '55, about 8½ miles from and directly opposite the city of Palmas, Canary Islands, by government officials.

YEARLY SUBSCRIBER.—1. You will find his movements noticed in nearly every issue of the CLIPPER. 2. He is traveling with Maggie Mitchell. He has been married, but is divorced. 3. A monogram is a character or cipher composed of one or more letters interwoven, being an abbreviation of a name.

C. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—As there has never been any race for the amateur sculling championship of American waters, no oarsman can justly lay claim to that title. We have no time to answer correspondents by mail.

J. S. B., Philadelphia.—William Worrell, well known as a clown, is the father of the Worrell Sisters, and they appeared in the Quaker City, when quite young, before the public. They were all born in this country.

SUBSCRIBER, Montreal.—1. There is no "Established Church" in connection with the United States government, so that any man, if elected, may take his seat as President, no matter what his creed may be. 2. Delehanty and Hengler.

A. L., New Orleans, La.—"At cribbage A plays a seven, B an eight, and A a nine, counting 24; then B plays a seven and claims five holes. Is he entitled to them?".....Yes. Three for sequence and two for thirty-one.

BLARNEY GLOVE.—The sparring match for $400 between Joe Coburn and Bill Clarke took place at Mozart Hall, this city, Jan. 28, 1863, lasting 19 rounds and 30 minutes, during which Coburn got 11 hits and Clarke 10.

EUCHRE, Louisville.—The party who made the trump, went alone and secured all the tricks, scores five points. In the event of the adversary getting all the tricks, he can take but two points for the euchre.

BALTIC, Baltimore.—1. Lucifle Western is still in California, and will probably remain there for some time in order to obtain a divorce. 2. James Herne, Helen's husband, is in California.

INQUISITIVE, Boston.—1. Pratt is considered as good and as effective a pitcher as Zettlein. 2. In some characters he is as good, particularly in "Hamlet." 3. The cast at the "Boston" was not superior to the one at Niblo's.

J. McM., Middle Granville, N. Y.—1. Not that we know of. Guess you are thinking of George King, who fought Woods, and who has a brother of that name residing somewhere in Ohio. 2. No.

STUMP, Philadelphia.—1. As a swift pitcher, McBride ranks as the best. We look upon Martin as fully his equal in point of effectiveness. 2. Mills, of the Mutuals, is equal to Fisler. 3. Radcliffe.

CHARON, Portland, Me.—A professional oarsman is one who makes a business of rowing for money; or, although following some other occupation, is always open to challenges to row for money.

J. J. MCCLELLAN, Bethlehem, Pa.—O'Baldwin was born in January, 1840; Wormald, April 30, 1841; Collyer in 1842; Mace, 1833. 2. Yes. 3. Do you mean by horse or man?

C. A. B., Oil City, Pa.—More lager beer is drank in New York than in any other city in the Union, but it is manufactured in different cities.

H. E. W., Dayton, O.—We don't know enough of either party to endorse these things. We can only refer you to the advertisement.

SNIDE.—1. You win, of course—the men did fight. 2. Both are right and the bet should be drawn, as a man may see another in the act of speaking, but he cannot see him speak.

J. F. P., Brooklyn.—Bill Hastings, alias "Dublin Tricks," beat Awful Gardner, near Patterson, Putnam Co., N. Y., Jan. 6, 1852.

P. T. C., Fort Harker.—1. Seventeen horses. 2. A double somersault has never been turned over one or any number of horses.

A READER, St. Louis, Mo.—Compositors in this city are paid fifty cents per thousand for morning and forty-five for evening papers.

CONSTANT READER, Boston, Mass.—Take light but regular exercise, and live temperately in all things. We cannot answer correspondents by mail.

T. C. P., Omaha.—Unless expressed differently at the time of making the bet, we should infer that you wagered on the state and not on the city.

J. B. H., Newark, N. J.—Topley walked 7½ miles at Finlay's Half Mile Track, this city, in 56 minutes and 10 seconds, on June 1st.

M. F., Detroit, Mich.—In the match between O'Baldwin and Mace, each man received back his own money. Mace was arrested by his own connivance, it is thought.

OLD READER, Boston, Mass.—We know nothing about the medical college you allude to beyond its existence. The college corner 23d street and 4th avenue is the best, decidedly.

DANDY.—1. He must deal to all alike; he cannot deal three to the other players and two to himself. 2. The dealer must have the last shuffle.

S. T. F., Chicago.—McCoole has made no response to the offer made by Heenan's representative, and the general opinion is that McCoole does not fancy the match.

HARRY, Newark.—Our opinion is that you cannot go alone after your partner assists. With some players, the dealer has the privilege.

H. Z.—In a wager of this kind we think that the vote should be taken on the Mayor, which was the highest office voted for in that election.

ENQUIRER.—1. A gentleman by the name of Watson. 2. At Washington, on the second Wednesday in December. 3. George H. Sands, of the Cincinnati Club.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.—1. His wife has been dead about five weeks. 2. He married a second time three weeks ago. The lady has since retired from the stage.

MUTUAL ENQUIRER, New York.—1. The Unions won two games from the Mutuals this season. 2. See article in another column.

G. H., Cincinnati.—1. John Morrissey is not a member of the Atlantic or any other club. 2. The games were fairly played and won, and were not sold.

JOHN.—O'Baldwin did not knock Wormald down in their late fight.

AN ENGLISH PUG, Brooklyn, E. D.—That plan wouldn't work here, so there's no use inserting the note.

CONSTANT READER, Portland, Me.—Dan Donnelly was never champion of England.

UP TOWN.—Butt Riley was considerably the worse for lager when he and Hacken had that turn-up.

SAM, Newark, N J.—A was right. "To morrow will be" is the most grammatical.

W. H., Cincinnati, O.—We should be pleased to receive a report of the contest.

ST. LOUIS.—New York is credited with a population of one million.

R. F., San Francisco.—The lady has received several letters from this office within the past month.

SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—Delehanty and Hengler are considered the best.

M. M., Lenox.—The company has closed up the season and the members have gone to their respective homes.

FAIR PLAY.—1. Johnny Bonesteel is at Tony Pastor's Opera House. 2. Henry Clay was a Whig.

JAMES H. B., Marshalltown, Iowa.—C. Blanchard is dead, and his place of business closed.

W. S. DAYTON, Montgomery Co., Ohio.—We never saw the account spoken of.

TURPITE.—Charlton, the jockey, died July 27, 1862, in which year his favorite mare, Blink Bonny, also died.

C. H. M., Cincinnati.—Judging from your statement, we are of opinion that hose who bet on five hundred majority won.

AN OLD ACTOR.—Thank you; we will make use of them some day.

C. B., Albion.—You must follow suit and play a trump card if you have one; if not, you can play anything.

L. H. H., Des Moines, Iowa.—The bet would be a draw should Seymour and Blair have been withdrawn.

FORT LARAMIE, D. T.—Gladiateur, 1 mile 17 yards (the Two Thousand Guineas Course) in 1:38.

M. R., Cherry Valley.—Sam Allbison's quickest time was 4:22½.

C. C. C., Pittsburgh.—In tossing with an American half dollar the eagle is tail, and the figure of Liberty, head.

C. W. F.—It was so reported, but we do not regard the statement as reliable.

J. B. S., Gotha, O.—Bill Poole was born in Sussex Co., N. J., in April, 1823; stood 5ft. 9¾in. in height, and weighed 157lbs.

J. K. G.—1. Alice is sixteen years of age. 2. Nelly and Mary are both good dancers. 3. Mary is married.

JANITOR, Middletown.—You will find them in the Showman's Guide, to be had at this office. Price $2.

B. B., Baltimore.—1. Jennie is not married. 2. Eighteen years of age. 3. They are sisters, and that is their right name.

G. R., Dubuque, Iowa.—There is no authentic record of time for that distance in this country.

JOHNNY SMOKER, Ft. Wayne, Ind.—We have no means of finding out positively.

P. RHODES, Steubenville, Ohio.—It would be fair to wait for official announcement from the proper authority.

J. B. R., Phœnixville, Pa.—Write to the War Department.

J. ELLSWITT, Bryant City, Texas.—Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

W., Irvine, Pa.—The rank of General was created for Grant; as was that of Lieutenant General for Scott.

RUTLAND, Vt.—Ohio is credited with having given a larger majority than that stated by you.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. A was right and won the bet. 2. He should vote where his family resides.

BOB BROWN.—1. There were three parties in 1856. 2. John C. Fremont was a candidate. 3. He only ran once.

UTICA NEW ADVOCATE.—1. Should like to hear from you when convenient. 2. Twelve is right. 3. He is dead.

T. S., Washington, D. C.—Butt Riley was born in Brooklyn, N. Y.

SMALL FOX, Denver, Col.—Thanks for items, but make 'em brief.

LOGAN, Altoona.—The bet will have to await the final disposition of the case by the courts.

C. N. P., Jamestown, N. Y.—We have no record of races run by that individual before his arrival in this country.

BALTIMORE.—Lotta was twenty-one years of age on the 7th inst.

H. P. M.—McMahon's given name is William and he was not in the employ of Adams' Express in 1866, or at any other time.

WIDE AWAKE, Alton, Ill.—Members resigning from a club have no right to demand a division of the property.

C. A. S., New York.—As the clubs did not play the bet is a draw.

J. B. P., Salisbury, Pa.—From 120lbs. to 124lbs. Johnny is the heaviest of the two men.

C. H. B., Frankfort, Ky.—See article in another column.

KATIE, New Orleans.—Charles Pettengill is a married man.

F. N. B., Philadelphia.—David Wansbold is so considered.

H. H. S., Ottawa, Ont.—See answer to "Charon."

J. M. J., Baltimore.—It wins.

DRY DOCK.—Ed. Touhey never sparred with Yaller Davis.

H. W.—You might find one by advertising therefor.

P. T. R.—Mr. B. was out $45 and his hat.

SCHOOL BOY, Washington, D. C.—John C. Heenan still lives.

A PEDESTRIAN.—You do not mention the distance.

ARNAUD.—We have a correspondent in your city.

FRANK, Washington.—Charles is at present in California.

Dr. B. D.—Burns.

"W. R. E."—Will read it at our earliest convenience.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Saxonville, Mass.—Will think it over.

CHAS. A. PEYKERLLY.—We have a letter for you.

GOING A HUNTING.

The sporting season is upon us. Were we at this same time upon an illimitable Illinois prairie instead of boxed up in a smoky sanctum, our slippers should give place to double-soled, high-top cowskin boots, ruddy as the brown heather about us; our hands be grasping the stock of a double-barreled instead of that mighty weapon, the pen; and we should be hallooing on our faithful "pointer," instead of grumbling at "Our Jim," who sits looking covertly at us, wondering what makes us so thoughtful, probably. Well, we can't shoot just at this time, unless it be "*folly as it flies*," but we can talk of it. And as we cannot enter into the sport, suffer us to grow a little at its decadence.

Unless a fellow wants to go half a lifetime beyond the limits of civilization, the days for galloping after a stag, not to mention that bull-headed fellow, the Buffalo, are gone forever. To be sure, we are told that the West Virginia Mountains contain a fair sprinkling of deer, and even an occasional bear may be seen there; but who wants to be running up and down the sides of hills steep as the side of a house? Let the corn-fed mountaineers do their own hunting—we'll none of it! [James, don't dare to laugh because we thump the table; we have cause to be earnest] There is nothing left for us then but the stubble-fields and bits of forest within the pales of civilization. Now we insist (if only to be contrary) that there is just as much fun in stopping the jumps of a rabbit in an old cornfield, with the fat stacks of the cereal surrounding one on all sides to remind us that we are not killing from necessity, as in popping over some lank old buzzard of a turkey, on a bleak stretch of desert, (under the polite style of "prairie"), when you know it is turkey or hunger for the next two days. [James, whoever's knocking outside, let them know that we're off for a day's rabbit shooting, and won't be back before to-morrow. Don't stand there staring, you little booby; it is the truth].

Well, when one gets tired of jumping the furrows, just send the pointer into the thicket down in that hollow, and ten to one we hear the drumming of a flock of quails. Don't have your trigger too hard to pull, like we once did, and let the birds get clear out of range before you pepper the air with your leaden pills. The woods before you doubtless abound in squirrel, but let the little vermin go! We never could get on the same side of the tree with one, for some reason or another. Without going off as far as the prairies, many of the interior States afford considerable sport in the way of small game. We remember a little reminiscence of a coon hunt we once indulged in—only we don't want it told to everybody! Coons are hunted generally by torches at night, so we've been told. *This* coon was, at any rate! Never mind where it occurred, or when. We were younger then, which will account for—for this story. It was on a rather dark night that, with two companions, a young white fellow and an old black one, we entered a low, swampy sort of wood, where 'coons had the reputation of abounding. It is only necessary to explain that our white companion and ourself had been spending a few days with a relative of his in the country, and that the darkey was a domestic at the house, who was to initiate us into the novel sport. Our Sambo carried a pan containing some pine knots, and when once within the shadows of the trees, the red glare serving at once to guide us and (as we hoped) to lure on our game to certain destruction. We scoured that wood for two mortal hours, but we found no coons. It was in vain that the old negro conducted us to every haunt he could think of; we only had our labor for nothing. We gave up at last, feeling pretty dismal, and started on our way back. We had nearly reached the skirts of the wood, when suddenly our fellow huntsman started, and pointed up into a tree, and following his direction we could see a large raccoon stretched out on a slender branch. Our guide held up his torch, and by its light we (personally) aimed carefully, and blazed away. The 'coon did not move! There was a little grinning from our two companions. We reddened, and suggested to our fellow "shooter" to try his hand. Much to our surprise, however, he declined, and passed the gun to the darkey, and took the torches; an exchange that vastly pleased Sambo. The latter fired with the same result; at which his eyes opened and he looked absolutely frightened, protesting that he had never seen such a coon in his life. By that time we had reloaded, and our friend the fire bearer then suggested that he have a shot. So we took the illuminator, and he, with our rifle, passed around to the other side of the tree, and fired, after a careless aim. Down came the coon with a thump! We ran up to the animal unsuspectingly, when our nostrils were saluted by an odor more strong than sweet. A glance at our "game" showed that it had been dead long enough to be considerably decomposed! A string tied to its tail, and from thence leading down to the base of the tree, showed how it had been "brought down." The thought of that coon disgusts us with hunting.

REMINISCENCES OF THE TURF.

THERE is something in the pleasures of the turf and the incidentals connected therewith especially provocative of mirth and good feeling—at least, it was so in the days of our own novitiate—and, although people all over the world have become somewhat more formal in many respects than was the case even thirty years ago, we see no reason to believe that the popular enjoyment of the sport is less hearty than it was at any previous period, or that racing is attended with any abatement of the olden enthusiasm. The pastime seems to have been especially designed to prove that man was not made for a mere automaton, fashioned to progress in one prescribed groove, and is a triumphant vindication of the claims of nature over those of conventionality and art. Every active faculty springs to life at the thought, and there is a sense of freedom and manly independence in all the associations that cluster round it. The brilliant, sunshiny mornings, the amber sky with scarce a marring cloud, the moving, animated, happy crowds, the sleek-coated animals, seemingly aware of their conspicuous position and anxious to earn their honors, the betting and the excitements of the course, and the lively dinners that follow in the parlors of our favorite inn or the retiracy of the club—there is something in all this that thrills the pulses, lends an agreeable stimulus to the nerves, awakes the blood, and clears the brain of such cobwebs as still may cling to it, and whose remains insensible to the claims of such an occasion must be made of less than common mould. Even when age has stiffened the joints and the hot fever of youth no longer courses through the swelling veins, old turfites delight to revisit their former resorts and to dwell upon the delights of their springtime and the joys of their riper years. We have observed of late a gradual approach of matters to something more nearly identified with the English standard, while with us it was for a long time comparatively an exclusive amusement, with the details of which only a limited portion of the public were familiar; and a greater general interest is now taken in blooded stock—the result, it is probable, of the greater preponderance of wealth among the enlightened classes. Our racing meetings have generally been remarkable for the spirit of fairness which has characterized their proceedings—a respect in which distant rivals, if all we hear be true, might imitate us to the benefit of their own reputations. Infringements of sportsmens' rules are regarded with anything but a lenient eye on this side of the great herring pond. We recall an example in point. During one of the late exciting seasons a character made his appearance at one of the principal racing stations who was the English "sport" all over. His buttons were stamped with horses' heads, his breastpin was fashioned after the same device, he wore a nobby sportsman's cap and red-topped boots, and flourished, on field days, a professional jockey's whip with a knowing air. He was introduced to Hiram Woodruff, then in his prime, and speedily made at home among the patrons of the turf, many of whom he undertook to instruct in sportsmen's ways. What arts he employed was not very commonly known, but certain it was that he was fortunate beyond precedent, and that every race in which he condescended to take an interest was the winner upon his side, and, what was worse, it was his friends who were commonly the victims. "Tarry Larry," as he was commonly nicknamed, from his indolent habits, was in a fair way for a fortune, and was privately meditating a retirement from the field, when that result was precipitated in a manner quite foreign to his calculations. At the close of an unusually exciting day a chance disclosure induced the overhauling of Master Larry's accounts, and what doubts might remain, if any, were solved by the appearance of a satellite from Bow street across the water, with a warrant for the apprehension of Larry, as a defaulter from the English turf, under a very different name. The news was communicated to him as he sat at the festive board in a room adjoining, by a friendly eaves-dropper whom he kept in his pay. Larry knew that the doors were watched, but in his tipsy confidence he felt sure he could outwit the sharp-set of beaks. He excused himself for a moment, traversed a winding passage, raised a window overlooking the garden, and scrambled out. But Larry was much the worse for a night's debauch, and, miscalculating his steps, he slipped from the shed and dropped feet foremost into a hogshead of brine which had been placed there by the stablemen. Drunk as he was he knew it would not do to stay there, but by this time the alarm had been given and Larry's attempt to emerge was foiled by a savage dog which had rushed to the scene, the constables following. Every attempt of Larry to regain his feet would be met by a snap and a spring from the mastiff, when Larry would fall back discouraged into the brine. He was nearly drowned when the emissaries appeared upon the scene, and, calling off their faithful sentinel, took possession of their prisoner. This is the last case of the kind that was heard of in that vicinity.

SAVED! SAVED!—While stepping from a boat the other day a passenger slipped into the water, but a boy—who could not swim—reached over the side of the boat and held him until assistance came, and the man was saved. He convinced the boy of his gratitude by promising to use his influence with the Humane Society to get him a medal. Now, without wishing to meddle, we would suggest that a man so mean ought to be at the extreme end of the planet, where no one could reach him.

MINSTRELS AND CIRCUSES.

No old play-goer can enter a minstrel hall or the magic canvas of a traveling circus without being forcibly struck by the many changes in their exhibitions of late years. That some of these have been very vastly for the better there is no denying; but is may be old-fogyism, or unconscious prejudices which makes us sigh for some features of the good old days of yore. The very songs of the burnt corkists have changed. The original idea of blacking faces was to give the impression that a band of genuine plantation darkeys were performing; and in pursuance of this the music was of a simple nature, and the words made to conform to the supposed calibre of the singers. The ballads then were, "Nellie was a Lady," "Old Virginia Home," or something of that sort, while the comic songs were also in keeping: "Jump Jim Crow," "Stop dat Knocking"—it takes such a veteran as ourself to recall their very names in these deg-enerated days.

Such songs as these are of the dead past now. The wisdom that time brings has swept them from the stage; they are gone from our gaze, and in a few fleeting years they will have disappeared, perhaps, from memory even. We have finer music now, if not sweeter melody. Snatches of opera, songs abounding in high-flown sentiment and considerable orchestral crash! Then our "comic" songs; "End men" now-a-days are Irish, Dutch, French—we mean their songs and jokes are—almost everything in truth except Darkeys. The very costumes are altered. The performers come out looking neat and dressy enough for a Fifth avenue party; "Bones," gorgeous in lace frills, and "Tambourine" particularly dapper in appearance, and we—well we *do* sigh occasionally for the hideous wigs and huge collars of the past. We close our eyes as the "Middle man" starts the "machine," and then reopen them hurriedly to see if we have not wandered into an Italian Opera House by mistake. A dim idea will get into our "noggin" that these fellows are playing under false pretences; that they have no right to black faces at all—in fine, that they are a pack of Signor Nacsaronis in disguise.

And the circus—it has its changes too—some of its features are for the better, beyond any reasonable doubt. The trapeze performance is a good addition to the old athletic feats. In fact in mere gymnastic efforts there has not been much alteration. Men of muscle and men of skill will always resemble each other, not alone in their muscle and skill, but in their performances, for one naturally imitates the feats of a predecessor; and, if there be any change, it is that occasioned by the introduction of new acts. But the clown—no one will pretend that he is the motley old fool of yore, with his budget of stereotyped comicalities that are always good and always old, and often good because they are old! No, no, the red and yellow stripes of the good old days are departed, and with his outward adornments a good deal of the essence of his character seems to have left the fool of the arena.

Well, well, perhaps it's for the best after all. Changes must come, and people do grow wiser as the centuries advance. Growling is a little foreign to our disposition, and probably when we do get started on that tack we sail too far. There is a fascination about the graceful "song and dance" of the present which the rude "breakdown" and "twist" most unmistakably lacked. We lose some boisterous humor when we refine our performances, but since the poor old slave of the past is the citizen and voter of the present, why shouldn't we make a gentleman out of him? We *will* grumble, however, at the *local* banishment of our old friends Let them show their ugly phiz 's once in a while, and we will be satisfied. Gentlemen managers, for the sake of auld lang syne, do let us have an occasional breakdown, and, if the thing be not totally tabooed, let us once in a while hear the foolish fooleries of a fool, emanating from the mouth of a fool, in the dress of a fool.

OUR INNER LIFE.

NEARLY all of us, except those who are denominated No-account People, have two *inner lives*; one, of that high-flown and indescribable sort known as moral and reflective, by means of which we are supposed to make all things snug in the world we are next going to, and the other of the more tangible and substantial description comprised in the immediate surroundings of what we call our earthly homes. The first we can carry along with us, and therefore are not so very particular about; but the second involves our worldly pleasures and comforts, and consequently demands and receives our closest attention. Just at this season, when winter is beginning to admonish us by sundry pinchings and twistings that it is after us with a sharp frost, people are looking to the fittings and furnishing of their houses, and preparing to "fight it out on that line" if it takes all winter. With due perseverance we may yet attain to something like the perfection on the score of comfort exhibited by our grandfathers and grandmothers, whose lives were passed in greater privacy than we can ever expect our own to be. Once in a great while we stumble upon a dwelling of one of the superannuated relics of Knickerbocker days, and are surprised at the massive character of the dark mahogany furniture, the great three story cabinets, like old French chateaus; the sombre beaufets, built on the model of a modern prison; the chairs and tables with griffins' heads and claws; the heavy curtains, the characteristic mouldings—all designed and executed upon a plan that was intended to endure forever, and probably would but for the demolishing spirit of the innovation; but this is seldom. Unlike our predecessors, we have been building and fabricating only for the present, and everything with us is "old" before it has passed the threshold that divides infancy from maturity. With these obsolete traits vanished also the solidity of character which marked the age of republican simplicity, and a bastard semblance of French mannerism usurped its place. We watered our manners as the milkmen water their milk, and to as little purpose. Of late there is evidence of a disposition to return to forsaken paths, and solid styles of building and expensive furniture—on a scale, it is true, more extravagant than seems either prudent or necessary—are replacing the ephemeral architecture and insubstantial surroundings of the past few years of uncertainty. Not a little of this reaction, which promises to be permanent, is due, we feel assured, to the modern stage, among the indispensable accessories of which superb furniture and elaborate upholstering are now to be enumerated. Chairs, worth from one to five hundred dollars apiece are not rarities, now a days, in private mansions, and thousands of dollars are often lavished upon the outfit of a single suit of apartments, without reckoning the paintings. It is gratifying also to notice that modern art, especially that which is indigenous to our soil, is assuming prominence. It is no unusual thing to give five or ten thousand dollars for a single picture, and some of the leading artists are men of competence, if not of actual fortune. Corresponding with this is the advance of music, literature and science, and more than all this, of a taste to appreciate. A people may be excused for being a little frivolous, and for giving their preference to amusements that please the eye and the ear more often than to those which address themselves to the intellectual senses, and in view of the material prosperity of the country, the cry of the slickers for propriety that we are retrograding is but balderdash after all.

END OF THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

The election *returns* are all in, or nearly so, and we hope there will now be a *return* to business on the part of many who have neglected their usual *pursuits* in the *pursuit* of the various means of ensuring the success of their party. Grant and Colfax are the chosen of the people for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States, while John T. Hoffman is the choice of the people of New York for Governor of this mighty State. We are gratified to see the disposition manifested by the defeated party to submit to the will of the majority. We do not know of any exception to this, unless, as has been darkly hinted, the late Episcopal Convention may furnish one. There may be nothing wrong with the *members* of their *August body* which in the latter part of *October* met in this city, but there was a great deal of talk among them about *Cannons*, and this in a time of Peace looks, or rather *sounds*, suspicious. Some friend here suggests that they, as a body of Theologians, have nothing to do with politics. We are not so sure of that, however, for we have heard a great deal said in churches about making our *calling* and *election* sure; and if there is nothing political about that it is a queer coincidence, for we know that with a vast number of partisans making the *election* of their candidates *sure* is making their own *calling* sure, for they only flourish while in office, and do nothing when they are out of office.

As usual, there were some funny incidents connected with the election, but the fighting was not worth speaking of, and the Sheriff's deputies had an easy thing of it, a sort of walk over the course. Even the "bloody Sixth" was without the delightful scrimmage which has made that section of our city such a point of interest on election day. But there was considerable sport about the precinct houses. One unnaturalised individual, who had but lately arrived, was looking for his precinct house in order to deposit his unnaturalised vote. Accosting a passing pedestrian he said, "Can you tell me where to find the *poll*?" "What should *I* know about it. I'm no more *posted* about *poles* than you are;" and the expedition to the polls strode up the street with a swagger like he had been taking a Root Beer Sangaree. Another incident, illustrating the fact that ordinary matters become wofully twisted when viewed through a glass darkly, occurred in front of the *Tribune* office. On the bulletin board was posted this heading:—"Fuller returns from Pennsylvania." Among the on-lookers was a man who had met the elephant and been worsted in the unequal strife. Swaying to and fro, like a boat in a gale of wind, he gazed at the board with much seeming interest, and at length blurted out:—"Who in thunder is Fuller, anyhow, and what's he been doin' in Pennsylvania?" But the campaign is over and for awhile we may be permitted to enjoy that peace and tranquility which we so much stand in need of.

RESTING PLACES.—One of the coolest advertisements we have ever met is the notice of the opening of a new cemetery by a certain church society, published in a late issue of a village paper, in which they parade the fact that they had laid out some new *beds*, and praised their ground as a good "resting place," and ask for the patronage of their friends! They must be a set of "grave" signiors, those fellows.

A LONG SENTENCE.—A man in France, for poisoning another, was recently sentenced to fifty years imprisonment. As he is already forty-six years old, it is not at all likely that his term of imprisonment will expire before he expires

ON A SPREE.—It is reported that *Count* Von Schack, a Prussian officer, some time ago swam the *Spree*, at Berlin, on a wager, with a plank on his breast containing two bottles, six eggs and four tumblers. The *Count* will now be considered of more *ac-count* than ever; but our private opinion is that he must have been on a *Spree* in reality, and that the contents of the two bottles must have been inside of his waistcoat. It was an *egg*-straordinary caper, however, and he was fortunate in not being the fifth *tumbler* himself, and getting quickly to the bottom. Such exploits may do for the Count, but just *count us out* of a spree of that kind.

HOW IT WAS.—The reason why the Lynn folks came down on O'Baldwin and Wormald for fighting on the village common was they did not like to see them "*wearing* of the green." "Jim" sagently suggests that if they had only waited for a little "claret" to reach the turf they would have had "the *red* above the green." Fighting in a town is thus proven to be a bad place to "fight it *out*."

SOMETHING NEW.—We have heard that an English mathematician has found out a way to test the strength of rods, in constructing bridges, by ascertaining their musical properties. He believes that the note which such rods give out when struck will be an indication of their tensile strength. If the plan should prove a success, the inventor will no doubt become a man of *note*, and many *bank notes* be his reward.

COULD'NT DO IT.—A party of ladies recently undertook to ascend to the top of *Mount Hood*, in Oregon, but the party *giving out*, as it is *given out* in one of our exchanges, they did not succeed in reaching the top. We presume that in order to *mount* to the summit of *Mount Hood*, considerable *hardihood* is required.

WINTER is coming on apace: the *leaves* are fast *leaving* the *trees*, and our woods begin to look bleak and drear. A youth, who is surreptitiously looking over our shoulder as we write, says that *next* year there will *no* trees, even, for the *trees* will all *leave* themselves. That boy has been deep at the root of the tree of knowledge.

HOW TO MAKE "White" Whiter.—Add an "R" to it.

TAR-TAR-Y.—A ship filled with sailors.

Sporting Squibs.

— Shad in large numbers are passing over the Merrimack dam at Lowell, Mass.

— An Irish lad, of ten summers, at Northampton, Mass., who has been herding cows, while thus employed has devoted his time to modelling animals (cows, oxen, sheep, dogs and cats), in clay, and the likenesses of some of them are very striking. With the aid of brick dust, charcoal and chalk, he makes perfect Durhams.

— Miss Austen, in her "Northanger Abbey," published about the beginning of the present century, says of a young heroine, that she preferred cricket, base ball, etc., to dolls.

— One thousand feminines in St. Petersburg are engaged in the remunerative art of fortune telling. The highest circles of society furnish the votaries to these priestesses, who also deal in Asiatic perfumes, and allow gentlemen to stroll, from the idlest of curiosities, into their little temples.

— Joe Jefferson, the comedian, is on a shooting excursion in Wisconsin, we understand.

— An ancient pedestrienne, Mrs. Polly Kent, 81 years old, recently walked from Stockbridge, Mass., to North Spencer, 15 miles, in 5¾ hours.

— A checker contest for $100 is to take place soon in this city, we are told.

— Dr. Underwood sold pools at $100 on Hoffman and $60 for Griswold on the evening before the late election.

— Hatters are unusually busy since the election, and losers on the Presidential race have felt the pressure to pay for lost hats.

— Weston, the walkist, is said to be getting ready to start out west on his walk of 5,000 miles. It is to be hoped that a committee of responsible men will accompany him to see that all is done on the square.

— Some time ago one man sold to another a vehicle which he represented as first class; the purchaser, however, had considerable repairs to make on it and sued for the amount. The Court decided that it was a second class vehicle, and the purchaser was entitled to the sum paid for repairs, viz.: $161.89.

— Two tons of eels were caught at Atlanticville, Long Island, recently.

— Blue fish are being caught in large quantities on the south side of Long Island.

— Josh Ward has been engaged, we understand, to train the Yale University crew for their next boat race with the Harvards.

— Velocipedes seem to be growing in favor. Several of them have been seen in the streets of Baltimore. The velocipede is capable of attaining a high rate of speed.

— Game is said to be unusually abundant in nearly all parts of the country. For the want of something better, city sports make game of barn-house pheasants and turkeys.

— A young lady of 23 who is seven feet seven inches in her stocking feet, and weighs 370 pounds, has been raised in Canada.

— There is a sweet sixteen boy in Bellefonte, Centre County, Pa., whose feet measure sixteen inches in length. He growed there.

— A herd of Buffaloes 95 miles long, 25 miles wide, numbering 300,000, is reported as having been seen recently by General Sheridan. The general's powers of vision must be immense.

— A cricket match between eleven professionals and twenty-two circus clowns took place in England recently. The latter won.

CHAMPIONSHIP DRUMMING MATCH.

A correspondent writing from Cleveland, Ohio, on the 7th inst., says:—"The drumming match for the championship of the United States and $500 a side, came off last night at Brainard's Hall, in this city, between Thos. J. Helrigle and Robert H. Hendershot, 'Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock.' A challenge was issued by Helrigle and accepted by the boy, the latter being the favorite at large odds and having a big acquaintance to back him, while the Daytonian was an entire stranger, single and alone. It seems there was a preconcerted arrangement to 'beat' the Dayton man, but, as he is one of the old 'uns, being up and up to snuff, he dropped on the fact that the judges had been 'packed' on him, and it was a sure thing to lose; so, after the audience had assembled, he came forth and stated in a brief, pointed and pungent speech, that he was aware of how 'things was workin'.' This put an entirely new phase on the whole matter, much to the discomfiture of certain parties. All was satisfactorily arranged by an impartial selection from the audience of judges who were strangers to both parties. The Dayton man looked blue and doubtful, and every prejudice was brought to bear against him, but he soon got the work on, and the tide began to run in his favor. The beta now got to be even, and at the end of the second part the house seemed to be about equally divided in opinion, and vociferous applause was given to each man. Helrigle in his time showed himself the better musician, but odds were soon offered on the Dayton man without takers, and at the conclusion Helrigle was declared the winner and champion drummer of the United States. A great deal of money changed hands on this match."

THE ATHLETIC CLUB GAMES.

On the evening of Wednesday next, 11th instant, the New York Athletic Club will hold their first semi-annual games at the newly-erected Empire City Skating Rink, Third avenue, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, which will then for the first time be thrown open to the public. The exertions of those having the management of affairs have been rewarded in a most gratifying manner, the entries for the different games aggregating over two hundred, and among those participating will be many members of the Caledonian Clubs of this city and vicinity, which will greatly add to the interest many organizers and ruling spirits of the club have likewise entered with zest into the affair, and several expect to distinguish themselves in their specialties, while Ed. Russell, the president, will doubtless "astonish the natives" by the manner in which he will get over the ground on the occasion. The programme is as follows:—1. Standing broad jump. 2 Seventy-five yards race. 3. Standing high jump. 4. Two hundred and twenty yards race. 5. Running broad jump. 6. Putting the shot. 7. One mile walk. 8. Running high leap. 9. Quarter mile run. 10. Standing three jumps. 11. Half mile race. 12. Throwing the hammer. 13. Pole leaping. 14. Hurdle race. 15. First and second prizes, of gold and silver medals beautifully engraved, will be awarded in each game. A novel race on Pickering's French Velocipedes will also take place during the evening. The games will commence at 7.30 P. M., and Dodsworth's full military band of forty-two pieces will be in attendance and perform a number of popular airs during the evening.

QUOTING SPORT AT THE HUDSON GROUNDS.—On the afternoon of the 2d inst. the grounds of the Hudson Club, foot of West 52d street, were well attended by casters of the disc, embracing some of the most prominent "professors" of this species of sport in New York, New Jersey and Long Island. The following games were decided during the day:—McLaren and McGregor, 15, vs. Wallace and Roland Wooley, 4; second game, 15 to 3. Wallace, 9, vs. Fox, 8. McLaren and McGregor, 21, vs. H. Kellock and Hodgson, 18. Peter Campbell, 21, vs. Capt. Montgomery, 20. Hewitt, 21, vs Ed. Skidmore, 19.

DOUBLE HANDED MATCH ON THE CARPET.—James Gibson and William Kellock, of New York, have been matched against James McLaren and Alex. Ferguson, of Newark, to play a four handed game, 31 points, 18 yards distance, at Wooley's Grounds, Ferry street, Newark, on Wednesday, 11th inst. The celebrity of the players has caused the match to be invested with great interest to the admirers of the sport in this section.

THE TRIGGER.

RIFLE SHOOTING AT MONTREAL, C. E.

A trigger trial came off there on the 31st ult., of which we append the figures:—

60TH ROYAL RIFLES.	200	500	600	TOT'L.
	pts.	pts.	pts.	pts.
Capt. Horsley	17	7	17	5—46
Capt. Otivers	11	13	11	11—46
D. Mstr. Toole	12	8	14	13—47
Qr. Sergt. Lyons	17	11	14	5—47

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

Racing at Jerome Park.

MATCH FOR SIXTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS BETWEEN MAID OF HONOR AND TROVATORE—MAID OF HONOR THE WINNER.

A match for $1,600, mile dash, gentlemen riders, with 142lbs. up, between Mr. August Belmont's imported bay filly Maid of Honor, 4 yrs, and Mr. Lawrence Jerome's brown horse Trovatore, aged, came off on the Jerome Park Course on Saturday, the 7th inst. The match being a private one, the attendance was confined chiefly to the members of the American Jockey Club, and the immediate personal friends of the owners of the horses. The conditions were to run a mile dash, carrying 142lbs. each, gentlemen riders, the owner of Maid of Honor staking $1,000 to $600 that she won. Both horses are well known on the turf, Trovatore having been in his day a first class racer. He is now twelve years old, very highly bred, being by Monarch out of Madonna, by Yorkshire, and for some years past he has been at the stud, his merits as a sire being evidenced in the St. Leger winner, De Courcy, who so distinguished himself at the recent Jerome Park fall meeting by beating Aldebaran, Australia, Local and Red Dick in the Handicap race. His opponent, Maid of Honor, is only four years old; she is by the recently deceased celebrated English sire Newminster, the St. Leger winner of 1851, out of Himalaya. Mr. R. W. Cameron, of this city, imported her, along with Hampton Court, in 1866, and in her first race here she won the two year old sweepstakes at the Paterson Spring meeting in 1866, beating a large field, her stable companion, Hampton Court, being third, although he could have been second if necessary. She subsequently ran second to Ruthless, Mr. Morris' flying filly, for the two year old sweepstakes at Saratoga, and at the spring meeting at Jerome Park last year (having then passed into Mr. Belmont's hands), she was beaten in a match of mile heats for $1,000 by Mr. Jerome's three year old colt De Courcy. At the last meeting at Jerome Park she won the Gentlemen's Hack race in a canter, and this led to the making of the present match. She was ridden by Mr. Clarence Livingston, who, being unable to get down to the required weight, 142 lbs., declared 2 lbs over weight. Trovatore was ridden by Mr. Taylor, who was only ¼ lb over weight.

The betting was strongly in favor of Maid of Honor, who was brought on the course in admirable condition, in which respect she had a decided advantage over Trovatore. At the start Trovatore got off a couple of lengths in front, the favorite being slow in getting off. Trovatore led around the turn by this distance, but as soon as Mr. Livingston had got the Maid fairly into her stride, she gained so rapidly that she was at Trovatore's saddle girths at the quarter pole, run in 28 seconds. Going around the club house hill, she shot past Trovatore, and was three lengths ahead of him at the half mile pole in 1 min., the track, be it remembered, being awfully heavy. On the lower stretch she still further increased her advantage, there being fully a dozen lengths between them at the three quarter pole. Finding he had the race safe, Mr. Livingston took a strong pull at The Maid, bringing her almost to a stand still, and Trovatore was allowed on sufferance to reach her quarters. At this juncture many who had laid long odds on the filly ($100 to $5 being bet while they were running), began to tremble for their investments, for the mare, under the hard pull, sheared right across the track, letting Trovatore close up. Directly, however, her rider gave her her head, she quitted her opponent and won in a canter by two lengths in 2:02. The judges on the occasion were Mr. L. P. Morris, Col. McDaniel and Judge A. C. Monson. Mr. Withers was starter and Dr. Weldon and Mr. J. Purdy timekeepers. Summary:—

JEROME PARK COURSE, Nov. 7.—Match $1,600; dash of a mile; gentlemen riders, 142 lbs. up.
Mr. A. Belmont's b f Maid of Honor, 4 yrs.....Mr. C. Livingston 1
Mr. L. Jerome's br h Trovatore, aged.....Mr. Taylor 2
Time 2:02.

Trotting on the Fashion Course, L. I.

A sweepstakes trot for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, came off on the Fashion Course, L. I., on Saturday afternoon, the 7th inst., between Dan Mace's br g Ned Neavels, in harness, W. Borst's b g John J. Bradley, to wagon, and A. Lewis' b m Clara, in harness. The three horses had trotted together, in harness, on this course the previous week, for the proprietor's purse of $1,000, when Bradley had proved the winner in four heats, of which Clara had taken the first, and the present race originated out of that contest, Bradley this time having to go to wagon and the other two in the more advantageous rig of harness. Clara formerly trotted under the name of Crazy Jane, while Ned Neavels is better known by his old appellation of Old Put. The race was a most exciting one, six heats being required to decide it, during which the betting underwent many fluctuations, and was of a heavy character. Before the first heat, J. J. Bradley had the call in the pool betting, bringing $100, Clara $80, and Ned Neavels $85. The struggle in the first heat lay solely between Bradley and Clara, Neavels being last throughout; and after a fine race up the homestretch, Clara won the heat by three-quarters of a length in 2:36. The mare now became the favorite in the pools, selling for $60, Bradley $35, and Ned Neavels $25. This time the contest lay entirely between Bradley and Neavels, Clara breaking after going well for half a mile, and falling far in the rear, the first two making a brilliant race all the way up the homestretch, and Ned Neavels winning the heat by a length in 2:31¾, Clara being nearly distanced. Neavels now became the favorite, selling for $80 to Clara's $35 and Bradley's $15; but another surprise awaited the lookers on. Bradley came home a winner by four lengths before Neavels in 2:33½, but he did not improve his position in the money market thereby, for after the heat he only brought $20 to Neavels' $50 and Clara's $30. Bradley, however, scored the fourth heat in 2:33 by a length in front of Ned Neavels, and he now became the favorite against the field. To the consternation of his backers he made a bad break at the first turn, and lost so much ground before his driver could get him settled that the distance flag fell before he got inside, and his chance of the race was extinguished. A good race between Clara and Neavels resulted in the latter winning the heat by four lengths in 2:34. Betting was now at an end, for it seemed a certainty for Mace's horse to win, which he did by taking the next heat in 2:35¾.

A second race, announced to be for a sweepstakes of $1,000(!) mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between J. Bloom's blk m Black One; J. Browne's g s Dandy Jim; and J. Paulding's g g Grey Harry, was then commenced, but after trotting four heats, of which Black One won two, and Dandy Jim two, it was abruptly broken off, and all bets decided drawn. Why does not the proprietor of the track rule off all such trots. Summary:—

FASHION COURSE, Nov. 7.—Sweepstakes $1,000; mile heats, best three in five.

Dan Mace entered br g Ned Nevels, in harness....	3	1	2	2	1	1
A. Lewis entered b m Clara, in harness..........	1	3	3	3	2	2
Wm. Borst entered b g J. J. Bradley, to wagon....	2	2	1	1	dis	

Time, 2:36; 2:31¾; 2:33½; 2:33; 2:34; 2:35¾.

THE HOBOKEN RACE MEETING.—The racing of the second day of this meeting will take place to-morrow, having been postponed from Friday last on account of the rain, and the consequent heavy state of the course. The first race is a handicap hurdle race, over eight hurdles and two miles, for a purse of $400, the winner taking $300, the second horse $75, and the third $25. The entries and weights are Harry Booth, 140lbs; Ripley, 132lbs; Red Dick, 144lbs, and Dr. Underwood, 145lbs. The second race is a dash of a mile and an eighth for beaten horses, the winner taking $200 and the second $50—Morrissey, Sisety, Uncle Vic colt, and Sarah B. The third race is one of mile heats, for which Lizzie Rogers and Metairie, both winners on the first day of the meeting, will compete. A dash race of one mile for hacks, gentlemen riders, Welter weights, for a cup, valued at $100, will finish up the day's sport.

TROTTING IN THE TERRITORIES.—On Saturday, 24th ult., a large number of persons gathered at Ford's Park, Denver, Col. Ter., to witness a trot for $300 offered by the proprietors, Messrs. Benham and Bancroft. The contest was very interesting, five heats being trotted, of which J. M. Broadwell's m Wasp took the first, third and fifth; J. H. Estabrook's g g Slug the second, and C. A. Cook's g g Tip the fourth. Time, 2:48¼; 2:45¼; 2:49¼; 2:45¾; 2:47. Judges, Alexander Benham, Wm. Benham and James E. Bates. Distance Judge, George Bancroft.

RACING IN CANADA.—The Montreal Club held a private steeple chase meeting at Outremont, C. E., on the 3d inst. Two races took place; the first was the Green Steeple Chase, $15 each, $100 added, weight for age, two miles, and was won by Tim Whiffler, beating Figaro, Hopeful, Lottery and Crocus; the next was a scurry handicap, $5 each, $100 added, two miles, and was won by Shamrock, beating Post Boy and Rainbow.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

ITS INFLUENCE ON NEXT YEAR'S DERBY—THE THREE YEAR OLDS OF 1868 AND THEIR UNPRECEDENTED GREAT RACING MERITS—THE DERBY CANDIDATES FOR 1869—HEAVY BETTING ON THE DERBY OF 1870—THE DANEBURY SCANDAL—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN ADMIRAL ROUS AND MR. PADWICK.

The legitimate racing season of the year at Newmarket, the metropolis of the English turf, was brought to a close with the recent Houghton Meeting. Hitherto the great event at this meeting has always been regarded as the race for the Cambridgeshire, but this season the Criterion Stakes, in which all the best two year olds in training were engaged, fairly rivaled it in importance, and, owing to the momentous influence which its result would exert upon the greatest event of next year, the Epsom Derby. The Criterion Stakes is a sweepstakes of 30 sovereigns each, 20 forfeit, for two year olds, colts carrying 120lbs and fillies 118lbs, winners extra, over a distance of three quarters of a mile. This year the starters, seven in number out of sixty-three entered, were all of the highest class, comprising Sir Joseph Hawley's Pero Gomez and King Cophetua, Duke of Hamilton's Wild Oats, Mr. Padwick's Ethus, Mr. Crawfurd's Heather Bell, Col. Heather's Monkshood, and Mr. Saville's Ryshworth. Pero Gomez had won the Middle Park Plate at the previous meeting at Newmarket, beating a field of twenty horses, the favorite, Wild Oats, being only able to gain fifth position. The running of Wild Oats in that race, both astonished and disappointed his stable, for they had tried him so highly that it was thought it was impossible for him to be beaten. His trainer, Matthew Dawson, could not account for his defeat, and tried him again the day after, when the previous high trial was confirmed. Two days after the Middle Park Plate Race, they started him for the Prendergast Stakes, of 50 sovs each, forty subscribers, which he won in a common canter, beating among others Sir Joseph Hawley's Champagne Stakes winner, Morna. No wonder, therefore, that the second meeting of Pero Gomez and Wild Oats in the appropriately named Criterion Stakes, was looked upon with the deepest interest, as the result would confirm or upset the running in the Middle Park Plate race. Both carried a penalty of 4 lbs. for being winners, making their weight 124 lbs. each, (an impost that would break the hearts of trainers here, if obliged to put on their two year olds,) and the betting was 11 to 8 on Pero Gomez, and 4 to 1 against Wild Oats. Before three quarters of the distance was run, the rest were beaten, and then commenced the struggle between Pero Gomez and Wild Oats that will ever be famous in turf history, and the like of which has never been witnessed since Assault and Springy Jack ran their terrible race at York as two year olds. They raced home together head and head for the last three hundred yards, and although Wild Oats appeared to have the best of it a hundred yards from the winning post, Pero Gomez, struggling with remarkable gameness, shot past the chair head and head with his rival. Adams rode Pero Gomez and French Wild Oats, and the display of splendid horsemanship was one of the finest ever witnessed on a race course. The respective trainers, both men of great experience, declare that the two horses are the best they ever trained; an expression of opinion worthy of respect, for Matthew Dawson had Thormanby and John Porter trained Blue Gown. The owners, thinking it a pity to injure two such valuable horses by running out the deciding heat, agreed to divide the stakes, and Pero Gomez walked over. The arrangement was doubtless highly satisfactory to the backers of Wild Oats, but it entailed loss on the supporters of Sir Joseph Hawley's colt, who in the division actually lost money by the result; the money bet, in such a case, being put together and divided, bookmakers paying on both dead-heaters. The impression made by the performance was shown in the two horses coupled being backed for the Derby at 1,000 to 30. Since its establishment the Criterion race has only twice foreshadowed the result of the Derby; Thormanby and Lord Lyon alone winning the double event. West Australian was in this race beaten, for the first and only time, by Speed the Plough; Daniel O'Rourke succumbed to Red Hind; Gladiateur was only third for it in Chattanooga's year, yet they won their respective Derbys. Last year Sir Joseph Hawley won it with Rosicrucian, and now he divides it by the aid of Pero Gomez; its nett value being $6,500.

The Derby favorite, Mr. Merry's Belladrum, was not brought out, either for the Middle Park Plate or the Criterion Stakes, and it was thought his stable were afraid of his meeting Pero Gomez and Wild Oats. But the truth is, that in the former race he would have had to give both these horses no less than 12 lbs weight, and this, in view of his subsequent valuable engagements, it was thought impolitic to attempt to do. He was brought out for the Glasgow Stakes of $100 sovs each, nin subscribers, but none dare oppose him, and he walked over. The day after he started for the Troy Stakes, of 50 sovs each, half forfeit, thirty-three subscribers, and was opposed by Scottish Queen (a splendid looking daughter of Blair Athol's, who had run second to Pero Gomez on the Middle Park), and Prince Imperial, who had beaten a field of twenty-one two year olds the day before. Scottish Queen made the running for half the distance, when Belladrum, who was the favorite in the betting at two to one on him, came out and won, pulling double and without ever being fairly extended. After this great performance he at once became first favorite for the Derby, 2,000 to 300 being taken about him, and a thousand offered that he beats Pero Gomez the first time they meet or in the Derby. Kenyon, who rode him, was highly pleased with the horse, and stated that he covered more ground in his stride than any animal he had ever ridden. The Derby betting may therefore be quoted as 6 to 1 against Belladrum; 13 to 2 against Pero Gomez (6,000 to 1,000 taken in one bet), 100 to 12 against Wild Oats (taken twenty-six times); 1,000 to 70 against Pretender; 1,000 to 40 against Thorwaldsen; 2,500 to 100 against Ladas, and 40 to 1 against Ethus.

The race for the Cambridgeshire shows conclusively the great merits of the three year olds this year. Of the first sixteen horses in the race, eleven were of that age, and the first five were all three year olds. The winner, Seesaw, achieved a task which has never hitherto been accomplished, and which it was thought impossible for a three year old, carrying 114 lbs., to effect. Except in 1839, when Lanercost, 4 yrs, won, carrying 121 lbs, and in 1842, when Ralph, 4 yrs, carrying 119lbs., was victorious, the Cambridgeshire has never been won by a horse carrying more than 112 lbs. He was ridden by that prince of jockeys, Fordham, who has always had a very high opinion of him, both as a two and three year old. Seesaw's victory adds another feather to the cap of the expatriated sire, Buccaneer, whose progeny have this year divided the Two Thousand, won the One Thousand and Oaks, run first and second for the St. Leger, won the Chester Cup and carried off the Cambridgeshire. Seesaw is owned by Lord Wilton, who gave 2,300 guineas for him at the Marquis of Hastings' sale, and the latter, it is said, won $10,000 on the race. But great as was Seesaw's performance it is eclipsed by that of Blue Gown, who, a three year himself, carrying the crushing weight of 126 lbs., gave the winner 12 lbs. and was beaten by a length and a half only. Racing men have never ceased to talk of Saunterer's wonderful performance when he ran third with 124 lbs. up; but here Blue Gown gets second with 2 lbs. more on him, and proves conclusively that he is the best race horse the present century has produced. In the Free Handicap Sweepstakes, two days after, Blue Gown gave lumps of weight, varying from 20 lbs. to 32 lbs., to some of the best three year olds of the season, and he fairly ran away from them, and beat them without an effort. In consequence of the great success of his stock, as seen in Blue Gown, Pero Gomez, The Palmer, Green Sleeve and others, the subscription fee of Beadsman will be raised to 100 guineas for the season.

The enormous extent of the operations of some of the betting men of the English turf may be judged from the fact that Mr. J. B. Morris, one of the largest and most influential among them has opened a yearling book on the Derby of 1870; that is, he has commenced laying against horses that are now yearlings for that race. Of course, in view of such a distance of time before the event comes off, and the consequent risk that backers have to run, very long odds are obtainable. Sir Joseph Hawley has backed all his nominations, five fillies, which included half sisters to Blue Gown, Pero Gomez, and Rosicrucian at the odds of $200,000 to $3,000 against each of the lot. The Duke of Newcastle has taken the same odds, and to the same amount, against each of his five nominations, all colts. Mr. Chaplin has also backed his filly Pandore at the same price for this distant event. At first sight it appears somewhat hazardous to back a horse for such a sum so long before the day, but it it is worth while to pay very high prices for good looking and well bred yearlings at the various sales, it is surely worth while to make the extra outlay in backing them for the event, and at such odds as is almost sure to afford good hedging.

It appears that the Danebury scandal respecting the Marquis of Hastings' horses, The Earl and Lady Elizabeth, in the late Derby, is dragging its slow length along like a chancery suit. Mr. Padwick has just published in the *Times* some correspondence between himself and Admiral Rous. In his first letter, Mr. Padwick applies to the Admiral to reduce to some distinct form the imputations conveyed in the Admiral's letter to the *Times* published some months ago, on the unaccountable running of Lady Elizabeth on the Derby, and the scratching of the Earl for that event. The Admiral in reply states that he shall be happy to comply with the request, if he (Mr. Padwick) will explain how and why The Earl ran at Newmarket in his name and colors for the Biennial Stakes, where he beat Blue Gown, and also received forfeit in the match as Mr. Padwick's The Earl vs. See Saw; which forfeit and winnings were paid to his (Mr. Padwick's) account, although the latter had published a statement that he had no interest in the horse. In reply, Mr. Padwick declares that such winnings were not paid to his own private account, but carried to a separate account, and every shilling appropriated by Messrs. Weatherby, the racing bankers, to the payment of the forfeits and engagements of the Marquis of Hastings' horses. He forwards to the Admiral letters from Messrs. Weatherby confirming the statement, who returns them without comment, beyond saying that it is for the interest of the turf that all the facts in connection with the Danebury horses should be thoroughly sifted in the pending action for libel brought by Mr. John Day against him (the Admiral). Some highly interesting disclosures are anticipated when the case comes fairly before the court.

RACING AT LIVERPOOL.—The autumn race meeting at Liverpool, Eng., commenced on the 6th inst. The Liverpool Cup was won by Sir J. Hawley's b. c. The Palmer, beating Captain Machell's br c Knight of the Garter, second, and Mr. E. W. Topham's ch g Tribune, third. Seventeen ran. The betting at the start was 4 to 1 against The Palmer and 6 to 1 against Knight of the Garter and Tribune.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE YARDS RACE.

E. DEPEW DAVIS vs. J. WESLEY COZAD.

The principal event at present upon the pedestrian carpet, and which may be regarded as the most important of any contest of this character which has taken place for several years in America, is the forthcoming race between those high flyers, E. D., better known as "Pew" Davis, of New York, long acknowledged as champion of the States, and John W. Cozad, of Iowa, known as the "Plow Boy of California," to run one hundred and twenty-five yards for the championship during the current month. Davis has been victorious in nearly all his numerous races, defeating A. Kearney, John Thomas (3 times), Broom Boy, Wm. Woods, the Hawley Boy, George Brown, George Adams, McCarthy Berger, Tom Cox (twice) and Adams (the two latter for the 100 yards championship at the Chicago Tournament) the California mare, 220 yards against 440 yards, the Hebron Boy, Bob Fisher, Wm. Strickland and a field of seven at the Pedestrian Congress, Finlay's Track, N. Y.; won purses at Ottawa and Rock Island, Ill., and at Davenport, Iowa; received forfeits from Wm. Kendricks and Wm. Seals, and was beaten by Cox once in a 160 yards race at Kingston, N. Y., Davis catching Spike and falling after going forty yards. For a long time he has had a standing challenge to any man in the country at one hundred yards, but all have fought very shy of him, knowing his wonderous speed. In appearance he is every inch a runner, being tall, straight as an arrow, of fine figure, while his limbs, though small, are well supplied with muscle and sinew, and he is unburdened with scarce an ounce of superfluous flesh at any time, as he always, by careful avoidance of excesses and the taking of gentle exercise, keeps himself in fair condition. His rival, Cozad, has also an excellent record, accounting for the confidence reposed in him by his friends, and including defeats of Kelley Davis, Tom Cox and Harry Crandall (twice), a dead heat with the Hebron Boy and a defeat by George Adams—all, excepting the second with Crandall, being one hundred yards races. He has also appeared in other contests of minor importance, and his time shows him to be a clipper. His friends are likewise sanguine of his victory, and it is generally admitted that the contest will be both "close and exciting," to use a hackneyed phrase. J. P. Adams, from California and the west, finds the money for Cozad, and Davis and several prominent Yorkers put up the requisite amount for the other side, Cale Mitchell being stakeholder. From the great interest manifested in the match it is fair to presume that there will be a large attendance upon the course, and that the betting will be of a spirited character. The following is a copy of the articles:—

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into between E. D. Davis, of New York, and John Wesley Cozad, of Iowa, who agree to run a foot race, distance 125 yards, on the Fashion Track, L. I., on Monday, November 23d, 1868. Good day and track. E. D. Davis agrees to bet the odds of $2,500 against $2,000. He also agrees, that if Mr. Cozad is interfered with on the track, so as to prevent his having a *fair chance* to win, he is to be declared the winner of the stakes and race. The first deposit shall be $1,250 against $1,000, which shall be a forfeit in case either party fails to comply with the conditions of the match. The balance of the money to be put up three days prior to the race. The winner to take all the gate money. Both men to be on their marks between 2 and 3 o'clock, P. M. To toss for choice of tracks and direction to run. The ends of the track to have a rope drawn across them, and nobody but the judges and referee allowed on the track. The start to be a *scratch start*, 15 feet scratch. If we fail to get off in an hour, to go with a flying start, 15 feet to start in. If this race should result in a dead heat it is to be run over again in an hour.

Witnesses { FRANK RIPLEY, JAMES COLLINS. — JOHN WESLEY COZAD, E. D. DAVIS.

LONG DISTANCE FEAT.—On Monday, Oct. 19th, a match came off at the Aston Cross Grounds, Birmingham, Eng., involving all the physical capabilities of the competitors, Harry Smalley (generally recognised as the long distance champion of the Midlands), and E. Thomas, of Liverpool (known as the Northern Deer), distance 50 miles, the men being allowed to "make the best of their way;" stakes at issue, £5 a side, with offers from the backer of time to lay £10 to £5 that Smalley did not cover the distance in seven hours. Punctually at the time appointed, 9 A. M., the men were dispatched on their journey, Smalley taking a slight lead, and keeping a yard in front to the 20th lap, when he improved his position, and soon showed some thirty yards ahead, but on going down the back stretch Thomas was again close at his heels, and in the 36th lap passed Smalley at a slashing pace, and, gradually improving his position, in the 46th time round had collared Smalley, thus overlapping him, the latter going with a labored action. Thomas, who appeared in excellent form, still further improved, and when 14 miles had been covered, again came up with Smalley, being thus two laps "to the good," when both pegged away and kept close together to the 116th lap, where Smalley, who was much revived, made a very fine spurt, and soon placed some hundred yards between them. At the 123d time round Smalley had regained one of the laps he was behind, while Thomas, who sustained an attack of cramp, had to pull up for a rub. When 20 miles had been traversed (time, 2 h. 31 m. 20 sec.), Smalley again came up with the Deer, thus pulling up the two laps he had lost, and from this point the issue was never in doubt, Smalley, who improved at every lap, shaking his opponent off completely Thomas having repeatedly to pull up for a rub, until at the 160th lap, after previously retiring from the grounds, Thomas had to "cry a go," Smalley at that time being eleven laps, or nearly two miles, ahead. He continued three more laps, when Thomas' backers allowed him to pull up, after covering nearly 27½ miles. The distance was covered as follows:—4 miles in 27 min.; 8 miles, 56 min. 45 sec.; 12 miles, 1. h. 25 min. 55 sec.; 16 miles, 1 h. 57 min. 20 sec.; 20 miles, 2 h. 31 min. 30 sec.; and 25 miles, or half distance, in 3 h. 17 min. 5 sec., or 12 min. 55 sec. "to the good."

PEDAL SPORT IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The walking match, said to be for $250 a side, between W. A. Richardson and H. W. Wilson, the former to walk twenty miles forward while the latter traveled eleven and one-quarter miles backward, was to have been decided at Franklin Park, Saugus, Mass., on the 5th inst., but, though both men were present, it was concluded to postpone the trial, on account of the unfavorable weather and bad condition of the track. Several scrub races were then gotten up, making amends in some measure for the disappointment thus occasioned. William Alley, of Lynn, and Albert Gallushey, of Swampscott, ran a single dash of a mile, which was won by the last named party in 5:30. Alley and Wilson then walked around the circuit (Wilson traveling backward) and the former completed the mile in 10:53, while Wilson made the distance in 15:35. A running race of a mile between Wilson and Peter Madden resulted in the success of Madden in 7:15.

EXCELLENT TIME.—A correspondent informs us that in a walking match which took place at Mansfield, O., on Oct. 22d, between Napoleon Young and Geo. W. Newton, the latter gave out after walking 7 miles in 50 minutes 40 seconds, and Young kept on, making 7¼ miles in 56 minutes and 58 seconds. E. Smith and J. Coocan were the judges. In a previous trial Young is reported to have walked 10 miles in 83 minutes and Newton in 89 minutes. Brigham Allen says he will back Young against any man in the country to walk in any eastern city, any distance, for from one mile to one hundred miles, for a sum to be mutually agreed upon; or, he will wager that he (Young) can walk twenty miles in 2 hours and 45 minutes. This is a good offer—will anybody accept the chance?

CRANDALL beat Johnson by about nine feet in a race at Akron, O., on the 31st ult.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES WESTHALL.—The remains of this once celebrated pedestrian were interred, on the 17th ult., in Brompton Cemetery, London, Eng. The chief mourners were Charles, Henry and Alfred, the sons, and William Hall, a brother of the deceased. The funeral was attended by a large number of the deceased's co-laborers in the literary world, as also many persons representing every branch of sport. The coffin bore the simple inscription: "Charles Hall, died October 13, aged 46."

LANG vs. MACKEY'S MAN.—A telegram received from Lang, shortly before going to press, informs us that he has forwarded articles to Johnny Mackey for signature and there is every probability that a match will be made between him and Johnny's "dark 'un." We believe Mackey and "the crowcatcher" are old chums. As Harding is in Canada, nothing has been heard from him in reference to Bill's last communication.

AMATEUR PEDESTRIANISM.—William Cassin, an amateur pedalist of Gotham, recently made a bet with a friend that he could beat nine minutes in a mile walk, fair heel and toe, and they repaired to Finlay's track on the 8th inst., to settle the matter. Ed. Russell happened to be present and was chosen referee, while John S. Berry was time-keeper. William started at a brisk pace, which he did not slacken the entire distance, making the mile in 8:32.

NOVEL RACE.—A contest took place at Fort Wayne, Ind., during the week ending Oct. 31st, between the horse Red Bay and Adams, the ped, the horse to run four hundred and forty yards to the man's two hundred and twenty, to start at the dropping of a hat. Adams won easily, beating the horse about sixty yards.

AN ANSWER TO PARKER.—William Faldon, of Philadelphia, says that he has a man whom he is ready to match against Harry Parker's protege, for from $200 to $500 a side, providing the latter will agree to make the distance 880 yards instead of 440 yards.

SEVERAL OF THE GUYS holding the arches of the Brooklyn Skating Rink gave way on the 6th inst., carrying with them a portion of one of the walls. No person was injured. The damage amounts to about $2,000.

THE RING.

GREAT BOXING MATCH FOR $500

BETWEEN

JOSEPH COBURN AND WILLIAM CLARKE.

Many of our readers will remember the sparring match extraordinary which took place at Mozart Hall, in this city, on the evening of January 28th, 1863, between the above named celebrated illustrators of the art fistic. Upon that occasion the stake at issue was four hundred dollars, and Clarke was seconded by Kit Burns and Dan Kerrigan, while Coburn had for attendants Barney Aaron and Jack Bath; Capt. Michael Norton (since United States Senator) stood as judge and time-keeper for Joe and Tom O'Donnell for "the Professor," Ed. James officiating as referee. Nineteen rounds were contested in half an hour with gloves bedaubed with lamp black (each round being terminated as soon as a hit was scored), at the end of which time Coburn was accredited with 11 hits and Clarke with 10. The friends of the latter were much dissatisfied with the issue of this meeting, and at various times since the subject of a second engagement of a similar character between the friendly rivals has been broached, and for a time agitated sporting circles, but until now nothing definite has been done to effect such a desideratum. We are now enabled to state, however, that arrangements have been entered into which will give those of the public who admire the manly art, when illustrated by scientific professors, an opportunity to witness a second display of this novel description. At a gathering of some of the most prominent sporting men of the metropolis in a saloon up-town, a few evenings since, at which Coburn and Clarke were present, the subject of their meeting at the Mozart was discussed, and before the party separated a deposit was put up and an agreement entered into to box again with blacked gloves, for, 'tis said, $250 a side. Efforts were made to secure some more commodious and suitable hall, but without avail, and so the lower hall of the Broadway Opera House, No. 600, was secured for Saturday evening, the 14th inst., when the grand test of skill will take place. The announcement has been received with much pleasure by the sporting element, and in anticipation of a rush to witness it the contracted dimensions of the room have rendered it advisable to have two rates of admission—50 cents and $1 respectively—the former for "standees" and the latter for reserved seats, of which a number will be added to those already there. Proper measures will be taken to secure order and the "kids" who usually infest boxing entertainments will be rigidly excluded from this. It is expected that O'Baldwin will stand judge for Coburn and Wormald for Clarke, and the referee will be chosen from the spectators. The occasion will also constitute the farewell appearance of Joe—who, as will be seen by a paragraph elsewhere in this department, is to leave shortly for California—and among those announced to appear and spar are George Rooke and Johnny Dwyer, Butt Riley and Dooney Harris, Teddy McAuliffe and Young Coburn, Ed. Tuohey and Jim Kerrigan. In the box between Coburn and Clarke the one receiving the most marks in half an hour will be the winner, and no tickets can be had except at the door.

ELLIOTT AND GALLAGHER MATCHED

TO FIGHT ON THURSDAY, 12TH INST.

The latest effort of Charley Gallagher to get on another match with his old antagonist, Jimmy Elliott, has, the public will be gratified to learn, resulted satisfactorily, as the Giant of Athlone has, according to promise, agreed to accommodate Charley for the amount the latter has succeeded in raising, $300 a side, and Thursday next, 12th inst., has been named for the day of battle. The Detroit *Free Press* contains the following anent the affair:—"Gallagher will probably fight at about 180 pounds, while the sports here are of opinion that Elliott will strip at about 170 pounds.

"Gallagher is now at the Park House in training, Elliott taking his lessons in Cleveland. Each man is backed from the city where he is training, and the Detroit men say they will make the match for $1,000 on the day of the fight if the Cleveland men say so. On Tuesday night, 11th inst., Charles Gallagher will give a sparring exhibition here, at which the fancy of Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo will be present. The wind-up will be given by Gallagher and Tom Allen." The issue of the approaching combat will be looked forward to with considerable interest by the fraternity, and it is to be hoped will forever do away with the bone of contention between them.

KELLY vs. ROOKE.—TOM'S MONEY COVERED BY GEORGE.—From the continued reticence maintained by the Man of Providence it was generally inferred that he did not care to enter into an engagement with the old opponent of his brother, Tom Kelly, and it was thought that the latter's last challenge, like those which had preceded it, would be permitted to pass unnoticed, at least as far as Rooke was concerned. Such, however, is not the case, as George has been all along as ready to try conclusions as has his challenger, and his failure to respond earlier is attributable to entirely different reasons. As a proof of this he called at our office, in company with some friends, on the afternoon of the 7th inst., and covered the deposit previously put up on Tom's behalf, thus taking the first step in the right direction. George however, does not accept the challenge in full, but proposes to fight at 148 lbs. instead of 150 lbs., as mentioned by Kelly. He would prefer that it be made at 145lbs., but is willing to give away three pounds and thinks that Tom will consent to throw off two, which is certainly nothing more than fair, and if the latter is so anxious to get on with George as one would imagine, from the challenges he has at various times issued, it is not likely that he will allow any quibbling over the point to defeat his wishes. If he is agreeable, Rooke will meet him or his representative at the CLIPPER office at any time he may choose to designate to complete arrangements; or, by signing articles and forwarding them to this office for George's signature, the match can be made. We hope to hear favorably from Kelly in season for our next issue.

TIM HUSSEY BEFORE THE PUBLIC.—The broad-shouldered, square-built Tim Hussey, twice opponent of George Rooke, will, for the first time in a long while, be a candidate for the favor of the fraternity on Saturday, 21st inst., when he is to be the recipient of a testimonial at 600 Broadway. As Tim is always ready to join in when his brother boxers need assistance professionally, it is expected that they will cheerfully reciprocate on this occasion, so that he will be able to give a good show to a full house. Hussey will probably windup with either Rooke or Johnny Dwyer, and may put on the mits with somebody else during the evening.

FURTHER ABOUT THE DWYER-BUSH AFFAIR.—A San Francisco correspondent writes as follows:—"Billy Dwyer is out with a card in the *Call*, denying the statement made by Bush. He is followed by Con Mooney, who flatly contradicts the facts set up by Bush, but neither of them attempt to deny the statement that no money was put up. Both Dwyer and Bush seem anxious to fight in good earnest, so we may yet have a chance to judge of their mettle."

BUTT RILEY vs. ABE HICKEN.—The turn-up between the above named pugs, reported in our last, has been the theme of much animated discussion, and it is expected that there will be trouble grow out of it yet. A few evenings ago an old Amity street sport, in a conversation with a popular up-towner, offered to match Abe Hicken to fight Butt Riley over again, in a room, for $500 a side, which brought on warm words and resulted in Riley's friend declaring his readiness to stake $200 that Riley could get away with Hicken any time when sober, and at any kind of a fight, but beyond a war of words nothing was done then towards bringing them together. Riley declares that he will get satisfaction whenever or wherever he meets Hicken, and will be only too happy to meet him at 600 Broadway on Saturday night. We shall see whether Hicken will be there or not.

FIRE AT MRS. LAZARUS'.—On the night of the 4th inst. a fire, caused by the carelessness of a servant, broke out in the premises No. 438 Fourth avenue, the upper floors of which are occupied by Mrs. Lazarus, widow of the late Izzy Lazarus, as a boarding house. She sustained damages to the amount of three thousand dollars, but we are pleased to state that it was fully covered by insurance in the Rutgers Insurance Company.

MORE FIGHT TALK.—We understand that Young Glasgow has been talking about being very anxious to fight Drumgoole for a couple of hundred or so, but do not see anything to prove that his talk amounts to much. One of Drumgoole's backers informs us that he stands ready at any time to make good $200 on behalf of Drum whenever Glasgow shows his hand, but wants no chin music until he stakes. What will the Saut Market lad do about it?

PATSY MARLEY REPORTED ALIVE.—A letter received by Bill Clarke from California contains the information that Patsy Marley, who was reported as having died some time since, is still in the land of the living, located somewhere about the terminus of the Pacific railroad. This is good news, and ere long the bold Patsy will be heard of in a more definite shape.

CHANGED HANDS.—On Saturday, the 7th inst., Charley Ahrens, better known as the "General," took possession of Joe Coburn's Harlem Hotel and all that therein was, by reason of Coburn's projected tour of California.

WM. VARLEY, better known as Reddy the Blacksmith, is around again, looking like a warrior. Reddy is one of the boys and will keep the sport alive.

A FIRE OCCURRED at Platt & Duffy's restaurant, 187 Church street, on the evening of the 6th inst., originating in the kitchen and damaging their premises to the amount of $3,000.

HICKEN AND MAGUIRE'S MATCH.—The important match now on the docket between Peter Maguirre and Abe Hicken, for one thousand dollars a side and the light weight championship, goes on all right, and if everything is conducted as quietly until the end thereof there is no doubt that the proposed meeting upon the soil of "Old Wirginny," in bleak December, will be safely brought about. The third deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars a side, was staked at the CLIPPER office on Monday, 9th inst., Johnny Murry calling in company with "D'Orsay" O'Connor and a couple of others, and posting the notes for Abe, and Pete's portion being planked by his friend, Mike Fay, Maguire continues in training at Fishkill, though as yet we believe he goes it on his own hook, but will secure the services of a capable mentor in due season. Hicken took his departure for Philadelphia on the 3d inst., and has commenced light preliminary exercise at the Lamb Tavern, on South street, of which he is boniface. The New Yorker has not yet fixed upon a night upon which to hold his contemplated exhibition, but it will take place at an early date, of which due notice will be given.

TOM KELLY AND PATSY REARDON were to leave Louisville, Ky., for St. Louis, on the evening of the 31st ult.

A TELEGRAM from McKeesport, Pa., says that Barney Duffy, who fought Mike Ryan twice, was lately arrested at that place, charged with arson.

RE-ARREST AND ESCAPE OF MIKE CARR.—We are informed that Mike English, *alias* Carr, who broke jail at Providence, R. I., sometime since, was arrested by officers Dyer and Wrinn, at New Haven, Ct., on the night of Nov. 7th. While conveying him to the lock-up, however, Mike broke away and succeeded in making good his escape.

JIMMY ELLIOTT was to take a benefit in Cleveland on the night of the 9th inst.

THE O'BALDWIN-WORMALD MATCH.

SHALL WE HAVE A FIGHT OR A FORFEIT?

A FEW WORDS TO THE MEN.

Nothing definite has as yet been done toward bringing about a second, and it is hoped decisive, meeting upon the green sward between the above named gigantic gladiators, who, for two men so anxious, professedly but not apparently, to fight, manage to get into more difficulties than probably were ever before encountered by any of their brother pugs in this or any other country. O'Baldwin arrived in the metropolis in the early part of last week, while Wormald—who was released on the 31st ult., Mr. Heathwood, of Lowell, Mass., and a gentleman named Williams going his bail—has remained in Boston. The Giant expresses himself more eager than ever for a settlement, which he is ready for at any time, and Dan Noble, the stakeholder, says positively he shall have it, providing Wormald is willing for another trial, which the course he has pursued since his release would seem to indicate he is not. George Rooke telegraphed him, we understand, half a dozen times last week, urging Joe to come on without delay, and received but two dispatches in reply, one of which was to the effect that Wormald had become involved in a difficulty with a policeman, been clubbed and injured his sore arm, and that he would come on as soon as possible; the other stated that a certain individual at the Hub (the silent proprietor of a saloon, where we presume Joe is an attraction too great to let slip just yet) threatened to have him (Joe) arrested if he attempted to leave the city, as he was responsible for his bail. In the eyes of the public such excuses are too lame to be admissable, for they will consider that a man who has any intention of fighting will steer clear of all excesses, and as far as forfeiting of bail is concerned Wormald can leave just as easily as his opponent did. The stakeholder has named another time and place of fighting, and due notification thereof has been conveyed to Joe, who was expected in this city on Saturday or Sunday, but up to the hour of going to press he had not made his appearance. If he is not on hand at the hour named Noble asserts his determination to give up the money to Ned, and public opinion will justify him in so doing; for, looking back at the shilly-shalleying which has characterized the two matches between these men, and the manner in which the supporters of the institution have been befooled on both sides the water, everybody is thoroughly disgusted with the affair, and all are fast becoming so with the ring in general—the inevitable result of such flashes in the pan as this. If this is not all a *pre-arranged* matter (which many believe, although without proper grounds), if their seeming personal animosity is real, and they actually do want to fight, they can certainly do so without danger of magisterial interference, if they will but conduct things as they should, and, for the sake of what little reputation they have already gained for clever performances within the ropes, we would advise them to "settle" decisively without any more dilly-dallying, of which the fraternity have already endured altogether too much at their hands, and they won't stand much more, certain. One man may be more to blame than the other (and from the present aspect of the case Joe evidently is, as O'Baldwin is here and ready to fight), but whether so or not, if they fail to come together promptly, it will greatly injure both in the estimation of the public, and their future career in this country will be short and far from prosperous. "Let the galled jade wince."

A CORRESPONDENT states that Bob Brettle gave an exhibition at Union Hall, New Haven, Ct., on the evening of the 7th inst., which was poorly attended.

☞ We have letters for Tom McAlpine, Patsy Sheppard, Billy Edwards (package, 60 cents due), Johnny Aaron, Jas. Gillespie (ped), John and Barney Biglin.

BILLIARDS.

THE FOSTER-DION MATCH.—Melvin Foster replies to Joseph Dion, and proposes to make a match of three games, three ball and push barred four ball respectively, the former 360 points up and the latter 1,200; both to be played with 2⅜ths balls, on a new second-sized carom table of the standard make; and the stake upon each game to be $1,000 a side, $500 of which is to be put up at time of signing articles, $1,500 five days before playing the first game, and $1,000 five days before playing the second. One game to be played in Montreal, one in New York, and the other in either city, contracting parties to toss for choice of city in which to play the first game, the winner to name the place and the loser the game. The third game is to be decisive in case of a tie, and should either man win the two first games it need not be played, unless mutually agreeable, and the money up not to be subject to forfeiture until it is decided to play said game. Should each win a game, a toss shall be had on the day following the playing of the second, to decide place of playing the third and kind of game it will be—three ball or four ball, push barred; the winner to name the city (either Montreal or New York), and the loser the game. The first game to be played thirty days after toss, and the others at intervals of like duration.

RUDOLPHE IN THE WEST.—On the 2d inst. Rudolphe defeated Phil. Tieman 13 points at Chicago. He also won a game with McDevitt, scoring 100 to 87. He gave an exhibition at Crosby's Music Hall on the night of the 4th inst. The first game was French caroms, 50 points, between Rudolphe and Michael Phelan. Rudolphe's highest run was 19 and Phelan's 7. The former won the game, Phelan scoring 29 points. The above was followed by a four ball American game, 150 points, between Rudolphe and Phil. Tieman, of Cincinnati. The latter only scored 31 points, Rudolphe's highest run being 122 points, and his average 37¾. In the third game John McDevitt was the opponent of Rudolphe. The game was French caroms, 75 points and was won by Rudolphe, McDevitt scoring 59.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.—Joe Vermeulen, of Chicago, was in St. Paul, Mo., at last advices......Foster and Goldthwait are to play a game of 1,500 points, push, at Wainwright's rooms, Odeon, Williamsburgh, L. I., on this (Tuesday) evening...... Parker and Coon are to play the French game, 300 points, for $100 a side, at Brunswick's Hall, Chicago, on the night of the 11th inst., Coon receiving the odds of 30 points......The Dion brothers have made arrangements for an amateur tournament to take place at their rooms, in Montreal, C. E., sometime this month. The principal prize is a champion cup, valued at $100.

GOLDTHWAIT BEATEN BY DALEY.—On the evening of the 5th inst., William Goldthwait and Maurice Daley played a match 1,000 points, four ball carom game, at Capt. Boyle's, the proprietor officiating as referee. Runs of 80, 95, 125, 150 and 164 were made during the game, which was won by Daley by 77 points.

RUDOLPHE vs. CARME.—The correspondence between these famous French artists has resulted in the making of a match for $1,000 a side on each of two games, the French, 500 points up, with 2⅜ inch balls on a carom table, and the four ball American game, 1,000 points up, push barred. The games are to be played in the Garden City on the 11th and 12th inst.

PAID FORFEIT.—The match which was to have taken place at Boyle's rooms, for a purse of $50, between P. D. Braisted and Ralph Benjamin, on the 5th inst., ended in a forfeit upon the part of the former.

GAME FOR A CUE.—Harry Warren and Richard Stafford played a game of 1,000 points for the champion cue of Birmingham, Pa., on the 2d inst., Lon Hauch acting as judge for Warren and Barney Kennedy, the typo, for Stafford. A. Lowe was referee, and Hen Metz marker. Warren won by 186 points.

AQUATICS.

DOLPHIN BOAT CLUB.—This rowing club was instituted on the 25th of March, 1866, with their headquarters at the foot of 125th street, on the Harlem River. They remained there one year, when they removed to their present boat house at the foot of 51st street, North River. Their principal boat is the six oared barge Dolphin, of the following dimensions:—Length 36 feet 4 inches, by 4 feet 2 inches beam. The club is now in a very prosperous condition, numbering about 20 members, and they intend erecting a new boat house during the winter, to be 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 2 stories in height. They will also have for the season of 1869 a new outrigger six oared gig, and an eight oared barge, which, together with several single and double scull boats, for individual members, will constitute quite an array of elegant boats to grace their fine and spacious new head quarters. They will also apply to the legislature for an act of incorporation, which they will doubtless obtain. At their semi-annual election, held at their boathouse on the 13th ult., the following gentlemen were elected officers of the club: President, Charles B. Zachman: Vice President, G. de Cassard; Secretary, Emil Loux; Treasurer, Charles G. Bauer.

THE LIFE BOAT NONPAREIL.—The address of Capt. J. Mikes, of the life boat Nonpareil, is inquired for by a correspondent, who wishes to see him upon business of importance.

ELECTION BETS.—Several strange and funny bets were made on the recent election, of some of which we append particulars:—In Hudson, N. Y., two citizens got into a discussion as to the chances in this State, when the Republican offered to take $10 from the Democrat, and give one cent for each vote that Hoffman received as a majority. This was accepted and the money put up. The Republican then offered to take $5 and pay the Democrat one cent for every vote that Seymour should get as a majority in this State. This proposition was also accepted and the money put up. The Democrat made over $200 on an outlay of $15...... A novel wager was entered into by W. G. Gibbs, of this city, and Mr. Bartram, of Danbury, Conn. Mr. Gibbs, having lost the wager, is to start on a walking tour on the 11th inst., to Hartford, wheeling a sewing machine on a barrow through the principal towns and cities on the route. The machine is a forfeit to the winning party...... A Democrat and Republican in Providence, R. I., made a bet on the result of the election in that State. The loser agreed to wheel a barrel of apples from Providence to Boston, a distance of forty-three miles. Democrat lost, and started on his expedition on Thursday morning. The barrel containing the apples was inscribed:—"Truth Crushed to Earth will rise again." When last heard from the "wheelist" showed symptoms of suffering from a severe attack of the Grecian bend...... A bet was made between a gentleman and lady in New Albany, Indiana. In case of Grant's election he agreed to marry her, and in case of Seymour's success she was to marry him—that is to say, the gentleman with whom she made the wager, and not Gov. Seymour. At last accounts the parties were very well satisfied with the manner in which the wager had been decided

BIG SKITTLE TALK.—Our English exchanges publish an offer from J. Sullivan, of London, to back himself against time to knock down the nine pins one hundred times inside of an hour, set up his own pins, carry his own ball, and a man to stand in the middle of the frame. If such an offer was made in this city it would be taken up without delay, as sixty times is considered extraordinary playing.

FRANK SWIFT, the celebrated skatorial artist and winner of the gold medal at the congress held in Allegheny City last winter, arrived in town a few days ago. He looks well and informs us that he has been engaged for the coming season by Hervey and Johnson, the rink patentees.

COCKING MAIN ON THE CARPET.—A main of 13 cocks, for $100 each battle, and $500 the odd, is announced to take place at Porkopolis on the 15th inst., between that city and Maysville. Franklin represents Cincinnati, whose warriors will be handled by Old Jim Sandford, most likely.

ARRIVED OUT.—Col. Monstery, a swordsman and teacher of gymnastics of repute, has arrived at San Francisco and resumed his old position in the Olympic Club.

TALL CUSSING.—A South Carolina paper tells the following anecdote of one John M., a humorist of Talbot Co., Ga.:—He was in the bureau office at Butler last fall, looking over some old tax books, when a negro who had some difficulty with his employer, entered, and inquired if he was "de buro." "Yes," said he, "I am the man." "Well, boss, I come to see 'bout a fuss I had wid the man I worked wid, Mr. B. You see, boss, I axed him two weeks ago how much money and things I got in de store, and he told me $130. Well, 'las week I goes to town and buy three or four dollars' wuf of things, and den he says I owe him $250; and when I told him dat can't be so, he cussed ——." What! did he cuss you?" asked M., excitedly, turning over the leaves of the tax book. "Yes, boss, he cussed me twice." "Well," said M., hurriedly snatching up a pen, and making some marks on the book, "I fine him $9 for that." "Look-a-here, boss," said the negro, eagerly, "does dey have to pay for cussin' us?" "Yes, $4.50 for every time they cuss you." "Den," said the colored individual, rising solemnly, and putting his hat carefully on the table, "'fore God, boss, he dun cuss his whole crop out, and I'se gwine home to collect my money." The negro made shell road time back to his employer's, told the negroes of their good fortune, and the result was that every one of them went to Butler next day to know about this "cuss money." B. had some trouble in convincing the newly-made, enlightened voters that "cussing" was not taxable.

SHOOTING TEXAS CATTLE.

Stirring Adventures by Land and Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

While in the military service we were stationed in Texas, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, on the Mexican border. The coast, extending many miles back from the gulf, is deep, level sand, so soft as to render even horseback riding a slow and tiresome mode of progression and pedestrianism extremely difficult. After the sand is passed we reach a chapperel, in which objects are not visible a few yards in the bushes, and a lost horse or ox almost as totally lost as if buried at sea.

While here we were furnished by our commissary with "beef on the hoof," and very lively beef, too, as we found to our cost in our first lot, and very uncertain beef about being cooked, as we found it utterly impossible to make any use of the greater part of it, for the reason that it was scattered miles through the chapperel, and fast making for the up country. The first one shot was the signal for an unexpected stampede of the lot at a furious pace. One powerful black ox had received a pistol ball in his neck, stinging him to frenzy, but in no way hindering his strength or speed, which he demonstrated by rushing on an embankment, thrown up through a long morass for a railroad track.

Now, one of our boys, Jim S——, happened to be on the track in front of him and going in the same direction. Jim had three prominent weaknesses, viz., store clothes, biled shirts and Mexican fandangoes. This latter, I have always believed, was his first step downward. He now lives in Chicago. The signal for a fandango in the Mexican town of Bagdad, near us, had been given during the day in the shape of a glandered mule, lashed with raw hide to a most rickety old rockaway wagon, in which was the band, consisting of one cracked clarionet and one execrable nondescript brass horn, playing most vigorously their only tune, "The Bonnie Blue Flag." This, kept up persistently all day, had an effect more powerful than pleasing to others, but to Jim's ear it was most dulcet and welcome music.

This day he had obtained a day's leave, and also rendered his person resplendent in uniform and pomatum. Having set out for Bagdad, he had, to save his immaculate boots from sand, his paper collar from soil and his person from fatigue, introduced between his lower extremities a small but exceedingly lazy mule, whose placid movements betokened scarcely less contentment than his rider's. Having now approached within two miles of the theatre of his anticipated conquests during the dance, he was enjoying, in advance, the ease with which he would, in his rig, be able to charm the dark-eyed senoritas from their native beaux, who dance with all their clothes on, consisting of a white shirt, red sash, knife, ragged pants and nothing more. Barefoot, bare head and bare arms being the mode.

Whatever his reflections may have been they were disturbed by our yells; and, looking behind, he saw the mad brute coming down on him like a locomotive. In a moment his placid demeanor was changed to one most anxious, and the commendable activity with which he drummed the sides of his mule with his heels would have put to shame Father Gonzales' best gamecock. The lazy beast seemed to consider it all as a matter of course, replying by a slow whisk of his stump tail; but, evidently somewhat astounded by its unusual persistency, he started on a slow amble. This was increased to a slow trot upon Jim's looking back and seeing the enemy with fury approaching, which caused him to make superhuman exertions with hands, heels and voice, eliciting a rate of speed the mule had not been put to in a quarter of a century.

The unfortunate rider looked in vain for escape; each side was bottomless black mud, and no escape but forward. Every second lessened the distance between him and his pursuer, who, with muttered bellowing, and lowered horns, and protruding tongue, looked the picture of vengeance, for as he noticed the object in his path, it seemed to add to his speed and rage. Several of us had kept nearly abreast of the brute on the harder ground, some hundred yards on our flank, and now began to feel there was indeed danger in our friend's position; but it was unavoidable. The enraged brute, with a roar (amid which we could hear Jim's shrill yells, for he yelled like a Camanche), was upon him, and, lowering his sharp horns, caught the flanks of the mule—fortunately between them—on his head, and with one toss completely ended over mule and rider, tumbling them in the mud. Magnanimously disdaining a fallen foe, he did not a moment slacken his speed but trotted over them and on to his native fields. The old mule, being on top, rose first, and after a snort of surprise started off at a round pace back toward home, evidently disgusted with all the world. Our friend slowly crawled out from the mud, in which the weight had crushed him down, too completely encased even to swear, but after cleaning the sticking plaster from his mouth he made up for lost time, and it was hard to say whether mules, cattle or spectators came in for the greatest share. The expression of his countenance, when scraped off, was not unlike that of his bovine majesty a few moments before. His amiability was not increased by our roars of laughter, when we saw him unhurt, as he pensively followed his treacherous beast homeward. It is believed this was the only fandango Jim was known to miss while in Texas. But to this day he swears "he didn't holler," and that the mule stumbled on a R. R. tie, which is not believed, as ties were not yet laid.

Upon returning to camp we found the disappointment of our colored soldiers at the scant rations, consequent on escape of beef, was, though less poignant and profane than our friends, at least equally sincere, and concluded the next lot of beeves we would shoot down at once in true Mexican style. Upon their arrival a few days afterward we started out, some fifteen of us, well mounted and armed with revolvers, followed by a wagon with butchers to dress the beef. Our lot was some dozen large, wild, fiery-eyed oxen, almost as lithe and active as deers. About five hundred yards from shore, back of some round hills, they stood pawing the ground uneasily, and evidently ready for flight or fight. Without delay we closed around them and opened fire, when several fell. I had discharged my revolver, except one chamber; and, seeing a huge red one breaking away, I hastily rode close and fired on him, only for a moment bringing him to his knees, when he sprang at me like a fury. It required all my horsemanship to avoid him, and he at once rushed toward the gulf, and now was an exciting and earnest race through the deep sand, where his immense strength made him a match for my horse's best speed. But I reached the water slightly in advance, and not in the least delayed by his roars. Truth compels me to say that he chose this direction because I did, for he seemed as bent on avenging his injury as I was to avoid a closer acquaintance, with no arms in my hands. Dashing my horse into the surf, I supposed he would pause on the bank, of course; but not a second; he seemed to see me only, and came dashing in after me, until so far out that the waves coming in would lift him and horse from the bottom, and, receding, they would again gain a footing. At every opportunity he would try to disembowel my horse, and in consequence of the slow and uncertain movement in the water, I could only prevent him from so doing by grasping with my right hand the end of his long, sharp horn, which acted as a lever in my right hand, assisted by my knee and stirrup under his neck, and exercise of utmost strength. By these means, and keeping in deep water, where he could get only a short foothold, I managed to prevent his getting his head down and finishing his job he had evidently cut out. When receding waves permitted him to get foothold his struggles were fearful, taxing my utmost strength. Another difficulty in such a struggle was to meet each wave at right-angles, as the blow on the side or quarter of my horse would have rolled us over in an instant, and given the infuriated brute a fair mark. Yet, obliged to keep side and side, no advantage of this could be used on him to throw him. The undertow seemed, at times, as if it would carry us all out to sea, as in our struggles we reached deeper water, and I had lively anticipations of filling the maws of the numerous sharks infesting the coast, which had recently devoured several of my men while bathing; but my faithful horse, a powerful animal, managed to regain a footing each time. Thus the struggle continued until, nearly exhausted, I tried to get him away by spurring him, hoping thus to alarm him. It only enraged him the more. I then tried to leave him, but he was alike unwilling, and I was glad to get into deeper water again. Nor, had I been so inclined, could I have sacrificed my horse, and so made good my own escape. Had I dismounted the undertow would have carried me out like a straw; had I even escaped to shore, no tree nor bush, nor escape even from sight, was attainable for miles, and he would have torn me to shreds. My cries could not have been heard owing to the roar of the surf, nor could I be seen when in the surf, because of sand hills on high water mark. My arm was becoming exhausted, and things seemed about to be finished. I thought of two bright eyed little daughters hundreds of miles away up north, and also of the miserable death in store for me, after having escaped through four years of battle and danger, where death would have been glorious, to be spitted, like a pig on a bayonet, on those horns, and how cruelly sharp they did look then; and, as I looked in his eye, I saw a shark like, devilish malice there, which boded ill for me when his opportunity did come. Then I tried to change hands, but the waves would not delay, and all my skill was required to guide my horse to meet them properly; nor would the brute let me have a moment's rest. I could but feel gratitude to my noble steed, who was as docile and tractible as if he realized our condition, and felt that our safety depended on his steadiness. It seems that hours had thus passed, the surf at times beating over even my head, and I was about to try what I felt was a fruitless effort—to get away; the water so obstructed the quick movement of my horse, even the first step, and he was becoming also much fatigued, while the hot breath of the vicious ox in my face told plainly he was fresh yet. Just at this time I was more than delighted to see our old doctor and his servant Bill approaching along the coast at a very leisurely jog of his mules, which seemed perfectly mail-like. He did not for a long time observe us out in the surf, but when he did he mended his pace to see what new sea monster it was, and on coming up he rode out part way to me at a most provokingly slow speed. I managed to recover from a struggle of extreme violence my imprudence had brought on. This imprudence was a vicious kick in his ribs when I felt sure of help, which came near rendering help quite unnecessary, for it was only just possible to keep his horns out of my horse, by frantic exertion.

Having called the Dr. to send Bill out with a knife quick, he did so, and coming beside my horse, which was head toward shore, I yelled to him to jump behind my animal, and hamstring the ox, between waves. This the stupid William essayed to do, but instead of a clean, quick cut, he commenced sawing with the Doctor's old knife, dull from various uses, from cutting tobacco for negroes up to bread for our mess, and was also a favorite weapon of William's in his attack upon grease.

The first sting of the pain on the skin was the signal for active and offensive movements of the most determined nature; initiated by a vicious kick, which hit the injudicious William fair on the spot where he stowed away regularly each morning a pound of hard tack and an amount of grease limited only by his powers of acquisition, which were great.

This well timed kick sent the Doctor's knife, our only weapon, out to sea, and the unfortunate William after it, with his knees and chin in close proximity. The short flash of time sufficed to see his face contorted with fear, set in a frame of foam, contrasting strongly with its showy color, for his face shone from very blackness. His eyes distended to the utmost, and his mouth opened as wide as its great capacity would admit, and emitting one prolonged howl, until extinguished by sea water, he dashed toward shore; a moment afterward he was wriggling along out toward the beach with a perfect Grecian bend, with the additional merit of being thoroughly natural.

His progress, however, was often interrupted by frequent pauses to vomit sea water, which was unwilling to stay, either from the extreme disturbance in its receptacle from outside causes, or because the sea water did not mingle kindly with grease. Having reached the beach, he sat on the sand, a most useless and woe-begone darkey. I had to observe all this in the midst of a terrible struggle, for the ox seemed possessed of a very devil of viciousness, and nearly unhorsed me several times.

Notwithstanding my peril and trouble, I believe I fully appreciated the ludicrous scene. But little time was given to observation, and less to laughter, at the time. I then yelled to the Doctor to bring his bridle, and tangle the legs of the ox, and this he endeavored to do; but away went his and the doleful William's mules, leaving them helpless and on foot, thus making matters even worse. We got the bridle round his legs but he would break it like a string, and redouble his efforts to gore us. The fat old Doctor was game, and did all man could do, but William had no more fight left in him, and in answer to his master's order "to come in and help drown the critter," he sagely answered.

"Now, Doctah, ise willin to bay any awder if it am posbell, but dat am onposbell; arter de sperence I hab had Ise demoralised; he kicks wus'n a mule, and I has such a misery in my stummik I dunno as I can move."

But an extra savage struggle at the moment gave the lie to his words, for he found the top of a sand hill with commendable agility, yelling murder lustily, and thus fortunately attracting the attention of one of our party, who came galloping up, and soon understanding the situation, put a bullet in the brute's brain, thus relieving him of his misery and us from our trouble.

It was only when at last safe that I realized the terrible physical and mental suffering I had undergone. I reeled in my saddle on my way to camp, where, having arrived, I could but notice the amazed look of my servant on seeing me. Entering my hut and viewing my face in a mirror explained it. The long effort had rendered me pale and haggard, with bloodshot eyes and pinched nostrils, and it was weeks before I fully recovered the use of my right arm, and still longer ere the nervous shock wore off. It is needless to say I hunted no more cattle, nor that Jim was ever fully apprised of all the facts in the case, nor indeed any one else before, for I admit I disclosed to all I rushed in the surf and caught him by the horn; literally true, too, though involuntary.

The semi-wild cattle of the plains are by nature vicious, and often attack, unprovoked, men who cannot escape them. They are far more agile and enduring than tame cattle, and in speed are remarkable, as well as in tenacity of life.

But experience taught me that their strong point is their exceedingly long and sharp horns, backed by a devilish malice and dogged determination, which renders them apparently oblivious to fear when wounded.

It may be fun to hunt them, but not to be hunted by them, most assuredly. G.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

BREVITIES.

NOT a peaceful tribe—Diatribe.

THE Best Head-Quarters—Brains.

THE Debtor's Disease—Tick dollar owe.

NEW fruit—A man date.

THE "bread of idleness"—Loaf-ing.

ODD people—"ingle ones, of course.

NOSE—The snubbing post of the body.

"THE Curse of Scotland"—"The deil tak' ye!"

ERROR—The crook in a pig's tail, hard to get out.

NOT a pleasant ball to be at—A black-ball.

THE Sexton's trade—That of an engraver.

THE Popular Music of the Train—Car-toon.

SOME fishermen use cotton for bait; so do some women.

GOOD words cost no more than bad.

ONE man's fault is another man's lesson.

THE rigors of the winter season—the cloakmakers.

The man who feathered his nest is supposed to have been a dealer in poultry.

THE beggar's avocation—preying for his daily bread.

MODERATION is the silken string running through the chain of all the virtues.

THE easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good heart in it.

WHERE to see stylish turnouts—in the barrooms of fashionable hotels.

THE Labor Question—What is the least we can do for the most money?

EQUIVOCATION—Dancing on a tight rope between two lies, in presence of truth.

THE smiles which we assume when we go into public are often more wanted at home than abroad.

ONE definition of a "corn dodger" is a man who refuses whiskey.

"HELLO, Bill, lend me five dollars!" "You are mistaken in the man, sir; I'm not a five dollar Bill."

THE ancient Scandinavians used the antlers of stags for drinking cups. This is evidently the origin of the phrase, "taking a *horn*."

OF ALL young women mentioned in the Bible Ruth seems to have treated her sweetheart worst. She pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

WATER METAPHORS.

A poor argument "won't hold water."
A babbler is a "leaky vessel."
A half drunken man is "half seas over."
"Fishing in troubled waters" is another name for getting into difficulty.
"Still waters run deep" is a hint that your quiet and demure person has more in him than the world supposes.
Strong dislikes are compared to his Satanic Majesty's antipathy to "holy water."
If a man is in a bad predicament he is in "hot water."
Disappointment is "a wet blanket," (wet with water of course).
When a lover gets "the mitten," "cold water is thrown on his hopes."
The hungry man's "mouth waters."
The strengthless are "weak as water."
Fortune has its "tides" as well as the sea.
The muse informs us that there are "tongues in the running brooks."
Sometimes it "rains blessings."
When an orator has exhausted his subject and begins to be tedious, we say he has "run dry."
News is always "afloat."
Speculators are often "swamped."
Many people find it impossible to "keep their heads above water."
Very often in the absence of date for conjecture we are "all at sea."

MERRY MOMENTS.

ANSWERING PRECISELY.—A witness in court who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not talk about what he might think the questions meant, was interrogated as follows:—"You drive a wagon?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir, I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a wagon?" "No, sir." "What is your occupation, then?" "I drive a horse, sir."

SHAKING HANDS.—At a duel, the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary; "for," said he "their hands have been shaking this half hour."

A TRUE REFLECTION.—When Richard Baxter was on one occasion brought before Judge Jeffreys, "Richard," exclaimed the brutal chief justice, "I see a rogue in your face." "I had not known before, my lord," calmly replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."

AN EDITOR'S PROPOSAL.—If our readers do not think that it requires nerve to edit a newspaper out west, let them read this, the experience of "one of them fellers," as told by himself:—"One evening—it was moonlight, in the summer time—we sat alone in the porch by the cottage door, holding that little white hand in a gentle pressure; one arm had stolen round her waist, and a silent song of joy, like 'the music of the night,' was on our soul. Our lips met in a sweet delicious kiss, and bending softly to her ear, we whispered a tale of passionate devotion—we proposed. In a moment she tore her hand from ours, and, with a look of ineffable scorn, said, 'What! marry an editor? You git out!' We slid."

NATURAL THEY SHOULD.—A French officer, quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's custom of fighting for money, "whilst we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honor." "Yes, sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for that which he wants most."

APPEARANCES.—A gentleman, seventy-five years of age, recently lost his wife. A venerable lady, a neighbor, nearly four score years, was asked if she had called on her old friend since he had lost his wife. "Why no, indeed," she replied, in almost indignant surprise, "it would not look well for a widow like me to call on him now, as he is a widower."

WHAT MANY WIVES DO.—A Welch clergyman applied to his diocesian for a living. The bishop promised him one, but as the clergyman was taking his leave he expressed a hope that his lordship would not send him into the interior of the principality, as his wife could not speak Welch. "Your wife, sir!" said the bishop, "what has your wife to do with it? She does not preach, does she?" "No, my lord," said the parson, "but she lectures."

A NEW WAY TO BEAUTIFY.—"Do you not think Mr. W. a very ugly man?" inquired a young lady of her companion. "Well, I don't know," was the reply, "he has a very fine figure. He would be beautiful *if his head were off*."

TALL ADVERTISING.—An advertising tallow chandler modestly announces that, without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented.

POETRY *versus* SENSE.—A line in one of Moore's songs reads thus:—"Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl replied:—"'Twould give me the rheumatiz, and so it would you.

A GOOD ACTION.—A dissipated young man, who ran away from home, and spent his substance in riotous living, resolved at last to return to the parental roof. His father was kind enough to forgive the young rascal for his wickedness, and rushing into the house, overcome with joy that the boy had returned, cried out to his wife, "Let us kill the prodigal; the calf has returned."

KEPT ON HAND.—John, did you leave Mr. Filkins's umbrella at his house?" "No, ma," said John. "Why didn't you? Didn't I tell you to do so?" "Yes, ma; but didn't you tell me, yesterday, always to keep something on hand for a rainy day, and what better thing can I keep than an umbrella?"

SLANDER.—It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been injured by slanderers, as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been picking at.

HOW TO GET RID OF TROUBLE.—To shake off trouble we must see about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat and go and visit the poor; inquire into the wants and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolation of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.

UNSOCIABLE TEMPERS.—Unsociable tempers are contracted in solitude, which will in the end not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them nor ourselves better by flying from or quarrelling with them.

BE PATIENT.—Patience is always crowned with success. This is a rule without exception. It may not be splendid success, but patience never takes anything in hand that it does not succeed with in some form. The great Tartar conqueror, Timour, is said to have learned this important lesson from an ant.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who has respect for age, always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved, then there is no such thing as truth in the world. Remember this, boys, and you will be respected by others, and will grow up and become useful men.

READING.—The amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue, the upholder of adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is the repeller of the scoff and the knave's poison.

WOMAN is never so amiable as when she is useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work—engaged in the useful offices of the home and family.

THE ELECTRIC ORGAN IN NOTRE DAME, PARIS.—The enormous work of restoration of the cathedral is drawing to a close, and the iron railing surrounding it progresses rapidly. Some important experiments have been made lately for playing the new grand organ by electricity in adapting to it the system of apparatus invented by Lauenberger & Co., of Sumiswald (Switzerland), and presented to the Society of Encouragement by M. Spiess, a member of the above firm, in the shape of an electric piano. We attended by invitation a rehearsal at Notre Dame, and had an opportunity of examining the mechanism of the apparatus. Several pieces from the "Traviata," "Trovatore," the march in "Norma," &c., were well played on the grand organ in good time, and also Handel's "Creation," the "Domine salvum fac," &c. The great difficulty is to contrive a battery which will remain with closed circuit in constant action for two months without diminution of force. Daniel's battery, improved by M. Boulay, is likely to effect this, as he has one working an electric clock, which has not been disturbed for a month, and, though the circuit is always closed, no weakness has been observed in the current.—*Builder*.

SPORTING ADVERTISEMENTS.

Walter Brown, the only Builder of CROSS HAND SCULLS in the United States. Orders for oars used in light race boats attended to with dispatch. We challenge competition. WALTER BROWN, 130 Portland st., Boston, Mass. 29-3m

Nautilus. 111 EAST 14TH STREET, Adjoining the New Tammany Hall. THOS. G. BYRNE.

THE "GRECIAN BEND."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We read that once among the Greeks
The fates, in cutting up their freaks,
By accident—or something worse—
Transformed a maid into a horse.

In eighteen hundred sixty-eight,
A maid, without the help of fate,
(A sad affair to mention, very)
Turned into a dromedary.

This maid, impelled by many things,
Turned up at Saratoga Springs,
With many a bend and twist and spatter,
And all the people looking at her.

And others, witnessing her plight,
Made up their minds that she was right,
And they had all for Nature's sake
Been laboring under some mistake.

Although they say, they will confess,
That she has "got it" to excess,
Yet to their charms they also lend
The *graces* of a Grecian Bend.

And when we see them on a bend
(The Lord preserve and fates defend),
We think this saying must be true
"Space lends enchantment to the view."

"O. J. C."

GAVESTON'S HEIR; OR, CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. BADGER HEARS A SECRET.

Dan the Devil was not *physically* a coward; morally he was the veriest poltroon that ever breathed. He would have cared nothing for meeting his old comrade in the body—indeed Jack's chance for life would have been a small one had Dan known him to be living—but that worthy thoroughly believed him to be dead, and deemed it was his ghost that he looked upon when he saw him standing there, silent and motionless, before him.

He hid his face in his hands in the agony of terror which will seize superstitious natures when their fears are aroused, and, when he raised his head again, the figure was gone; for Jack, as much startled and surprised as himself, had a righteous horror of meeting his formidable fellow traveler, and had quietly and quickly disappeared, with Wolf at his heels.

Dan might have heard the rustle of his retreating footsteps had he not been too frightened to heed anything but his own alarm.

"It *was* his ghost!" he murmured, "come to spot me out; perhaps to have me took again—who knows? I've hearn tell of such, but never see one afore. Whew! I'm hot and cold all in a breath. Suppose it was *himself!* No, no; that's impossible. There was never a ship in sight, and he never come up."

He was mistaken; Jack had come up; and we may be pardoned if we go back in our story enough to tell *how*.

While every one on the deck of the Urania was crowding about the rescued man, and giving him pretty freely the state of their feelings respecting his conduct, the one whom they supposed drowned was clinging, grasping to a dangling chain.

Over and over again, as the Urania dipped and rose, was he plunged under water; and over and over again he came, choked and struggling, above the surface.

By and by a heavy shower sent all under cover but those whose duty lay on deck, and this lucky incident favored what Jack wished.

"Hand over hand he crept cautiously up towards a porthole, hoping to creep in unobserved; but when about half way up a head appeared over the bulwarks, and a pair of eyes looked straight down upon him.

"Hullo!" said the sailor.

"Hush, for God's sake!" ejaculated Jack. "Speak low. I'd rather drop down again than be seen. Will you help me, mate? I'm most dead."

The man responded by helping him on the deck, which was almost deserted now, for the rain was pouring heavily. No one saw the transaction but the captain, who walked to the spot just as Jack tumbled, exhausted and half insensible, at the feet of the sailor who had assisted him.

"Hide me! Oh, for heaven's sake, hide me!" he gasped, as the captain bent over him. "He'll murder me if he sees me."

"Ay, he meant it," the sailor said. "Come below, mate, and we'll keep you safe, never fear."

"And you'll not let on to him that I'm alive? Nor you, sir?"

"I'll not tell any one if you don't want it known. He's safe enough, and I shall take the liberty of keeping him so till we get ashore. I don't want any more attempted murders aboard my ship."

And that was how it came about that neither George Dale nor Dan the Devil knew that Limping Jack was not drowned.

The captain did not talk of it; and Mr. Dale and his wife, being cabin passengers, saw nothing of those at the other end, and the half drowned man never came on deck again during the few days which yet remained of their voyage.

Arrived at Liverpool, Dan the Devil, much to his astonishment, was set at liberty, and admonished with an oath to go about his business and take care what he was about, or he'd be sure to be hanged some day.

Dan puzzled a good deal over this unexpected termination to his troubles; he had fully expected to be delivered over to justice immediately.

But no one offered him any explanation; and he went off sullenly, and without offering any thanks for his escape.

George Dale and his wife left the vessel early; so that Jack and Wolf were able to get ashore without molestation or observation, free to pursue the object of their journey.

He had a trifle of money, and the captain, pitying his forlorn appearance, assisted him with a little more; so that by dint of a few odd jobs of work, which he picked up on his travels, he had been able to live until the time when, his fear of Dan having in some measure subsided, he found his way to Gaveston Hall.

Mr. Gaveston was not at all surprised, when he returned from his ride to Leamington, having completed some arrangements for his sister-in-law, to hear that two men had been inquiring for him, both claiming to have been acquaintances of his in America.

He recognized them, from description, at once, and bit his under lip to keep it from trembling as the servant spoke of them.

"And you don't know where they went to?" he asked.

"No, sir; at least the first one went away, and said he would call again. The other—the one with the dog—is staying at the Arms, I heard this morning."

"Ah, well get your hat, John, and go down to the Arms. If the man is there, say I will call and see him in an hour from this. I want to ask him some questions about Yale; but as long as Mrs. Gaveston remains here I cannot have her annoyed by these rough fellows coming about the place."

"Very good, sir."

Limping Jack was somewhat surprised at the message, though he received it with much equanimity.

"Wants to see me, does he?" he remarked, "well, I'm at home. He can't well get rid of me or make me vanish off the earth from *here*; it's better than the Hall."

Mrs. Badger had a room swept and garnished, to do honor to the squire. It was seldom he entered her house, though he always had a kind word for her *en passant*. She had reasons of her own for wishing him to be received in that particular apartment; there was a ventilator high up in the wall, shaded by a picture frame, and through this aperture she could hear what was going on. Certes, she would have to stand upon some boxes in the larder beyond; but she did not mind that, her curiosity ignored any discomfort. Mr. Gaveston came leisurely strolling through the park about an hour before the time of dinner, and accosted Mr. Badger, who was smoking at the door.

"Your visitor wants to see me, I hear," he said, carelessly.

"So I heard, sir."

"Tell him I'm here and find me an unoccupied room; and—eh, Badger."

"Sir."

"Tell him to tie up that confounded dog that flew at me the other day. I've no fancy for being made mince meat of just now."

"Certainly, sir. Please to step in here. Would you take anything, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you. Yet, stay, it is deucedly hot. Bring some soda and brandy."

Mine host went to execute both orders, and Ralph Gaveston stood by the window of the pretty room, toying with the rough ring, beaten out of a nugget, which he always wore, his thoughts going back to the time when he held the rough lump of gold in his hand, and took counsel with his dead comrade how to cut and fashion it. The light flashed on the sparkling diamond set therein, and was the first object which caught Jack's eye as he limped in, and for the first time stood face to face with Ralph Gaveston. Both men were very pale. The thoughts of both went back with a lightning flash to one object—the battered form of a murdered man lying face upwards in the moonlight.

"At last!" ejaculated Jack, speaking first. "I've come nigh upon five thousand miles far the sake of this meeting, Mr.——"

"Hush!" said Ralph Gaveston, imploringly. "The very walls may have ears for aught I know. You are the man that was suspected of that—that night's work."

"So I have heard since."

"And you have come here to denounce the murderer, as you fancy. Don't you think it is a bold stroke?"

"It might be; but that is not what I mean to do, though I could do it and claim the £500 offered by the generous Mr. Ralph Gaveston for his discovery."

"But you have no proof; and no one would believe the unsupported testimony of a——"

"Of a tramp. No, perhaps not; but I have proof, damning proof, of what I could swear, if I chose."

"What proof?"

Ralph Gaveston's lip slightly curled as he spoke, and Mrs. Badger, listening with all her might, could detect the scorn in his voice. She could not *see* what passed, and the time seemed long before they spoke again. Jack slowly dived into an inner pocket and took from thence a flat parcel. Unfolded, this appeared to be a square piece of parchment, partly written and partly printed, and a gold coin, worn very thin, with a hole drilled through it.

"The man as did the job thought of a good many things, Mr. Gaveston, but he forgot these."

"My God!"

"Ay, I thought it would be a poser when you saw them. I have been nigh death more than once since I stained my hands with the blood of another man's shedding to get 'em. I've lain on a sick bed in a hospital ward, and I've been to the bottom of the sea, and never let 'em go; and I don't mean to till I put 'em into a magistrate's hands and tell my story afore the beaks."

"But you won't—you don't mean that. You shan't," said Ralph Gaveston, at bay now, and glaring at him with fierce eyes.

"I will, as surely as you mean murder, if you and I don't come to terms; but I think we shall. I want money, and you want a thing or two kept dark. I'm the man to do it if you pay me my terms."

"And they are——"

"Well—a thousand down and more when I want it; I've a mind to try what gentility means and be a respectable individual for the future."

"And bleed me whenever your wild extravagance empties your pockets, be a perpetual hell upon earth to me by constantly turning up at inconvenient times."

"Like your wedding day, for instance."

Ralph Gaveston winced.

"No, no; you need not fear that. I've too much respect for my own life. I should fear being shot, or poisoned, or stabbed, or anything that your love might prompt you to in the way of murder. Oh, no, I'll keep away till I want more money; and then you'll hear from me."

"And suppose I refuse altogether, laugh at you and your proofs, what then?"

"Why, then I'll throw myself on a grateful country, and claim the £500."

Ralph Gaveston drew his check book from his pocket, and Jack's eyes glistened at the sight.

"Have you any faith in an oath?" asked the squire.

"I'll swear one if you like, and keep it."

"Then kneel down, there," he said, snatching a smartly bound Bible from a side table, "and swear before God, if you believe in one, never to reveal the secret that lies between us. So swear it, man, and you shall have the money in a minute."

Jack took the required oath, that, as long as Mr. Gaveston supplied him with money, he would hold his peace; but no promising or coaxing could get Ralph Gaveston possession of the proofs he held, and he was fain to write the check without attaining that end.

He gave Jack what money he had about him in gold and notes, and orders for the remainder, and prepared to go with the feeling that from that hour there would be no more peace nor rest for him.

This secret, whatever it was, was not his own to keep—it was shared by this man, and not only by him, but by the poor crazy woman who had visited him so short a time before.

Mrs. Badger listened in the utmost amazement. A thousand pounds!

What dreadful secret could this strange man have in his keeping to prompt the squire to render up on the spot a thousand pounds?

She had not seen what Jack had shown Mr. Gaveston, but she had heard his agonised exclamation at the sight. She had heard all about the murder in America, and of Mrs. Dale's strange hallucination.

It was no mad fancy then, that prompted her accusation—Ralph Gaveston really had murdered his friend out in the American forest, and this stranger knew it—was an accomplice, perhaps.

All was clear now. The dog, which had flown at his throat in the churchyard, had seen the deed, and the kindly, amiable master of Gaveston Hall was an assassin! She could hardly stand her agitation was so great; but the sound of their voices speaking again startled away the faintness which was fast creeping over her, and she steadied her mental and bodily nerves to listen again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

"Don't you go yet, Mr. Gaveston," said Limping Jack, as the squire, with ashen white face, and trembling limbs, turned towards the door. "You've stopped my mouth, and done the handsome thing by me, I will say that; but it would be as well for you to know what I can tell you; there's others on the lay as well."

"Others?"

"Yes; the secret ain't mine only; for instance, there's the lady, Mrs. Dale, you know."

"Ah, 'h! Don't speak of her," Ralph Gaveston said, with a long breath, which was almost a groan, "she won't speak, besides she's mad; her, her husband admitted it."

"Ay, may be, but he'll find out some day she wasn't so mad as he thought, and then——"

"That day isn't come yet."

"No, but it will, as surely as I stand here now richer than I ever was in my life before, as surely as you wish me dead at this minute; then there's that girl that your fine feelings would not let you see, Mattie Brock. I never saw the young lady, but I heard you and your pal, Mr. Alfred Bennett, that's dead, murdered, you know, talking about her more than once out at Yale yonder."

"Hold your confounded tongue, can't you?" said the squire, furiously. "What's the good of raking up all the old rubbish like that? I tell you I've Mattie Brock under my thumb hard and fast—she'll say nothing."

"Not till she sees you, and may be I wouldn't answer for her after."

"She never shall see me."

"She *will!* She is a woman, and loves you—out of gratitude, may be—but still she does, be sure of it; and, woman-like, she'll never rest until she sees your face."

"Curse her! Curse you all that are in league against me!"

"Ay, curse away; curses don't kill. There's another besides these two."

"Who's that?"

"Dan the Devil."

"And what does he know?"

"Nothing for certain," said Jack, ignorant that Dan had seen the squire; "but he suspects a good deal."

"Ah, suspicion doesn't kill any more than curses. It will be a long time before that gentleman gets admittance to my house. You are sure he knows nothing of—of what you have in your pocket there?"

"Not a living soul knows of them. There wasn't a creature for miles round about when I took these things from that dead man's breast. It was an ugly thing to do, Mr. Gaveston, to kneel down there under the moon and and meddle with another man's bloody work; but I'd seen something that made me want to see more, and what I found is worth the money I asked you for. Oh! my hands seemed to burn with the touch of that blood for many a long day after that battered corpse was buried deep down out of sight."

Ralph Gaveston looked sick and shivering as Jack spoke, and clutched the back of the chair by which he stood. "*Don't* for God's sake!" he said presently, in a voice of agony. "Don't, or I shall go mad! What will you take for those cursed proofs, and rid me of you for ever. Don't be afraid; name your own price, and if it is within the bounds of my fortune you shall have it."

"All your fortune would'nt buy them of me—not if you had it twice told—to lay down before me. They're mine; and I mean 'em to be a living to me, and no harm to you, either. I don't want to split, mind that, as long as you serve me honorable and right in the matter."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"Move about a bit. I've a fancy for seeing England. I won't play you false, unless you try any larks with me."

"You may depend on me—stay, you may do me a service. Let me know where I can see you if I want you for one week from this time. After that, go where you will."

Jack deliberated a minute or two before replying.

"I only wish to know, because I think you can serve me in this matter," Ralph Gaveston repeated.

"Well, I don't see as much harm can come out of that," was the reply. "I'll find out some quiet place, and lie still for a week. It don't much matter to me where I go. I'll let you know to-morrow. It won't be very near here, for I'd like to put a good bit of country between Dan the Devil and me. My life is not to call my own while he is near me."

"The further off the better."

"Then I'll go off on my travels now. I think I'll get as far as Warwick on my way before I let on to any one as I'm more than a tramp."

"Ay! You might be robbed. Be off, and I'll settle what's to pay here."

"You're a gentleman, Mr. Gaveston, a real gentleman," said Jack, obsequiously as the door was thrown open, and Mr. Badger appeared within hearing; "and thank you kindly, sir, for your goodness to a poor man."

"There, there, that will do," Mr. Gaveston said, somewhat impatiently. "I'll settle with Badger. Make yourself scarce, and be sure to send me the address."

"I'll not forget, sir; and good day to you."

Better forget it, Jack; better have no communication with the hard, cruel man out of whom you have wrested so much money. Put the wide earth between you, and then feel safe if you can, though safety is not for those who come within the reach of Ralph Gaveston's revenge!

The squire withdrew into the little parlor, while Jack's big black dog was let loose, and went bounding and pitching after his master, only stopping to snuff and growl ominously at the door, behind which his old master lay *perdu*; and Mrs Badger came out of her concealment white and terrified, just as Ralph Gaveston, with black care seated upon his shoulders, and plucking madly at his heart string, strolled gloomily away, with his hat pulled down over his eyes.

Care might well be his companion; never more till the grave closed over him would he know what it was to be free from timorous apprehension, never more would he rise up or sit among his fellow men without feeling the grip of the hangman's cord about his neck, or the fancied touch of a policeman's hand upon his collar.

Those proofs—those incontestible, damning proofs—if they were once in his possession or destroyed, he would be safe; he could brave all else, and he resolved to make a desperate effort to obtain them. To this end he had made Jack promise to send his address.

He meant to follow him, and then—ah, well, his mind was hardly made up as to *what* then, but he would have what he wanted, if he took them from the lame man's dead body.

With these black and bitter thoughts in his heart he re-entered the house, to sit down to table with his sister-in-law, Mr. Ord, and his nieces, and be the gayest of the gay—cheering Mrs. Gaveston's rather rueful spirits, and entering into the plans of the girls as to their pursuits and pleasures in their future home.

"By the way, I want you to do me a service," he said in one of the pauses in the pleasant after-dinner conversation. "It won't be a very hard one, and it will save me a good deal of worry and annoyance."

"With all my heart; what is it?"

"I want you to see the fellows for me that come here claiming to be old acquaintances of mine from the diggings."

"I don't want to be stingy, and I hope I shall always be able to help my old comrades; but if it once gets wind that Ralph Gaveston, of the Hall, does not begrudge a trifle to a comrade we shall be besieged with flannel-shirted diggers, all claiming to come from the uttermost parts of the earth, and declaring themselves my intimate and devoted friends."

"The fates forbid!" said Mr. Ord, laughing; "but what makes you dread such an outburst of long-buried love, my boy? Has the descent of diggers up on your castle begun?"

"Yes; I have had two here to-day. One of them I have seen, and got rid of; the other I don't care to see; he's not exactly company for the drawing-room, and if I should send him to you, you can dismiss him for me."

"Certainly; I think that is a wise idea of yours. Trans-Atlantic society might not be acceptable here. I'll be your representative. May I know the gentleman's name?"

"As much of it as I can tell you. Out at the diggings we mostly went by some *soubriquet*, either descriptive or in some way applicable. I must say this man's was singularly so, it was——"

"What?"

"Not a very genteel appellation to mention before ladies. I only knew him as Dan the Devil, and I think, when you see him, Ord, you will acknowledge its fitness."

"That's a pretty name for a servant to announce; do you think he will send it in full?"

"Let us know when you have seen him; for me he only left a message, 'A man had called,' but I knew him at once from description. He will be sure to come again, and I will send him to you."

"What did they call you out at the diggings, uncle?" asked one of the younger girls suddenly. "Had you any nickname?"

It was a simple question enough, and yet Ralph Gaveston's cheek lost its color, his eye sparkled, as the child spoke, and he frowned angrily and bit his lip.

"Maud, be quiet," said her mother, seeing without understanding his confusion. "Don't be troublesome."

"Well, but I want to know," she repeated. "Did you have a nickname?"

"Oh, yes, we all had—rough men like diggers have strange, rude ways. Oh, yes, I had a nickname like the rest."

"What?"

"They called me 'the—the gentleman,' Madeline."

"The gentleman! Oh, I suppose that was because you were nice and genteel, and better than the rest of them—and you were, weren't you, Uncle Ralph?"

"They chose to say so, my dear."

"And what was your friend called—the one you wrote a letter about. Mr. Ord read it to us; the one who was——"

"Madeline!" her mother exclaimed, with a warning look, which made her stop and color, "do think of what you are saying. Pray forgive her, brother; she is too thoughtless."

"I beg your pardon uncle," the little girl said, in a low voice, "I did not mean any harm."

"Of course you did not, my dear, and there is no harm done. My poor friend was nicknamed 'Lucky Taff;' his name was Alfred, and he was always very fortunate in gold finding, and other things."

His tone invited no further questioning, and Madeline was silent, feeling, somehow, that she had annoyed her uncle by her questions, and vexed her mamma as well, two things she would have done anything to avoid.

The servants were ordered for the future to direct any one who came inquiring for Mr. Gaveston, from abroad, to Mr. Ord, who was to make inquiries respecting their names, business, &c., relieve them if necessary, and get rid of them if possible, especially of Dan the Devil, who was by no means to be allowed to enter the Hall or see its master.

Dan made his appearance the next morning, and had an interview with the lawyer which was not at all satisfactory. He was open to receive a £5 note, but threw out obscure hints, besides openly avowing to Mr. Ord that such a sum would not satisfy *him* and that he meant to see the squire himself before long, when he "should have something to say to him."

However, his present needs made him take the money and the advice which accompanied it, viz., that he should take himself off or he would be delivered over to the police; but he declared "he could tell the police a secret worth knowing, and that *two* could play at that game," and other speeches of that sort which made Mr. Ord feel very uncomfortable, and his employer also.

On the third day after his interview with Jack Mr. Gaveston received a letter from an obscure Lancashire town, containing the wished for address.

"GREEN LION INN, Newton Bridge,
"near Manchester.

"SIR: According to promise I send you my address: I shall stay here one week. If you want me, ask for Mr. James Brown. I never had a name that I know of, and Brown's as good as any.

"Yours to command, JAMES BROWN.

"P. S.—Parchment and coin. I write these words as you may know this comes from me in reality. T. B.

"Ralph Gaveston, Esq., Gaveston Hall, Warwickshire."

Ralph Gaveston shuddered as he read this ill-written and worse spelt missive. "Like a rat in a trap," he exclaimed. "A quiet, out-of-the-way hole—there couldn't be a better place."

In the morning he announced that he was going on a journey, and set off for Newton Bridge.

TO BE CONTINUED

A LAST FAREWELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY I. D. CLARE.

"Farewell, O, fickle heart, farewell—
The last word has been spoken,
And I my native land and you
Shall leave, with fond heart broken;
You'll never know the full extent
Of my deep love; no, never;
But you have spoke that fatal word,
And now I go forever!

In other, happier times, I pray,
Think, think, and try to borrow
Some consolation from the thought
Of me, bowed down by sorrow!
Farewell for ever! Now I go,
Grief in my utterance choking."
"Come back! you 'tarnal fool," said she,
"You know that I was joking!"

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 30.—John C. Colt.

Words can with difficulty be found to describe the consternation ruling every quarter of New York through publication, some years ago, of the fact that the body of a man, presumptively murdered, had been accidentally discovered on board of a coast wise bound vessel. The insecurity of human life had at that very time been a prominent theme of comment with the press, and as each murderous crime became developed in fearful atrocity the public mind became more and more sensitive, and hence a paragraph announcing so startling an incident, was well calculated to excite general alarm, especially as at that precise juncture the friends of several persons of respectability had advertised their sudden and mysterious disappearance.

At first it was asserted that the remains in question had been doubtlessly designed for dissection at some Southern medical school. This unwise suggestion merely aggravated the public temper, as with the common people a bitter and irreconcilable prejudice existed against practitioners of surgery, who, to obtain subjects, were believed to resort to most desperate measures. In fact, several threatened outbreaks had been with difficulty repressed, although originating in vague rumors as to clinical practices; for, in those days, mobs were easily congregated and set in motion. The main fact, appearing to substantiate the hypothesis as to the body being intended for surgical purposes, was that our recently instituted medical colleges, growing rapidly in popularity and value, were being largely patronized by students from the South, and some one, among a class distinguished for recklessness, may have attempted to have supplied a comrade, returned to his home, with a subject for professional experiment. The plausibility of this presumption was strengthened by calling to mind that two bodies, stolen from the Potter's Field, had been captured but a short time previous by the city watch, in the act of their delivery at the door of the Medical College in Crosby street.

The manner in which the remains of the man claimed as the victim of murder had been discovered, was both singular and instructive. The stevedores engaged in loading the vessel, nearly filled with cargo, were annoyed by the presence in the hold of a peculiarly offensive stench daily augmenting in rancor. The mate, superintending their labors, directed the removal of a portion of the cargo until they came to an ordinary deal packing box, such as is used in the transportation of light freight, whence appeared to emanate the obnoxious smell. Taken out and opened, to the horror and astonishment of the assembled group, it was found to contain a human corpse in an advanced state of decomposition, compressed within a narrow compass, so much so, that none, unless forewarned by the odor emitted, would have for an instant suspected the nature of the box's contents. Through this singular occurrence a clue was obtained for detection of a murder, the concealment of which had been planned with consummate sagacity. The lapse of but a couple of days would have sufficed to allow the vessel to have proceeded on her voyage, and once out of port, its criminal burden would have been carried to a warm latitude, insuring the positive decomposition of the remains long before the vessel could have discharged her cargo. Indeed, so far had the work of decay progressed, that no portion of the corpse could be recognized and legally indentified except the head, which member was severed and chemically preserved, to enable the authorities to prosecute the labor of detecting the author of a murder most foul, as all now adjudged it to be.

A gentleman, well known to the down town community as an enterprising printer and member of the firm of Craighead and Adams, had disappeared from his place of business in a very mysterious manner. Mr. Adams quitted his office at a late hour in the afternoon with the intention of collecting some sums of money due the firm, and as he was a man of strictly domestic habits his non-arrival at his residence during the evening caused great anxiety and alarm to his family, while a prolongation of his absence from both domicile and printing house excited serious feelings with respect to his safety. Not appearing after a lapse of days, it became evident that he had been the victim of foul play; for his wife, to whom he had been a tender husband, repudiated the idea as to his commission of suicide. His partner, confident in his rectitude and regular business habits, refused to entertain any suspicion that he had voluntarily absented himself. Consequently Mr. Adams was advertised for and information concerning him earnestly demanded. The only piece of intelligence obtained in return was the fact that he was seen upon Chambers street, on the evening of his disappearance, not a very great distance from his office.

The disappearance of a gentleman of Mr. Adams' personal position and general character of one extensively known among business men as a prominent printer, excited much comment among his friends, sorely perplexed to account for the singularity of his conduct, being at a loss to assign any motive for the employment of violence against his person, as his associations were not such as to lead him into bad company, while his private life was admitted to be unimpeachable.

Suddenly the discovery of remains on the coasting vessel threw a new light upon the uncertainty hovering over the fate of Mr. Adams. Upon the wings of love his disconsolate wife, doubtingly and unbelievingly, flew, at the suggestion of friends, to dissipate, through personal attestation, the fears they entertained. Her mission confirmed their suspicions, for she identified the corpse as that of her husband. But even this identification of a body, now known to be that of Mr. Adams, augmented the mystery with which the entire case was enveloped, particularly as his skull showed that he had come to a sudden end through the use of a sharp pointed instrument, and none among his personal acquaintance could conceive any rational cause for an assassin to wreak his vengeance upon a man of Mr. Adams' character and respectability, and with such evident premeditation.

As the box and its contents were entirely too heavy to be carried any great distance by a single man, and the employment of more than one would have excited a curiosity among the stevedores from which a murderer would naturally shrink, it became evident that for its shipping the unknown assassin must have availed himself of the assistance of a cartman. Recourse was had to the public prints to discover the whereabouts of this public servant; yet no one of the numerous cartmen employed among the wharves responded, notwithstanding the offer of a handsome reward. It was, therefore, suggested that, as the cartman held himself aloof, the man must have been an accomplice in disguise who had shipped the box.

Again the finger of Providence interposed, seemingly by mere accident, to furnish this desirable connection in the chain of evidence without which it would have been fruitless to have attempted to ferret out the unknown murderer. One of the longshoremen remembered noticing on the day of the box's delivery, a cartman, not ordinarily employed in that district, whose horse bore a singular mark upon the head, so remarkable as to attract his attention to a degree that he thought himself capable of recognizing the horse among a thousand. By the aid of this man's description the horse was discovered within a couple of days, and his owner, when questioned as to the receipt and shipping of the box, frankly avowed his connection, as a cartman, with the matter; but not having detected any similarity between the two boxes, had looked upon the work he had done as an ordinary job in the way of his everyday business. The cartman narrated his story succinctly and convincingly. He had been engaged by a gentleman, taking him from off the street, to accompany him to the large building on Broadway at the corner of Chambers street, and thence to convey a box to the vessel designated, where it was to be shipped. In pursuance of this engagement the cartman assisted in taking down the box from a room in the building and deposited it on the wharf. The gentleman was a perfect stranger to him; he might recognize him again, but he could not be mistaken as to the locality whence the box he had delivered had been taken.

It was through this preliminary testimony, in this wise accidentally gleaned, that John C. Colt became arrested for the murder of Mr. Adams, and the mystery of this gentleman's death cleared up with the exception of the motives of the assassin for the commission of the crime, which, as a matter of course, formed the animus of the subsequent trial. Possibly no more singular chain of circumstantial evidence, collected in a more singular manner, has ever been brought against a criminal, against whom in the first instance and without these accidental revelations not the slightest breath of suspicion would be directed. Hence, the astonishment of the public, when the fact of Colt's arrest was enunciated by the press, quite equalled the excitement consequent upon the discovery of the remains of the murdered unknown. Although the evidence of the killing was purely circumstantial, it was overwhelming as to the fact of his being the cause of Adams' death, and reflective men were astounded that the crafty and calmly executed schemes of the assassin for covering his tracks should have miscarried after progressing to so stupendous a height in daring conception.

The name of Colt had been known to the public through some experiments, carried on by a younger brother of John C. to demonstrate the feasibility of torpedoes, as a means of submarine harbor defence. Robert Fulton had, years before, experimented in New York harbor with moveable torpedoes to be applied to a vessel's keel and exploded by clockwork. Washington Irving, in the *Salmagundi*, gives a satirical account of Fulton's experience, which proved a sorry failure. Colt's torpedoes were mere stationary receptacles of gunpowder, to be exploded by an electric spark. I remember one Fourth of July trotting down to the Battery and standing upon Castle Garden bridge for three mortal hours in the broiling sun to see a condemned hulk blown to atoms by Colt's invention. It certainly did its allotted task, but the general Government declined further encouragement.

Another brother of John C. Colt has become world renowned as the inventor of the revolver, an invention, in reality, borrowed from the idea of repeating weapons, the device of a New York engineer named Cochran, who, after wasting years of labor upon chambered fire arms, invented the "Yankee Geologist," a steam excavator, doing the work of hundreds of laborers. Cochran erected his excavator under Brooklyn Heights, and took up dirt by the ton weight. The Irish laborers, seeing their occupation emphatically gone, destroyed the machine, and treated the inventor to a coat of tar and feathers. This treatment disgusted the inventive Cochran with his native land, and he transferred his talents to Europe, where the last I heard of him was that he and his excavator were disemboweling the Alps. Col. Sam Colt, through the success of his revolver, died trebly a millionaire, although a man of neither military or mechanical ingenuity, his title of Colonel being of militia origin, through being aid to a Jersey governor, while his revolver comes from equally as questionable a source.

John C. Colt had come of a very good family, originally, I believe, from New Jersey, but at the period of his arrest he personally appeared to be in straightened circumstances, gaining his livelihood as a teacher of book keeping, of which science he had compiled and published a manual, a literary speculation proving the immediate cause of his untimely and unfortunate end. At the period of his trial he was in the prime of early manhood, his countenance open and manly, and his general demeanor denoting a confidence in his own forces which is rarely expected in a criminal; in fact, his entire appearance and deportment was that of a gentleman tried by adversity, bearing every evidence of having incurred a series of early misfortunes. Notwithstanding the magnitude of his crime, which invariably creates a prejudice in the mind of an observer, you failed to detect in the expression of Colt's features any of those repulsive traits inherent to innate viciousness. Probably it was on this account that an under current of sympathy pervaded the minds of many who assuredly proved steadfast to him in his final hour.

The trial of John C. Colt was conducted with extreme fairness and dignity, although prolonged to weariness through the latitude permitted counsel by the court, for the bench was assumed by Judge William Kent, the son of the famous chancellor, himself, although comparatively a young man, one of the ablest jurists of the day, and naturally inclined towards civil, instead of criminal proceedings. The prosecution was conducted by District Attorney Whiting, the most inveterate and implacable of prosecutors, upon whose heart, it seemed during trial of a cause, the voice of mercy fell unheard, and who in this case exerted the full powers of a vehement eloquence to secure a conviction. The counsel on the prisoner's side were equally able and enthusiastic; yet, from the very beginning of the trial they carried an up hill load which fettered them at every important step.

After a long and exhaustive examination of witnesses, the testimony of several being irrevalent to the case, and an impartial charge from the presiding justice, an intelligent jury declared John C. Colt to be guilty of wilful murder, and he was consequently doomed to execution.

It is but justice to the memory of John C. Colt to give the substance of his personal explanation of the circumstances under which he was tempted to a deed which has stamped his name with infamy. According to the prisoner's account, Adams called upon him, he being in debt to the house of Craighead and Adams for the printing of the treatise upon book-keeping, and demanded peremptorily payment of the account. Upon being told that immediate settlement was impossible, Adams, being a man of violent temper, laid hands upon him, whereupon a struggle ensued, during the course of which Adams seized his neckcloth and twisted it so tightly that there was consequent danger of strangulation. To avert this threatening assault, Colt seized a weapon within reach and dealt Adams a blow, stunning him, and subsequently causing his death. Colt confessed that his first thought was to surrender himself up to justice, but more mature reflection induced him, unfortunately, if his story be true, to adopt the plan which he attempted to carry out for the disposition of Adams' body.

This statement was partially corroborated by the testimony of a writing master, occupying a neighboring apartment to Colt's, who gave evidence as to hearing the shuffling of feet, followed by a noise as of the foils, or of some steel weapon. But, as it was alleged on the other hand, that Colt was of a notoriously violent temper, the jury, prejudiced at his conduct subsequent to the struggle, presumed him to have been the assailant instead of Adams.

During the progress of the trial the head of Adams was produced in court for the purpose of explaining the method of his death, an incident severely commented upon by the English press, and taken by Professor Aytoun, the present editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, as a theme for a caustic poem, published under title of "The Lay of John C. Colt," in the "Book of American Ballads," by Bon Gaultier, his *nomme de plume*.

There was one being upon whom the conviction and condemnation of Colt fell with crushing violence—a young woman by the name of Caroline Henshaw, whom he had taken when in a comparatively low position of society and transformed into an intelligent and educated lady, as this woman had voluntarily assumed towards him the relations of a mistress. Colt felt an earnest pride in one he had instructed personally, devoting his leisure hours to the improvement of her education; consequently he lamented the uncertainty of the future his fate would entail upon her. In the obscurity of private life she never would feel the ignominy attached to their domestic relations, but, dragged before the public eye, and the sanctity of their privacy desecrated, he deemed it his duty to bestow upon her all reparation which laid within his power—the empty satisfaction of becoming his legitimate widow.

A marriage within prison walls, dark dreary and gloomy, is an act of heroism worthy of woman's devotion, but to join hands in marriage with a man doomed to pass into eternity from a felon's scaffold on the morrow, must be regarded as the full measure of a woman's sacrifice. Agreeably to his request Colt was united in matrimony with his former mistress by the Rev. Dr. Anthon, an Episcopalian clergyman, in the presence of a few friends, at a late hour on the day before that appointed for his execution, and, that august ceremony over, he parted with his newly made bride never to see her again in the world of the living.

But John C. Colt had determined, when his inevitable destiny stared him fully in the face, never to die upon the scaffold. He possessed relatives and friends who, it is rational to conceive, believed implicitly in his innocence, and with their assistance, if the death penalty could not be avoided, the ignominy of the law's imposition could be averted. He consequently perfected, in a covert manner, preparations whereby he should become his own executioner.

The day and the hour appointed, in accordance with the law, for John C. Colt's execution had arrived; the death warrant was duly signed, and the sheriff and his officials awaited at his prison door to demand the body of the law's victim. Although the execution was a purely private one, and visible only to a few authorized spectators, congregated at the gallows' foot within the prison's inner courtyard, an immense concourse of idlers crowded the streets bounding the massive walls from an early morning hour. A celestial phenomenon appeared in the heavens; a solitary star shone brightly in broad noonday in the firmament, and to its apparition the ignorant attached a superstitious significance, prognosticating to each other wonders.

As a particular favor the friends of the prisoner requested that the execution be postponed to the last possible moment; this request had been granted, when, a few minutes previous to the expiration of the extended term of life, Colt further requested that he be suffered to remain alone in his cell until the fatal moment of its final termination should arrive. This likewise was acceded to by the complaisant officials.

The last available minute permissible by law had been reached, and the sheriff set about marshaling his funeral procession, when a shout of alarm from the crowd without revealed the startling fact that the prison was on fire. The belfry, crowning the main entrance, an elevated structure mainly composed of wood, was discovered a prey to the flames. Instantly all became in confusion; the doors of the prison yard were thrown open, and a swarm of firemen poured in, in discharge of their duty, throughout every portion of the inclosure.

As soon as order was restored and the fire extinguished, the sheriff proceeded to demand the person of the prisoner. When the cell door was opened the body of Colt was discovered extended upon his pallet, quite dead, yet still warm, his heart pierced with a keen stiletto, the blade plunged with desperate strength into the flesh to its very hilt. And in order that no obstacle should mar its utmost passage, a circular hole had been cut, directly over the vital spot, in all his garments. To this day many persons believe that the body was not that of Colt, whom, they allege, was spirited away during the alarm of fire, and the body of some pauper placed in the cell where Colt had been incarcerated. Thus ended this mysterious case.

THE FATAL WAGER.

A Tale of Fashionable Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NOBBY MAC SNIFFER.

In the parlor of a sumptuously furnished up-town mansion sat Blanch and Bianca Snodgrass, engaged in the elegant pastime of eating peanuts on the half-shell, and discussing the party of the previous night. Blanch, the eldest, was twenty-four and had been so for ten years. Beauty was not her strong point—not much! She was tall, lanky, lantern-jawed, and had a superfluous amount of nose. Indeed, I might say that her smeller was fearful to contemplate. This defect, however, was toned down by the exuberance of her back hair, which was a marvelous and tunning piece of architecture. So was her bust. She dressed with consummate taste, and her teeth cost ninety-two dollars without cheek plumpers. Men said she was "Dooced homely, and had a terrific temper;" women thought her the awfulest fright on the avenue, and naughty little boys called her "Nosey."

Bianca, the younger, was not handsome, but then she was *so* sweet, you know, and *so* romantic. She wore curls, affected the French school of novels, and owned a pug nosed poodle dog. Bianca had a heart history—she had loved. Rufus Quigley, the object, slung ink in a bank, but he also slung gin slings at a bar until he got slewed and lost his posish; then he enlisted in the marine corps, and died from eating a gallon of bean soup against time, for stamps. The bereaved fair one wept profusely, and composed a pathetic poem in fourteen cantos, ending thus:—

"My love has gone to happier scenes,
He died, alas! from eating beans."

"So you really think, my dear sister, that young Sniffy is in love with you and will propose?" said Bianca, languidly. "Well, *I* wouldn't have him fooling around *me*—not much, I wouldn't! Why, he has no more brains than a grind stone, and all the fellows of his set make him a butt for the most ridiculous jokes."

"You will oblige me," replied Blanch, mildly, "by keeping your criticisms of my friends to yourself—*you* will certainly not be called upon to furnish brains for Mister Sniffy. Thank goodness, he is not such an unmitigated lunkhead as Quigley was!"

"Quigley," retorted the younger sister—affectionately flirting a peanut at the enormous bugle of her senior—"never had his coat tail fastened to the tablecloth at a party, and then have hot tea poured down his neck to make him spring up and break the crockery. Quigley, my beloved Blanch, never sat down on darning needles at sewing circles, or kissed nigger chambermaids while playing blind man's buff—*Sniffy* did!

"Quigley, with all his smartness, died because he didn't know *brans*," suggested Blanch, facetiously.

"That joke, my darling sis, is about as pointed as your nose," remarked Bianca, placidly.

"You say *nose* to me again," murmured the other solemnly, "and I'll slap your jaw—see if I don't!"

"No——" Bianca would most certainly have said nose, regardless of consequences, but a violent ringing of the door bell cut the word in two, and the next instant Mortimer Sniffy stood before the sisters, bowing until his back was curved like the spine of a belligerent tomcat.

Sniffy was about twenty, dressed well, had yellow hair, blue eyes and a look of mental imbecility upon his chalky countenance that would gain him admission into any asylum for idiots in christendom.

"Morning, ladies," remarked the youth, seating himself and laying his hat on the floor. "Dooced nice weather, eh?"

"Very," said Blanch, smiling sweetly, and running her hand over her back hair to see that there was no danger of it falling off.

"Splendid!" cried Bianca, throwing a handful of nut shells into his hat.

"Fact is, Miss Blanch," continued Sniffy, "I've called this morning to settle a somewhat delicate little matter of the great est importance to me. I would have mentioned the subject at the party last night, you know, but thought you might'nt like it in so public a place. You see—ah—"

"Had'nt my sister better retire?" suggested Blanch, modestly hanging her head, and trying to get up a blush by choking herself.

"Oh! no," continued he, politely "there is no need; the matter will of course go no further than"—

"Pa and Ma" interrupted Bianca, benevolently.

"No levity, my sister, if you please," said Blanch, severely.

"You mistake my meaning, I assure you, ladies" cried Sniffy, somewhat nervously; "you see, last night I made a bet with Dick Pacer, and I only called to settle the point, you know—that is, if you will have the kindness to allow me to measure"—

"Measure! Bet! What do you mean, sir," cried Blanch.

"Why, you see," replied he, excitedly, "Dick offered to bet me a supper for six that your nose would measure five inches from cheek to tip. I took the bet, you know, and if you will be good enough to allow me to measure your"—

A yell like that of an insane hyena checked his further utterance, and a bolt on the head with a water pitcher knocked him staggering into the hall, from whence he reached the side-walk at one terrific bound, leaving a handful of hair and half of his coat in possession of the infuriated spinster.

Sniffy lost the wager.

A DOMESTICATED OTTER.—A resident of a western city has lately become the possessor of a young male otter, that, from its thoroughly domesticated habits, is a great curiosity—the more so that otters have always been considered untameable. This one was captured in Crystal Lake, Gratiot County, on the first of April, by the Chippewa Indians, who killed its mother. A few days later it was purchased by Justin Stewart, of Crystal Lake, for one dollar, and when four and a half months old was bought by Mr. Smith. The animal is now about two feet in length, and having been thoroughly domesticated, is not only perfectly harmless, but appears to have the greatest affection for children, and lies motionless for hours, if permitted to lie at a child's side. Its food consists of bread and milk, fresh meat and fish, all of which it eats with avidity, but does not care for water unless the weather is hot. It follows its owner to the river nearly every day, and will swim off a few yards from the shore and watch until a fish comes swimming past, when it will dart for its prey so rapidly that the eye can scarcely follow it. It makes but two kinds of noise; the first like that of a piping chicken, only more shrill, and the second that of grief, resembling, more than anything else, the crying of a child. It is very playful, and, lying upon its back, will play with a string or stick for hours."

A SHOOTING STORY.—A comical scene occurred in France recently, which we give as narrated by the *Figaro*. "An enthusiastic sportsman recently went to a breakfast given in sign of the beginning of the shooting season. The talk was of game, when suddenly in rushed a servant exclaiming to the host that a hare had been seen moving about on the lawn. Out went the sportsman, gun in hand, fired at the hare and missed him. The hare, scratching his nose, stood up on his hind legs, presented a pistol at the sportsman and fired in return. No one was hurt; but the sportsman was naturally astounded, until it was explained to him that the hare was a performing animal which had been hired from a neighboring show.

THE VALUE OF GOOD FRIENDS.—If your friends be of better quality than yourself, you may be sure of two things; first, they will be more careful to keep your counsel, because they have more to lose than you have; and secondly, they will esteem you for yourself, and not for that which you do not possess.

A HEROINE OF CIRCUMSTANCE; OR, Chance Leads to Fortune.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The hoary king, Æolus, who holds in his grasp the four viewless winds as the shrewd whipper-in holds his hounds, is no respector of persons. He ruffles alike the feathers of the rich and the rags of the poor, and besieges them sometimes with a perseverance which baffles the contrivances of art to set them at defiance. Yet both may have their pleasures, how inclement soever the season may be, and often the "mendicant," who lives in a hovel and whose life is a daily succession of shifts to keep soul and body together, experiences as much enjoyment in his way as the favored of fortune, who may be more sorely perplexed to make both ends meet, and, were he to pay his debts, might be homeless to-morrow.

It was in the very midst of an inclement November. For days a drenching rain had deluged the town, and the ground was thickly strewn with fallen leaves, leaving upon everything an impression of dampness and melancholy, in which all animate objects seemed to share. A wretched being, lame and partially blind, crept slowly through the richest of the thoroughfares, holding by the hand a female child, whose garments were in a plight even worse than his own. Merchants were yawning over their newspapers in their comfortable offices, clerks were swinging their heels from the counters for want of something to do. At the courts of law people shuffled in and out in the most cheerless way, and dreariness was the mildew that sat upon all.

The medicant turned down by a by street with the girl, and having crept painfully along until beyond the reach of observers, paused within the protecting cover of an arch, stood erect, gave himself a lusty shake like a Newfoundland dog on emerging from water, and, first opening wide his eyes to see no one was looking, produced a snuff-box and took a great pinch of snuff; then scowled at the sky with a dissatisfied and threatening look.

"Let us go home," said the child, with a shiver; "I am so cold."

"What if you are; don't you s'pose I am cold, too—haven't I got flesh and blood as well as you, ye hussy?" Here he bolted an oath and a quid of tobacco. "What do *they* care? It ain't *their* comfort as suffers. But we'll make some of 'em sweat for it; cold the weather is now." Here the girl shivered again, and seemed ready to drop. The brute grasped her by the arm and shook her roughly, but even he must have been touched by the look of suffering that was struggling through her tears.

"Well, then, home it is, if it must be so. There's a blight on everything to-day, and we can't find nothink worth looking for, how so we try."

They strolled on more briskly after this, the man pulling the child, until, in a narrow courtway opening upon a street that was almost as narrow and dark, they came to a building that seemed made of the odds and ends of the other dwellings, what it lacked in bricks and boarding being eked out by patches of tin and zinc, and painted canvas. The few small windows were encrusted with dirt, and the people that came in and out were bent and scrawny, and dirty and patched, like the buildings, one or two of which were restrained from toppling over by props. Through a narrow passage again, in which it was necessary to feel the way down steps and through low roofed turnings, the two groped along until the head of the man coming in forcible contact with a beam, and the gleam of a light through a keyhole, warned him that they had reached the place which both called "home."

What a home it was, to be sure! A low, square apartment beneath the ground, into which the moisture from the walls was plenteously oozing, a floor rotten and decayed and destitute of even the commonest carpeting; a yawning fireplace at the further end, around which some eight or ten lazzaronis were huddled; a long pine table on which were the scant remains of a hasty supper, with empty bottles about; several almost shapeless figures like heaps of rags, stretched on other heaps of rags, asleep; two or three smoking and playing cards; two or three hand organs, and a swarthy boy trying to teach an obstreperous monkey some tricks; a dim light shed from a broken lamp on the mantel; the grizzly mendicant and the little child in the centre—altogether a picture worthy of Hogarth or Dickens. The soiled cloak and hood had dropped from the shrinking shoulders, and in spite of the rumpled hair and dirty face, it was not difficult to see that she was beautiful—a striking contrast in all respects to the old hypocrite whom she accompanied. Over the fire hovered a gaunt old woman with a beard, presiding over a roast goose, which she was alternately turning and basting. The child regarded the crone as a being of supernatural attributes, and would not, it is probable, have been surprised if she had siezed a broom and vanished up the chimney sitting astride it.

"Scatter, you vagabonds, and let me get a warming," said the mendicant, knocking the group recklessly right and left with his cane. "One would think you had never known manners, or had no respect for poverty and age."

He had thrown aside his beard and staff, and the child had crouched at the fireplace and was warming her hands with its cheerful glow. The occupants of the place were a sorry set at best—several organ-grinders, two or three rag-pickers, professional beggars and the like—unfortunates from whom the last outward trace of divinity had departed, but they immediately gathered about the child, replacing her wet clothes with dry and smoothing her hair into something like regularity. When it was finished she presented, to say the least, quite a presentable appearance. Even the monkey seemed glad to recognize and make friends with her.

"There, there, get away with you," said the mendicant, shoving them aside. "Any one would think she was a born princess to see the fuss you make over her, instead of the child of old Moll Smashpitcher yonder. Come here, ferret—what are you crying for?"

"You are so cross, you frighten me," said the little one, trembling and half resisting.

"How like her mother!" said the old reprobate, ironically, as he drew her roughly towards him. His intended favor, whether it was a kiss or a blow, was frustrated by the sound of voices and a trampling of footsteps though the passage. Quick as the thought he shoved aside a panel in the wall that had been concealed by a heap of rags on which one of the men reposed, thrust the girl in, closed the aperture and quietly proceeded to light the pipe he had been filling. During the process the door of the entrance was pushed open and several policemen filled the gap. A few inquiries made, they hurried away, not finding the man they were in search of, and affairs resumed their former drowsy aspect. Two trampers afterwards entered. One carried a basket in which during the day she had been depositing scraps from the tables of well to do citizens. The mendicant, whose words seemed here to be law, seized the basket, and, throwing the contents upon the floor, a silver cup and some spoons fell out with a jingling sound. The other was dressed with some pretension to taste, and carried a notebook, inscribed with the names of some public charity. To the man she handed a purse and a roll of bills, with some jewelry; then drew a stool, and sat gazing sullenly into the fire.

"Good girls! good girls! you'll have your reward some day," said the "fence" (for such was his calling), as he patted them on the shoulder. "*You* don't go lying about sleeping and drinking like some that I know of. Industry must prosper."

"So you are always saying, Bartholomew Brand, and the time never comes."

"Don't be misanthropic, there's a darling. Here, Tony"—to a shock headed boy, who had been making believe sleep in the corner of the room nearest the speaker—"Tony, get the wine and the fixings, and see the social hall arranged for a night's relaxation. What would life be without its pleasures, my children?"

He started up, and, the rest following his example, they all filed into the inner apartment, which proved to be attached to the adjoining building, leaving the withered old woman to keep guard over the vacated premises. The room dignified by the title of social hall was a spacious apartment, well lighted and carpeted and comfortably furnished, and warm with the blaze of a bright coal fire that was sparkling in the grate. The little girl was there asleep after a day's trials upon a sofa, but they unceremoniously awakened her and set her to waiting upon the company, as one of the girls dispersed wine and spirits to suit from a closet at hand. Cards and pipes were produced, and general hilarity succeeded. In the midst of such scenes as this the fragile creature was receiving her early education—only a solitary example out of hundreds who live the lives of outcasts, aimless and hopeless, in the midst of the crowded city; who are born without recognition, who die and make no sign. During the night it was her duty to wait upon the singular crew who made this den their abiding place, but throughout the day she traversed the streets, sometimes as a guide to one of the beggar fraternity who brought fish to her owner's net; at others as a suppliant for charity, and again as a singing girl, who thumped the tambourine while Felipe, the Italian boy, ground out music by the yard to the delight of the juveniles far and near. Sometimes they were accompanied by Tony, who would stand upon his head, walk on his hands and throw flip-flaps as they do in the circus, when a plentiful harvest would be sure to reward them. Sometimes Daisy, the little girl, would dance, and, with Tony, would go through a piece of pantomine that would even enlist the attention of older people, and fill their pockets with bundles of stamps and nickles.

It was one very bright golden day in the early autumn when the youthful trio paused to rest and share their lunch beneath the shade of an ailanthus in one of the city squares. The scene was so cheerful and presented such a contrast to the unventilated and dreary den, with its untold horrors, which they had left behind, and to which they were to return, that they lingered at the risk of a beating, enchanted by the twittering of birds and the play of falling waters, and by the golden sunlight which cast such a glow of enchantment over all.

"Daisy," at length, said Tony, ceasing to caress the monkey, which had been making sport for himself and Felipe, "wouldn't it be jolly if we could pass the rest of our lives in a place like this?" Daisy assented. "We can do it," he continued, "for we've got a trade that will make us a living, and we needn't be beholden to the Old Ogre (he meant Brand himself), or any of the harpies that fag at their days to keep him in whiskey and tobacco. Felipe and I have been talking it over, and if you're of the same mind, we'll start for the country at once, and you'll be a lady yet."

The prospect of freedom was to the girl like a realization of paradise; the transfer to rural scenes and congenial companions like an escape from the tomb of one who has been buried alive. For several days the trio plodded their way on the country roads lying nearest the town, at times gaining enough to supply them with comforts during the day and a place of repose at night; at other times dining on a crust and sleeping in open fields or unnoticed corners, until one eventful day, when fortune had refused to smile, and it seemed, amid the mists of a gathering storm, that there was no refuge from starvation. Then they wished themselves safe back in the city, and were in fact on the more turning about for it, when all at once the quick ear of Daisy caught the sound of instrumental music. Forgetting her tears she jumped up and began capering about and thumping the tambourine, while Felipe with the air of an artist, assailed the organ. Tony betook himself to throwing "cart-wheels," and the monkey went through his part with all the energy of a successful performer before a crowded house on the night of his benefit.

The music approached. It proved to emanate from the band of a traveling circus company and all the laborers far and near, with women and children, left their work or their play to take a look. There was the imposing, ever inspiring ring-master, the parti-colored clown, the cavalcade of knights and ladies, the trick horses, the chariots. It was really a brilliant display. By and by the company halted, for there was a lawn and a spring of fresh water, and it was, in rural phraseology, "nooning time." The amateur trio had attracted the notice of the ring-master, who summoned them to his wagon, beside which the cloth had been spread for his midday meal. He questioned them about the country, and finding how sorely they were pressed, made them sit about him and share his meal. In return for the kindness they gave him a specimen of their quality. The manager was so well pleased that, pitying their friendless condition, he incorporated them with his troupe, and Daisy became the saltatorial star of the company, while Tony and Felipe, having gifts of their own, were turned over to the vaulters, to convert into gymnasts and riders.

They were getting along superbly and life was an endless summer's day to Daisy, who had been metamorphosed into "La Petite Taglione," and was hourly growing more talented and beautiful, when one night at a country town, where the grand combination was giving a performance, a rude, ill clad fellow in the portion of the tent assigned to the rabble, recognized Daisy. It was old Bartholomew Brand! In a few words he told the story of the child's desertion, and, having enlisted the feelings of the crowd, had sprung into the ring, calling upon his allies to follow. But the young people's story was familiar to the ring master, who addressed the assailants in turn, and so satisfactorily explained the matter as to occasion a sudden revolution of feeling. A new act was now added to the attractions, for Brand, being seized by a dozen willing hands, was thrown into a blanket and there subjected to the process of tossing, amid such a din of music and shouting as had probably never re-echoed beneath that canvas. Released, Brand started for the open air, vowing vengeance, but his retreat was impeded by a posse of sheriff's officers, who at once made him their prisoner. Brand was tried for participation in a great express robbery and sent to the State prison, where he subsequently died in his cell. "Daisy" became a favorite and is still, under another name, delighting thousands by her beauty and accomplishments. Before dying, old Brand revealed the secret of her birth, and Daisy has visited again and again the humble homestead from which she was stolen, and by her professional efforts is enabled to add materially to the comforts of the aged couple who tenant it.

As for Tony and Felipe, they are now first class artists who have no superiors either as equestrians or acrobats, and are evidently, both of them, on the high road to fortune.

BOB O' GOTHAM.

WHAT AN IDEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"O, tell me where is fancy bred,"
She asked, and getting bolder,
She placed her little darling's head
And chignon on my shoulder.

And I, with no more poetry in
My soul than in a quaker's,
Replied, with idiotic grin,
"You'll find it at the baker's."

J. H. B.

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 6.—The Democratic Press.

In no department of the newspaper world of this ilk have more desperate attempts in enterprise been undertaken than such as have aimed toward the establishment of a daily journal devoted to the partisan interests of the Democratic party. And strange to say that notwithstanding Governmental patronage, when the party swayed the destinies of the National Government and an almost invariable countenance of the municipality, papers of this description distinguished for marked ability have exhibited an effervescent existence, dazzling for the moment and then languishing into oblivion. This phenomenon has occurred not once or twice, but seems to have marked the entire career of Democratic journalism, with scarce an exception to the general rule. While the independent newspapers, originating from humble sources, gradually expanded into healthfulness; partisan sheets, although backed by every advantage of influence and interest, have failed to realize the expectations of their projectors. Possibly this disastrous result has been the product of their mismanagement, inasmuch as the independent dailies, being under the supervision of an independent head, are remarkably free from the blunders of a congregation of directors. It is an old adage that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, a state of affairs most accurately defining an attempt to manage a newspaper upon the principle of co-operation. Besides politicians are notoriously individual egotists, while avowing an adherence to a cardinal party doctrine; consequently every contributor to a purely partisan journal, having his own particular axe to grind, required the manipulator of the newspaper to rotate the machine in strict observance to his particular inclinations. Upon such a contradictory basis as is generally adopted in partisan journalism, it is not to be wondered at that newspapers could not flourish.

The ablest political writer in the Democratic ranks was undoubtedly William Leggett, whose weekly publication, *The Plaindealer*, to which he contributed almost the entire contents, was, at the time, regarded as a masterpiece of discussional eloquence, being written in a style of terse, vigorous, and trip-hammer arguments, worthy of the genius of William Cobbett—the father of modern political writing. Although an unnaturalized Englishman, the famous author of the Parliamentary Register had, during his stay in this country and anterior to his reputation at home, published at Philadelphia a periodical known as *Peter Porcupine*, in opposition to Federalism, and hence he may be considered as one of the founders of Jeffersonian Democracy. The vigorous assaults of Cobbett upon the administration were, however, looked upon with so little favor that he beat a precipitate flight from our republican soil to transplant to the land of his nativity the genius of Liberalism.

William Leggett possessed great literary qualifications other than a mere party writer, as his numerous contributions to the old *Mirror*, and other literary journals, satisfactorily demonstrated, embracing as they did every variety of novelettes, essays and dissertations. At the same time he was a thoroughly independent man, who found himself unshackled by the impediments ordinarily imposed upon a party leader, for leader Mr. Leggett was in every sense of the word. He wrote freely, fully, and with the conviction of a well balanced judgment; and yet, with all his manliness, intelligence and vigorous earnestness, his writings, although admired for their frankness, failed to render unto him that pecuniary reward he had a manifest right to expect, for the simple reason that he declined acting the part of a literary demagogue. Having in his younger days been a marine officer, Mr. Leggett labored earnestly to alleviate the sufferings of Poor Jack, and to him can be attributed the commencement of an agitation which culminated in the abolition of flogging in the Navy.

The *Subterranean* of Mike Walsh was an avowed imitation of the *Plaindealer*, but couched in language the reverse of Leggett's classical Saxon phraseology. Walsh aspired to little beyond the control of his readers, men, as the title of his paper indicated, drawn from a lower strata of society, whom he addressed in a strain, as he presumed, appropriate to their comprehension, and with that aim he coined words of a quaint originality, expressive of his derision, which have become incorporated with our vulgar vocabulary, outliving the source of their origin. Although Mike was by no means an uneducated man, he applied to his opponents opprobrious epithets rather from choice than from necessity, as that was the manner of argument in vogue with politicians of the stamp to which he appealed. He could write, when the spirit moved him, as classically and correctly as almost any city editor, and had he maintained such a style he would have ranked as an able member of the press, but in persisting in the employment of uncouth and grotesque phraseology, elucidated by vulgar allusions, he sacrificed the influence his writings would otherwise have commanded. It was the misfortune of Mike Walsh to have underrated his literary abilities, for he was a man of nerve, of keen penetration and of a satirical habit of mind. It was only through the medium of his journal, honestly but coarsely conducted, that the community at large judged of his character and pretentions, otherwise he could never have failed in being regarded as a worthy successor to William Leggett.

Among the earliest of the penny papers was a Democratic sheet called the *Jeffersonian*, for at that political period the Democratic party joined issue with opponents mainly upon doctrines propounded by President Jefferson. This paper flourished but a brief season, as nearly all the cheap journals, when venturing upon opinion advocated those measures the most popular with the working classes, while the *Evening Star* and the then existing *Times* were all sufficient organs for the representation of the financial and mercantile interests, which at that period in political history controlled the destinies of the Democracy. In those days when the subjects of a national bank and of a high tariff formed the dividing lines between the policy of the contending national parties it was but natural to find the banker and the importer arrayed on the side of self-interest. It was, consequently, almost useless to attempt to popularize abstruse political questions, for the masses cared little or nothing about pet banks and free trade, Nicholas Biddle, or protection to American industry, inasmuch as New York was pre-eminently a commercial emporium, governed by merchants and traders, instead of manufacturers. Consequently the *Jeffersonian*, discussing dry details instead of giving news and small talk, like its contemporaries, could never be forced into a healthy circulation.

As a species of literary compromise between the extremes of the Democracy, distinctively known as the "kid gloves" and the "huge paws," in allusion to the presumptively aristocratic tendencies of the mercantile leaders and the hard working proclivities of their followers, John J. Mumford published his *Standard*, which for a time was regarded as the sheet-anchor of the party. John was a singular genius, erratic yet thoroughly posted in political mysteries, who edited his sheet with a sovereign contempt for fine writing. As a writer he was bold and more energetic than critical; as a man he was ever in hot water on some point of policy; well trained in the good old school of political management, with a host of friends and as many enemies. With heroic determination he floated his *Standard* until he outlived the generation of his usefulness, and then retired to the rural district of Port Jervis, where he published the *Tri States Journal*. At the period of his decease Mr. Mumford was the dean of the city editorial fraternity.

The most popular of cheap Democratic dailies was the *New Era*, edited by Richard Adams Locke, whose varied talents and scholastic education gave a decided character to that journal unpossessed by its predecessors. The authorship of the Moon Hoax, moreover, conferred upon him with the general public a reputation for cleverness which proved no mean advantage, which Locke struggled to improve by an assiduous attention to his editorial labors. However, like all men of talent, the constant drain upon his time became irksome to him, when disheartened by a series of political reverses, and as the *New Era*, failing in influence, when deprived of governmental patronage, had answered the purposes of its creation, it was suffered to glide imperceptibly into the tomb.

The dissensions of the Democracy, gradually increasing in intensity as the strength of the party augmented, gave rise to a journal eccentrically christened the *Plebeian* as the organ of the radical Democrats, desirous of pushing matters to extreme legislation, as they urged, for the benefit of the working classes. It was during a time of intense excitement among the laboring men that this journal made its appearance. Trades Unions, with their armies of strikers, land reformers of the most agrarian stamp, enrolled beneath the cry of "vote yourself a farm," and a hundred other movements of a similar character disturbed the public mind, rendering local politics a perfect chaos. To restore order out of this state of things, to pour oil upon the troubled political waters, to harmonize all discordant elements, was the mission of the modern philanthropist in reviving memory of Roman experience. The *Plebeian* worked most nobly in its task of resuscitating defunct Democracy to a practical standard; it out-Heroded Herod in advocating popular rights, until so far from conciliating the discordant elements threatening the Democratic common weal, it frightened all concerned by the exuberance of its zeal. Mr. Levi D. Slamm, the editor of this radically uproarious sheet, was a man of talent and of independence, and his paper promised to grow into popularity. The more conservative of the Democracy hinted at the propriety of providing him with a snug berth in the Custom House or some sinecure in the National Treasury. The sagacious plebeian could not see the matter in that precise light, as he put no faith in princes, and least of all in those sprung from the people; moreover a change in the administration might wreck his financial future. Finally Mr. Slamm concluded to accept a pursership in the navy, tenable for life, and upon his appointment the literary plebeian was induced to commit suicide.

The other editor of the *Plebeian*, Mr. Bangs, was a very eccentric gentleman, probably the most industrious reporter connected with the city press, being an inveterate admirer of sensational paragraphs, to obtain the basis for which he would haunt law courts and station houses with a persistence wonderfully remarkable. No man possessed a better knowledge of the lights and shades of city life, his sketches of which, published in various journals, laid the foundation for many a sensational romance. After the death of the *Plebeian* Mr. Bangs contributed largely to the Sunday press, then assumed editorial charge of a popular Southern newspaper, and finally returned to the scene of his early labors to die in our City Hospital.

The defection of John Tyler from the Whig party, and his endeavors to obtain a renomination from the Democracy, called into existence a couple of newspapers, avowedly of the Democratic order and designed to sustain his claims through the cohesive power of the public spoils. With the Custom House officials and the Post Office patronage to sustain an enterprise at a time when a daily paper could be run for a mere song, it was easy enough to discover practical printers to undertake the publication of a partisan sheet beneath such promising auspices, and Tyler's agent found this to be the case.

The *Aurora* emanated from the office of Herrick and Ropes, then publishers of the *Sunday Atlas*, with a handsome paying circulation. As a preliminary step the adventurous printers were each assigned to a sinecure office in the Custom House, while the advertising of the public departments at Washington, was duly forwarded to cover the composition bill. Then the *Aurora* dawned upon the public sight a very neat, well printed sheet, edited by Thomas Dunn English, who had come on from Philadelphia to assume its management, assisted by George G. Foster, as local reporter, who had made some reputation as the author of "New York in Slices," published in the *Tribune*. But "Gaslight" Foster, as he was generally designated, proved too slow for the fast men of the Tyler machine, and he was soon supplanted by the Hon. Mike Walsh, whose reports of local men and manners immediately became a feature in the speculation. And a right clever reporter did Mike make of himself, for he plunged fearlessly into every nook and corner of the town, while his quaint nomenclature of persons and places, and characteristic descriptions of political men and manners, infused a novelty in his reports which attracted general attention. But the erratic disposition of Mike, and his personal attacks upon partisan opponents, soon placed the *Aurora* in legal jeopardy, and hence his reportorial career was of no very long duration, particularly as his temper was such as to brook no restraint, however judicious. After the Tyler movement, the printers of the *Aurora*, having fulfilled their accredited mission, gracefully ensconced themselves within the sanctum of the *Atlas*, and permitted the costly experiment of a political daily to glide from their hands.

The other Tyler journal was the *Daily Union*, intended almost exclusively for a circulation among the custodians of the rural district whom it instructed in the dogmas of Tylerism and

amused by fabulous accounts of immense mass meetings, approbative of the presidential course. Consequently it was the policy of its managers to keep their sheet as confidential within the city limits as possible. A knot of political writers would meet at a down town hotel, when, after discussion of a hearty oyster supper, washed down by a few bottles of excellent wine, an imaginary mass meeting would be held, passing strong resolutions in commendation of Tyler and his colleagues. The next day the proceedings would appear in the *Union* as an immense meeting of the unterrified Democracy—"twenty thousand free men in the field"—"spontaneous gathering of the people," or some such like flaming announcement, generally headed by a crowing cock or an exploding cannon, and duly circulated by mail only for the benefit of the country press. In all other respects the *Union* was an excellent paper, the articles being liberally paid for, and from the pens of the most experienced journalists in the city, and hence with the rural editors it became, as it was intended to be, the favorite of our city newspapers. Its existence was, however, more brief than that of the *Aurora*.

The *Day Book* was originally started, nominally for mercantile interest, as its title and that of its weekly, the *Merchants' Ledger*, would give us to understand, but in reality to support the claims of the Southern Democracy to a preponderating influence over that party at the North. It relied mainly on its circulation among the Slave States, defending the institution of slavery against the growing encroachments of the anti-slavery agitators, and the equally hostile declarations of the free soil Democracy, whose Buffalo platform was as obnoxious to the planter at the South as the boldest declarations of the anti-slavery leaders. The *Day Book*, ably edited by a Doctor Bacon, soon attained an unprecedented circulation among Southern merchants, and its success was rendered secure through a heavy advertisement patronage from our city merchants, traders and others anxious to vend their wares in the slave states. Dr. Bacon, getting into some legal trouble, disposed of his paper in two lots, the daily passing into the hands of Dr. Van Evrie and associates, while the *Merchants' Ledger* came beneath the control of Robert Bonner, who after a short experience changed its name to the *New York Ledger*, and its character to that of a purely literary sheet. During the war, the *Day Book* as a daily was discontinued, but a weekly of a similar character was maintained beneath the title of the *Caucasian*.

As the principles of free soilism, or of the Barnburners, as they had been styled by the Hon. John Van Buren, began to extend, a division of the party occurred, the one group adhering to the old Jeffersonian system designated Hard Shells, and the other embracing the new notions of the Buffalo platform, Soft Shells. These latter, having taken possession of Tammany Hall, conceived it compulsory upon them to publish a Democratic organ in order to promulgate their particular tenets. The then treasurer of the Tammanyites chanced to be a practical printer of experience, with an office adequate to the task of publishing a good sized daily journal, consequently to Caspar C. Childs was entrusted the management of the *Globe*. The editorial chair of the new organ was committed to the person of John S. Du Solle, a veteran writer of Democratic articles, who came on from Philadelphia, where he had previously published a penny paper of some celebrity—*The Spirit of the Times*—expressly to regulate the comprehension of the New York Democracy. Mr. Childs was a sagacious man of business, himself a politician of note and well versed in the ways of the political world; so, when he accepted the position of publisher, he wished it expressly understood that he would not jeopardize his own funds; on the contrary he exacted that Tammany should foot the bills, and even more, that they should be paid in advance. The sagacity of Caspar was thoroughly endorsed by those having prior experience in party publications, and hence as long as Tammany made up the deficiencies necessarily incurred, the *Globe* rotated in a somewhat uncertain orbit amid the Democratic firmament, until the election of Gen. Taylor, dashing the hopes of all the Democracy, hard and soft, induced contributions to cease, whereupon Caspar, true to his word, demolished his *Globe* instantaneously.

When the clouds surrounding the Democracy began to dispel, the indomitable Caspar reappeared with another Democratic sheet, the *National Democrat*, of a much more pretending character than his former effort, which he scarcely got under weigh before an offer to purchase the establishment was made by some members of the opposite side of the party. Caspar was a man ever open to a bargain, and convinced that he had an elephant upon his hands, transferred the journal to Chauncey C. Burr, who advocated the most adamantine of hard shell doctrines in direct opposition to the soft shell proclivities of his Tammany patrons. Mr. Childs, in disposing of the *National Democrat*, had no idea of leaving his free soil friends organless, so purchasing the *Morning Star*, then far past its zenith, he came forth with the *True National Democrat*, with its former title appended in very small type.

Chauncey Burr, who had been known as a writer of ability, labored strenuously and at a heavy pecuniary sacrifice to make his paper self-sustaining, until despairing of the possibility of the task he sold out to other parties with more influential backers. The initial and most judicious movement of the new proprietors was to change the title of the journal, which reappeared as the *Daily News*, under the editorial management of Gideon J. Tucker, whilom Secretary of State, a gentleman of influence, erudition, and decided editorial capacity, while the office business was conducted by W. Drake Parsons. Under this administration the *News* assumed its place among the leading city journals, until the occurrence of the war and the establishment then of the *World* as a recognized organ of reconstructed Democracy, combined to militate against its prosperity. Some time prior to the war the editorship of the *News* was assumed by the Hon. Benjamin Wood, whose advocacy of ultra doctrines incurred the animosity of the administration, who, by closing the mails against him, virtually destroyed the influence and utility of his paper, which no longer exists as a Democratic or a morning paper.

AQUATICS.

IMPORTANT SCULLING RACE.

On Monday, October 19th, James Taylor, of Newcastle, and Mark Addy, of Manchester, England, rowed a scullers' race on the Tyne for £50 a side, the course being from the High-level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge. The past reputation of both men led to an unusual amount of interest being taken in their engagement, and amongst London rowing men the race was looked forward to with nearly as much anxiety as was felt in its issue by the Tynesiders, who, as is their wont, turned out in thousands to witness the contest. Taylor is one of the famous brothers of that name, and, as a sculler, has been more successful than any of his family, staying better than any of them, and having a wonderful turn of speed besides. He is now thirty-one years of age, three years older than Addy. The Manchester man suddenly rose into fame last year, when, after having made a reputation at regattas and in fours, he was matched first with David Coombes and next with J. Pedgrift, both of whom he defeated on the Thames with the utmost ease. He finished his training on the Tyne, having been looked after throughout his preparation by his old friend Harry Lang. The Tyne on Monday was in one of its most gentle moods, and just in suitable condition for the race. Half-past four o'clock was the time fixed for the men to be at their stations, and long before that time a very large number of spectators had gathered on the High-level Bridge, on the temporary bridge, and on the banks of the river. Half a dozen steamboats were well filled, the official steamer being the Robert Chambers. At the appointed time Taylor put off in his skiff, the "Alderman Cowan, M. P.," from the Gateshead side of the river, and a minute later Addy followed in his wake, also from the Gateshead shore. On board the official steamer the betting was not very brisk, and what was done was chiefly at 5 to 4 on Taylor. Addy won the toss, and selected the north side. They got away at the first attempt, Addy with a quarter of a length the best of the start. Addy, rowing the longer stroke, led by nearly half a length at the Mansion House, and by three-quarters at the Low Elswick Lead Works. So far, the race had been an excellent one, and everyone was in hopes that it would be got through without a mishap. Soon after passing the Lead Works, Addy began to bore Taylor, and a foul took place, which was claimed by both men. On starting again, Addy went ahead, but shortly afterwards another foul occurred. The race was again renewed, and approaching Waterson's Quay, Addy drew clear, taking his opponent's water at the Annie. At the Countess of Coventry (the public house in the Meadows)—about the middle of the course—Addy was leading by two lengths, and though both men rowed well, the race may be said to have been virtually over from this point, and needs little further description. From the high end of the Meadows to the Scotswood Suspension Bridge the boats did not alter their relative positions, and Addy, rowing almost as well as at the beginning, came in first by nearly a hundred yards. The performance of Addy raised him immensely in the opinion of a large body of Tynesiders as to his ability as an oarsman. The referee was Mr. James Wallace, a well known Tyne amateur oarsman, and the umpires were Mr. Adams for Taylor, and James Percy for Addy. The referee, on being appealed to, withheld his decision until nine o'clock in the evening, when he met Addy, Taylor, and others at the office of the stakeholder, and gave the following decision:—"It is my opinion that Addy fouled Taylor, and that when he (Addy) saw that a foul was imminent he made no effort to avoid it. I therefore give my decision in favor of Taylor." The announcement of the decision was received with cheers by a large crowd gathered together in the street.

NORTHWESTERN AMATEUR BOATING ASSOCIATION.

Pursuant to a call issued sometime previous, delegates from various boat clubs in the northwest convened at Milwaukee during the week ending Oct. 31st for the purpose of organizing an association for the promotion of boating interests in that section. George R. Wright, of Milwaukee, officiated as chairman, and Frank Raymond, of Detroit, was Secretary *pro tem*. The constitution and by-laws state that "the association is to be known as the Northwestern Amateur Boating Association. Its object is for a friendly union of all clubs, and individuals interested in boating, for the more effectual promotion and protection of their rights and interests, and to give annually a regatta on the second Tuesday of July. It is to be composed of clubs now admitted or which may be admitted hereafter. The officers are a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, commodore, vice commodore and signal officer, and are to be elected on the last regatta day of each year. Each club is entitled to two delegates at each annual meeting. The initiation fee is $10, and annual dues are $1 for each active member of their respective clubs, the funds arising therefrom to be used for purchasing prizes. The rules relative to classing boats are as follows:—First class, skeleton lapstreaks and shells; second class, outriggers; third class, barges and other boats rowed from the gunwale. The first class shall allow the second class eighteen seconds per mile; the second class shall allow the third class eleven seconds per mile. Five seconds per oar per mile shall be allowed by boats pulling the greater number of oars." The officers elected to serve during the first year are as below:—President, George R. Wright, Milwaukee; Vice President, C. M. Garrison, Detroit; Secretary and Treasurer, C. L. Blanchard, Milwaukee; Commodore, H. E. Bangs, Toledo; Vice Commodore, F. E. Hoyt, East Saginaw. The first annual regatta will be held at Toledo, O. Now that the youth of the west have adopted the proper steps to advance the sport in a locality where, though presenting excellent advantages for the pastime it has been but little indulged in, we trust they may prosecute it with zeal and that success may crown their efforts.

RECEPTION OF THE PARIS CREW.—The victorious champion, four-oared crew of St. John, N. B., arrived home on Tuesday, 27th ult., and were tendered a most enthusiastic reception, surpassing, according to the local press, anything ever before seen in that city. Many of the buildings were gaily decorated with flags, and the streets in the vicinity of the wharf where the steamer from Boston landed were blockaded by people of all ages and sexes, who greeted the oarsmen with rousing cheers as they were conducted to a "triumphal car." In the evening the city was in a blaze of glory, a torchlight procession marching through the streets, numerous buildings being illuminated and bonfires lighted in different quarters of the city. It was a welcome such as was probably never before extended to Knights of the Blade, and considering the importance of the victory achieved the overboiling enthusiasm of the St. Johners was allowable.

THE ENGLISH SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—On Friday, October 23d, Kelley and Renforth staked £50 a side, making £200 down, for their match for the championship, to be decided on Nov. 17th. *Bell's Life* says:—"Kelley is located at Rose Cottage, whence he takes both walking and rowing exercise in the company of Mr. Bush and Geo. Drewitt, who are most assiduous in their attentions to him; while Renforth is equally well cared for on the Tyne, James Taylor looking after all his wants. Both are very well and confident, and additional interest has been imparted to the event by the offer of Sadler's backer to lay Mr. Bush £300 that Kelley is beaten in both matches, which has been promptly accepted, and £50 placed in our hands as an earnest that Mr. Bush has every confidence in the champion, although he is the non-favorite in racing circles. The next deposit of £50 a side is due on Friday, Nov. 6th."

KELLEY AND SADLER'S MATCH.—For the match between these great guns, which takes place on Dec. 1st, for £200 a side, £50 a side was posted at last advices. Kelley is reported to be in excellent health, while Sadler is still in Newcastle, where he has been taking his breathings, in the company of Taylor and Renforth, so that both are losing no opportunity to get fit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF MAINE.—A sculling race took place on the Androscoggin river, at Brunswick, Me., on Oct. 30th, for the Amateur Championship of Maine. Eight competed, the most prominent among them being Randall and Recker, of Portland. The former took the lead and kept it until the turning stake was reached, when Randall, who pulled a paper boat, deprived him of it, and, after a good race home, won, making the two miles in 15:25, Recker's time being 15:36, and that of the others not being taken.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

A. Z. H.—The substitutions are received and are welcome. By comparing them, we quite agree with you as to their relative merits; still we make acceptable use of the old 6, 7 and 8.

WM. H. LYONS.—Solutions correct; and, in this instance, very creditable. Very few, indeed, ever solved Enig. 646 in the time you have—always providing you had never had hint or clue to it.

M. M. COOKE.—We have received several and marked commendations of our pretty problem No. 646.

CHAS. PORTER.—See ans. to Wm. H. L. We do not remember of having given our present Enig. in the CLIPPER, but you have placed a just estimate upon its merits, and we thank you for the copy.

THE SEAFORTH C. C., one of the few live organizations left for cultivating Chess in the Dominion of Canada, recently held its annual meeting, electing officers and making arrangements for an active campaign during the coming season. The club has elected Dr. Coleman its President; W. A. Shearson, Vice President; Capt. T. P. Bull, Secretary and Treasurer. Telegraphic contests can be arranged by the Secretary.

To Young Problem Solvers.

BY A. Z. H.

No. I.—White.—King at home; Queen at her B 8; Rooks at Q R 5; and K R 5; Knight at Q Kt 7; Pawns at Q B 2, K 6, K B 6, and K B 4th.
Black.—King at Q 4; Bishop at Q B 4; Knight at K B 4; Pawn at K B 2d.
White to play and give mate in two moves.

No. II.—Black.—King at K Kt 6; Queen at her B 6; Bishops at K Kt 5, and K B 5; Knights at K B 4, and Q R 3d.
White.—King at Q 5; Queen at her 6; Rook at Q Kt 4; Bishop at Q B sq; Knight at K 3; Pawns at Q 4, Q 7, and Q B 6th.
Black to play and give mate in four moves.

No. III.—Black.—King at Q 6; Queen at her B 4; Rook at Q R 6, Bishop at K 4; Knight at Q 5; Pawn at Q Kt 4th.
White.—King at Q R 6; Bishop at Q R 2; Knights at K 8 and Q 8; Pawns at Q Kt 3, and Q R 5th.
Black to play and give mate in four moves.

Enigma No. 649.

BY HERR EICHSTADT.

at his Kt sq, K B 2, Q 3, K Kt 3d.

at K R 5, Q Kt 3, K R 4, Q Kt sq, Q Kt 6, Q R 2, Q B 6, Q 5th, and Black Pawns at K 4, K B 3, K Kt 2, and K Kt 4th,
White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 649.

The Coquette.

BY WM. H. LYONS.

BLACK

WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 649.

Partie in the recent Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) Congress between Dr. Max Lange and Willfred Paulsen.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Attack, Dr. Lange.	Defence, Herr Paulsen.	Attack, Dr. Lange.	Defence, Herr Paulsen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	27..K Kt to K 2	K B to Kt 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	28..Kt-Q B sq	Q R-K B sq
3..K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	29..K Kt-K 2	P-K R 4
4..B-Q R 4	K Kt-B 3	30..Kt-K Kt 3	P-K R 5 (d)
5..Castles	Kt × K P	31..Kt × K P	Q P × Kt
6..P-Q 4	P-Q Kt 4 (a)	32..K R-Q 6	Q × K R (e)
7..K B-Kt 3	P-Q 4	33..K P × Q	Q B-his 5
8..Q P × P	Q B-K 3	34..Q R-Q sq	Q B-Q 6
9..Q B-K 3	K B-K 2	35..B × B P	K B-Q sq
10..Q-K 2	Q Kt-R 4	36..B-Q B 4 +	K-his R 2
11..K Kt-Q 2	Castles	37..Q B-K 5	P-K Kt 4
12..P-K B 4	P-K B 4	38..P-K Kt 3	Kt P × P
13..P-Q B 3	Q Kt × B	39..Kt P × P	Q B-K 7
14..K Kt × Kt	P-Q B 4	40..Q-K sq (f)	B-B 6 +
15..Q Kt-Q B	Q R-B sq	41..K-his Kt sq	P-K 6
16..K R-Q sq	Q-her Kt 3	42..Q × K P	Q B × R (g)
17..K-his R sq	P-Q R 4	43..Q-her 3 +	K R-B 4
18..Q Kt × Kt	B P × Kt	44..Q × Q B	B-Kt 3 +
19..Q-K B 2	P-Q R 5	45..K-Kt 2	Q R-Kt sq
20..Kt-Q B sq	Q-home	46..K-his B 3	K-his R 3
21..K Kt-K 2	Q-K sq	47..Q-her 5	Q R-K B sq
22..K R-Q 2	Q-her B 3 (b)	48..Q-K 6 +	K-his R 2
23..P-K R 3	K-his R sq	49..K-Kt 4	K R-B 2
24..Kt-his 3	P-K Kt 3 (c)	50..P-K B 5	R-Kt sq +
25..Q R-K B sq	K R-B 2	51..K-his B 4, and Defence resigned a 15-hour struggle.	
26..Q-K Kt sq	K B-Q sq		

(a) A very necessary precaution in this instance.
(b) These eccentric movements of the Queen have involved a decided loss of time.
(c) Herr P. would have acted wisely in playing B to R 6th, and terminating the career of the venturesome Knight.
(d) A tempting looking move, but a little penetration will show it to have been a serious oversight.
(e) This is surely making bad worse. Why not Q to B sq.
(f) If 40..R to K B sq, the Defence would have answered with R to K Kt sq.
(g) Paulsen plays this desperate ending admirably.

The following tit-bits we take from the *Evening Bulletin*. Gamelet in Washington between Dr. Jones and Prof. Williamson.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Dr. Jones.	Prof. W.	Dr. Jones.	Prof. W.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	8..Q to R 5 +	P to K Kt 3
2..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	9..Kt × Kt P	R P × Kt
3..K B-B 4	Kt × K P	10..Q × R	Q P × B
4..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt × Kt	11..B-K R 6	K-his B 2
5..Q P × Kt	P-K B 3	12..Q-R 7 +	K-his 3
6..Castles	P-Q B 3 (h)	13..R-K sq +	K-B 4, and the Dr. mates handsomely in 4 moves
7..Kt × K P	P-Q 4		

(h) 6..Q to K 2d is the correct play.

Mr. Reichhelm gives Mr. Freedley the odds of Q R.

MUZIO GAMBIT.

1..P to K 4	P to K 4	7..Q × B 3d P	K B to R 3
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	8..P-K Kt 3	B 3d P × P
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	9..K P × P (i)	Q-K B 6
4..K B-B 4	P-K Kt 5	10..K B × P +	K-Q sq
5..P-Q 4	Kt P × Kt	11..K B × Kt	K R × B (k),
6..Castles	Q-K R 5	and Mr. Reichhelm announces mate in twelve moves!	

(i) By 9..Q × B P + he would only compromise his game.
(k) If Defence 11..K B to Kt 2d, the Attack mates in three moves.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 31.—Vol. XVI.

Played between Messrs. Sanford and Elmer.

"LAIRD AND LADY."

Black. Mr. S.	White. Mr. E.	Black. Mr. S.	White. Mr. E.
1..10 to 15	23 to 19	14..10 to 17	31 to 26
2..8 11	22 17	15..22 31	24 27
3..9 13	17 14	16..31 24	28 3
4..10 17	21 14	17..17 22	23 19
5..15 18	19 15	18..22 26	3 7
6..4 8	26 23	19..26 30	7 10
7..7 10	14 7	20..8 11(c)	10 7
8..3 26	30 14	21..30 26	7 16
9..13 17(a)	25 21	22..26 23	29 25
10..17 22	27 23	23..1 6	25 22
11..2 7	24 20	24..6 10	22 17
12..6 10	21 17	25..25 16	19 15
13..11 15	17 13(b)		White wins.

(a) Not as strong as 2 to 7. (b) He "see it." (c) Resignation would save time.

Solution of Position No. 58.—Vol. XVI.

BY J. DUFORT.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..19 to 24	28 to 19	3..32 to 27	8 to 10
2..3 8	12 3	4..27 23, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 59.—Vol. XVI.

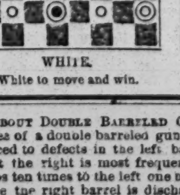
BY J. RYAN.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..9 to 13	17 to 10	4..24 to 27	31 to 24
2..1 6	10 1	5..28 19, and wins.	
3..16 19	23 16		

Position No. 60.—Vol. 16.

BY R. W. WILTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 61.—Vol. 16

BY C. BALL.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

ABOUT DOUBLE BARRELED GUNS.—Out of one hundred cases of a double barreled gun bursting, ninety-five can be traced to defects in the left barrel. The reason is simply that the right is most frequently used, and reloaded, perhaps ten times to the left one being discharged once. Every time the right barrel is discharged, the gunpowder in the left is pulverized more or less by the shock, which, therefore, leaves a space between the charge and the wadding by settling. Naturally, when the left barrel is discharged, it frequently explodes. These accidents can be avoided by sending the ramrod home with one or two smart blows into the non-discharged barrel every time the other is reloaded.

JAMES DE WITT, of Binghamton, N. Y., writes to say that the statement recently published, to the effect that he had cut down billiard tables, and received several sets of balls to alter, for a man in Plymouth, Pa., is untrue—and that's the long and the short of it.

☞ Holloway's Ointment is working wonderful cures in rheumatism. Where every other remedy fails, this inestimable salve takes hold, penetrates to the very core, removes every particle of inflammation, and effects a complete cure.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Hoboken Fall Race Meeting.

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4TH.

RED DICK WINS THE HURDLE RACE—METAIRIE THE MILE DASH AND LIZZIE ROGERS THE MILE HEAT RACE.

The fall race meeting on the Secaucus Course, N. J., under the management of Colonel McDaniel, commenced on Wednesday, the 4th instant, one of those glorious days of the Indian summer which render this brief season so lovely and charming. The programme of sport was an attractive one, comprising a hurdle race, with five well known horses in it, a mile dash, and a mile heat race. Despite the allurements of beautiful weather and good racing the attendance was small. This is to be attributed to the bad judgment shown in fixing of the day succeeding the excitement of a Presidential Election for commencing the meeting, for the great body of the public had not had time to fairly settle down to either business or pleasure after the feverish excitement of politics on the preceding day. The majority of the lovers of racing are too deeply interested in the result of the election, having invested their greenbacks heavily on the issue, to care much about the sport until they know for certain how their money is gone. It was this cause, therefore, that kept away most of the leading turfmen from the Hoboken meeting on its opening day, and satisfactorily accounts for the limited attendance. But if the number of spectators was small the racing itself was of the highest order. In the hurdle race four horses started, carrying welter weights, (142lbs.), and the finish was so close, that until the judges declared that Red Dick had won by a head, every one thought that it was a dead heat. The second race, a dash of a mile, had five runners, and rivalled in excitement and interest the hurdle race, being only won at the finish by Metairie, beating Jubal by a neck. Had little Brown, who rode Jubal in this race, taken the outside position in coming up the homestretch where the ground was good, instead of going on the inside where the track was heavy and soft, he could not have lost, and this bad judgment enabled Metairie to defeat him on the post. The mile heat race between Sleety and Lizzie Rogers was another close affair; the former just winning by a head in the first heat. In the two succeeding heats Lizzie showed her superior staying qualities by outlasting her opponent, and winning the race. It was a great pity that such really fine racing had not more spectators to witness it; as it was, every one present was highly gratified at the sport.

THE HURDLE RACE

was for a purse of $400; $300 to the winner, $75 to the second and $25 to the third horse, over two miles and eight hurdles, carrying welter weights. The entries were five in number—viz:—Col. McDaniel's Red Dick, Morrissey and Ripley; Col. Todd's Harry Booth, and Mr. R. W. Waldron's b. h. Underwood. Morrissey did not start, but the remaining four came to the post. They were all well known hurdlers, with the exception of Ripley, whose mission it was to assist his stable companion, Red Dick (with whom Col. McDaniels declared to win), by making the running, and also as it proved, by knocking down the hurdles as he went over them. Underwood, so named after the well known pool auctioneer, won the hurdle race in fine style at the last Jerome Park meeting, beating Tycoon and Biragne. He is from Canada, and is a first rate jumper, while his breeding is unexceptionable, being by Lexington. He had the advantage of being ridden by George Pepper, Nannie Craddock's old jockey, and his fine condition and good looks induced many to put their money on him. Harry Booth, another thoroughbred son of Lexington, is an old and well known hurdle racer, having won several contests of this description during the past season. He walked lame, and this made him sell lowest in the pools, but in the race he soon warmed out of it, and made a magnificent finish with Red Dick, only being defeated by a short head; he was ridden by his old jockey, Roche. Red Dick, the winner, is like the others, a thoroughbred horse, being by Lexington out of Alabama, and has won several races across the flat, as well as one hurdle race at the spring meeting at Jerome Park. He was ridden by Tom Lee, one of the cleverest hurdle and steeple chase jockeys of the day. In the pools sold by Jake Somerindyke before the race, Red Dick and Underwood brought nearly even money; the latter selling for $61; Red Dick, $60, and Harry Booth, $12. Just before the horses were saddled, the desire to get on Red Dick became so general that he sold for $50; Underwood, $20, and Harry Booth, $15. When the drum was tapped, Ripley and Underwood went off first, and they both hit the first hurdle so hard as they went over, that they knocked it prostrate on the ground, leaving their followers, Red Dick and Harry Booth, no jumping to do. Before reaching the second hurdle, at the quarter pole, Underwood showed ahead, and led over it a clear length; Ripley, as before, hitting it and knocking it down, so that his stable companion and Harry Booth had the course clear. Along the backstretch Ripley closed on Underwood, and both were in the air together as they took the third hurdle, near the half mile pole, which was also knocked down by one or both of them. As they turned into the homestretch they led Red Dick and Harry Booth so far that it seemed doubtful if they would ever get near them. The two leaders jumped the fourth hurdle on the homestretch, half way up, very cleverly, and they passed the stand the first time round locked together. Going around the turn Red Dick put on the steam, and, closing rapidly on the leading horse, soon passed Ripley, who, having accomplished his task, fell behind and took no further part in the race. Red Dick took the lead on the backstretch, Underwood being second and Harry Booth a couple of lengths behind. They ran in this order until they turned into the straight run home, where Harry shot past Underwood, and made play for Red Dick. As the latter came to the last hurdle he faltered and seemed as if he was going to refuse it, but Tom Lee dashed the spur into him and compelled him to jump it. Dwelling for a moment after he was over, Harry Booth passed him, as also did Underwood, and it seemed as if the race would be left to these two; but Red Dick's rider roused him with both whip and spur, and, gamely answering him, he struggled desperately on, gaining at every stride, and finally won a magnificently contested race on the post by a head only, Booth second, Underwood third, close up, and Ripley last. Time, 3:59. Summary:—

FIRST RACE.—A hurdle race, with welter weights, two miles, over eight hurdles, for a premium of $400; $300 to first horse, $75 to second and $25 to third.

Col. D. McDaniel's b h Red Dick, by Lexington, out of Alabama, 5 years	1
Col. Henry W. Todd's b h Harry Booth, by Lexington, dam Blonde, 5 years	2
R. W. Waldron's b h Underwood, by Lexington, dam Kate Hayes, by Albion	3
Col. D. McDaniel's b h Ripley, by Jeff. Davis, out of Nerla, by Boston, 5 years	4
Col. D. McDaniel's b c Morrissey, by Breckinridge, dam by Bonnie Scotland, 4 years	dr

Time, 3:59.

THE MILE DASH

was for a purse of $250, of which the winner took $200, and second horse $50, had five entries, and all of them started. These were Metairie and Uncle Vic colt, from Mr. J. Eckerson's stable; Morrissey and Sarah B., from Colonel McDaniel's stable; and Dr. Weldon's Jubal. This was a good field, for all the horses were known to be very fast, and all winners. In the pool betting, Mr. Eckerson's entries sold for $110; Col. McDaniel's entries, $100; and Jubal for $40. Jubal jumped off with the lead, Metairie being his immediate follower; Morrissey third, Uncle Vic colt fourth, and Sarah B. last. Before they reached the quarter pole Morrissey had passed his horses, and with a lead of two lengths before Metairie, carried on the running along the backstretch. After passing the half mile pole, the lot began to close up, and Morrissey falling back beaten, Jubal passed him and made play for Metairie, the interest of the race becoming centered in these two, as it was evidently confined to the pair. As they swung into the homestretch Jubal and Metairie were head and head, and if little Brown had kept Jubal on the outside, where the going was good, instead of taking the inside where the ground was heavy and soft, he could not have lost the race. Jubal was a clear length ahead half way up the stretch, but Metairie running gamely under the whip, and having the advantage of sound ground, gradually gained on Jubal, who was struggling desperately in the mud, and getting up on the last few strides, won a magnificently contested race by a neck only. The Uncle Vic colt was third, Morrissey fourth and Sarah B. last. Time, 1:47¼. Summary:—

SECOND RACE.—Premium $250; dash of a mile; $200 to first and $50 to second horse.

Mr. J. Eckerson's ch c Metairie, by Star Davis dam Katonah, 4 years	1
Dr. J. W. Weldon's b g Jubal, by Balrownie, out of Julia, by Glencoe, 4 years	2
Mr. J. Eckerson's ch c, by Uncle Vic, out of Dolly Carter, 3 years	3
Col. D. McDaniel's b c Morrissey, by Breckinridge, dam by Bonnie Scotland, 4 years	4
Col. D. McDaniels' b f Sarah B., by Planet, out of Adelgisa, by imp. Glencoe, 3 years	5

Time, 1:47¼.

THE MILE HEAT RACE

for a purse of $300; the winner taking $250 and the second horse $50, was run for by Col. McDaniel's ch f Lizzie Rogers, and Dr. Weldon's b f Sleety. Sleety at first was the favorite at $100 to $60, but before the start Lizzie came into better favor, and the highest offer against her when the horses were saddled was $100 to $80.

FIRST HEAT.—Sleety jumped off with the lead, but before the quarter pole was reached Lizzie Rogers had collared her, and led past that point by half a length, which she increased by a clear length on the back stretch. On the lower stretch Brown let out Sleety, and she got up on equal terms with the Colonel's mare, the two turning into the straight run home yoked together. A splendid and long continued struggle resulted in favor of Sleety, by a head only, in 1:18¾.

SECOND HEAT.—Betting $100 to $10 on Sleety. Lizzie was the first off, but her jockey having orders to wait behind, pulled her back, and the favorite took up the running with a lead of a length and a half past the quarter pole and along the far stretch. On the third quarter Lizzie made her run, was soon at Sleety's head and after a fine struggle the favorite cut it a hundred yards from home, and Lizzie Rogers won the heat by three lengths in 1:19¾.

THIRD HEAT.—Betting now changed to $100 to $30 on Lizzie Rogers, who made the running throughout, and won the heat and race easily by six lengths in 1:51. Summary:—

THIRD RACE.—Mile heats, premium $300; $250 to first and $50 to second horse. Entries to be made to the Secretary before 4 o'clock P. M., on day prior to the race.

Col. D. McDaniel's ch f Lizzie Rogers, brother to Frank Allen, out of Jennie Rose, by Glencoe, 3 years	2	1	1
J. Ackerson's b f Sleety, by Rogers, dam Angelina, by Albion, 4 years	1	2	2

Time, 1:48¾; 1:19¾; 1:51.

In consequence of the continued rain on Thursday, and the resultant heavy state of the course, the second day's racing, originally fixed for Friday, the 6th inst., was postponed until Tuesday, 10th inst. On that day there are four races on the programme, a handicap hurdle race, two dash races, one of them for gentlemen's hacks and gentlemen riders, and a mile heat race. A good day's racing is confidently looked for.

Nashville, Tenn., Fall Race Meeting.

The fall race meeting at Nashville, Tenn., commenced on Tuesday, October 20th, and continued over six days. The attendance was large and the racing excellent. Our space only allows us to give the summaries:—

FIRST DAY.

NASHVILLE, TUESDAY, OCT. 20.—Banner Purse $250. Mile heats.

R. B. Cheatham entered b h Larkin, by Lexington, 5 yrs	1	1
A. Turner entered ch f Phoenix Belle, 4 yrs	2	4
W. G. Harding entered b f Duett, 4 yrs	3	2

Time, 1:5¾; 1:51¾.

SAME DAY.—Association Purse $150; mile and a half; all ages.

F. Bissicks entered ch f Maggie Hunter, 4 yrs	1
R. S. Patterson entered ch c Rochester, 4 yrs	2
E. T. Craig entered ch c Donovan, 3 yrs	3

Richelieu, Woodford Belle, Gilroy, and Theta also ran. Gilroy was backed against the field in the pools, selling for $45, and the rest for $25. Maggie Hunter won easily by two lengths; Gilroy last but one. Time, 2:50½.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 21st.

FIRST RACE.—"Young America" stake, for two year olds; $25 each p. p., with $300 added; dash of one mile.

E. A. Smith named b c Pompey Payne, by Vandal, dam Margeuta	1
A. Barnes named b f Nannie Douglas	2
Richards and Kilgour named ch f by Mickey Free, dam Blonde	3

Signal Light, Soda, Leroy; b f by Uncle Vic, dam Young Gipsey; b c by Bonnie Scotland, dam Woodbine; and b c by Bill Cheatham, dam by Lexington, also ran, six others paying forfeit. Pompey Payne was the favorite, bringing $40 to the field $50; and, after a magnificent race, he won by half a length from Nannie Douglas. Time, 1:50.

SAME DAY.—Cumberland Stake No. 1, for three year olds; mile heats, $50 each, p. p., with $350 added.

Richards & Kilgour's b f Bettie Bay, by Australian	1	3	1
F. Bissicks's b c Hazard, by Lexington	2	2	2
Gen. A. Buford's br c Crossland, by Lexington	4	1	3
J. V. Grigsby's b f Minnie Milton, by Lexington	3	dis	

Time, 1:49¾; 1:50; 1:51¾.

Pool Betting.—Minnie Milton, $50; Bettie Bay $35; Crossland, $15; Hazard, $10. The first heat was won by six inches, the second by a neck and the third by half a length. After the second heat Crossland, who had won it, was a prodigious favorite, selling for $200; Hazard, $25; and Betty Bay, $20.

SAME DAY.—Association Purse, $300; mile and a quarter dash.

R. B. Cheatham named ch c Little Mack, by imp. Eclipse, 5 years	1
J. M. Hinton named ch f Ontario, by Bonnie Scotland, 3 years	2
E. T. Craig entered b h Ooltewah, by Albion, aged	3
A. Turner entered b f Maggie Bruce, by Lexington, 4 years	4
Gen. Harding named br f Grand Duchess, by Vandal, 4 yrs	5

Time, 2:14.

Won by a length. Ontario was the favorite at $80 to $60 on her against the field.

THIRD DAY.—THURSDAY, OCT. 22D.

FIRST RACE.—The Commercial Post Stake, $50 each, p. p., with $1,000 added by the Association; two mile heats; all ages.

Johnson & Patterson entered Frank Wolfor	3	1	1
F. Bissicks entered Maggie Hunter	1	2	2
A. Cheatham entered Conflict	2	3	dis
E. T. Craig entered Donovan	4	dis	
Richards & Kilgour entered Locust Post	5	dis	
E. A. Smith entered Skylight	dis		

Time, 3:34; 3:35¾; 3:35¾.

SECOND RACE.—The Green Stake, for three year olds, that had not run prior to this meeting; mile heats; subscription $25, p. p., with $2,250 added by the Association.

A. Keene Richards named ch f Grecian Bend, by Colossus, dam by Star Davis	2	1	1
Gen. Thos. Duncan named b f by Bill Cheatham, dam Lucy Brooks	3	2	2
J. E. Mills named br c by Second Highlander, dam by Priam	1	3	3

Time, 1:50¼; 1:50¾; 1:50¾.

The pool betting at the commencement was, Richards' entry, $50; Mills', $45; Duncan's, $17. After the first heat Mills brought $120; Richards $35, Duncan $25. After the second heat, Richards again had the call largely against the field.

FOURTH DAY.—FRIDAY, OCT. 23D.

FIRST RACE.—Association Purse $300; mile heats.

R. B. Cheatham named b h Larkin, 5 yrs	1	1
E. T. Craig named b h Ooltewah, aged	3	2
A. Turner named b f Belle Farris, 3 yrs	2	3
J. M. Hinton named b c Faro, 4 yrs	dis	

Time, 1:52; 1:52¾.

SECOND RACE.—Association Purse $250; dash of two miles.

R. B. Cheatham named ch h Mack, 5 yrs	1
A. Turner named ch m Phoenix Belle, 4 yrs	2

Time, 3:50¾.

FIFTH DAY.

FIRST RACE.—Cumberland Stake, No. 2, for three year olds: $50 each, p.p., with $400 added; two mile heats.

Gen. A. Buford's br c Crossland, by Lexington	1	1
Leroy Paul's ch f Jessamine Porter, by Australian	4	2
J. V. Grigsby's Minnie Milton, by Lexington	3	3

Time, 3:46; 3:47¾.

Kitty Free, Hazard, Skirmisher and Sroc, also ran, the two latter being distanced in the second heat. Kitty Free was second in the first heat.

SECOND RACE.—Association Purse, $200; for all ages; for horses that had not won previous to this meeting; mile and repeat.

A. Barnes' b f Chemisette, by Jim Rogers, 4 yrs	1	1
E. T. Craig's ch g Donovan, by Bulletin, 3 yrs	5	2
A. Cheatham's ch c Conflict, by Highlander, 4 yrs	3	3

Time, 1:52¾; 1:50¾.

Grecian Bend, Camphene, Theta, S. G. C., b g by Uncle Vic, and br c by Highlander Second, also ran; the three last named being distanced in the second heat. S. G. C. was second in the first heat, and Grecian Bend fourth.

SIXTH DAY.

FIRST RACE.—Association Purse, $400; mile and a quarter dash.

R. B. Cheatham named ch h Little Mack, 5 yrs	1
R. F. Wood named b f Bettie Bay, 3 yrs	2
A. Turner named b f Belle Farris, 3 yrs	3
A. Turner named b f Maggie Bruce, 4 yrs	4
A. Barnes named b f Chemisette, 3 yrs	5
Zeb Ward named ch m Skylight, 4 yrs	6

Time, 4:15¾.

SECOND RACE.—Association Purse, $400; mile heats, three in five.

R. B. Cheatham named b h Larkin, 5 yrs	2	1	1	1
R. F. Woods named b c Locust Post, 3 yrs	4	6	4	2
A. Turner named ch f Phoenix Belle, 4 yrs	5	4	3	3
A. Cheatham named ch c Conflict, 4 yrs	6	5	6	4
F. Bissicks named ch f Maggie Hunter, 4 yrs	1	2	5	5
Zeb Ward named ch c Rochester, 4 yrs	3	3	2	dis

Time, 1:49; 1:48¾; 1:49¾; 1:49¾.

THIRD RACE.—Association Handicap, Purse $250; mile heats.

R. B. Cheatham named b h Gilroy, 6 yrs, 112lbs	1	1
A. Turner named b f Woodford Belle, 4 yrs, 90lbs	2	2
E. T. Craig named ch c Donovan, 3 yrs, feather	3	3

Duett, Hazard, 3 yrs, 87lbs; Ooltewah, aged, 100lbs; Faro, 4 yrs, feather; and Camphene, 3 yrs, feather, also ran.

Time, 1:49; 1:46¾.

Trotting on the Union Course, L. I.

A capital trot came off on Friday, the 7th inst., on the Union Course, L. I., for the proprietor's purse of $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between five well known fast horses. These were Dan Mace's br g Richard Neavals (better known by his former name of Old Put), Dan Pfifer's bl m Cora, Alec Patterson's ch g no name, Ben Mace's g g Carroll (formerly named Century), and John Murphy's b m Fanny Sprague. John Lovett's br g Captain Gill was entered but did not start, having gone amiss. All these horses had trotted for the $100 purse given by the proprietor of the Fashion Course the previous week, won by W. Borst's b g John J. Brady, and had shown such an equality of speed in that race, that Mr. Shaw the proprietor of the Union Course, at once offered a purse of $500 for a similar race to be trotted over his track for the beaten horses. The whole of the above named six horses entered for this purse and, with the exception of Captain Gill, all of them started on Friday, the day of the race. It had been originally fixed for Thursday, the 6th, but the unfavorable weather and heavy track rendered a postponement necessary to the ensuing day. The attendance was not large, although the day was fine, but chilly; the track also was far from being in good order for going.

In the race on the Fashion Course, L. I., won by John J. Bradley, Cora had taken the second money, and in consequence of this she was made the favorite for this race, being backed freely against the field on the outside betting. In pools, Cora brought $60; Fanny Sprague, $18; Carroll, $21; the field (comprising Richard Neavals, Captain Gill and No Name) $27. The horses were driven by the horsemen in whose names they were entered.

FIRST HEAT.—Carroll got away first on the outside, with Cora second, Fanny Sprague third and the other two together. Going around the turn Carroll still further widened the gap, and led some four or five lengths as he passed the quarter pole in 38 seconds, Cora being second. At the half mile pole, the grey still led, No Name being second. Time, 1:18. A fine contest home between these two ended in Carroll winning by two lengths in 2:33; No Name second and Cora third.

SECOND HEAT.—Cora was still the favorite; Richard Neavlas selling in the pools for as much as the winner of the last heat. Neavals led to the quarter in 38 seconds; No Name second, and the former was still ahead at the half, in 1:18; Cora being second. On the turn into the homestretch Carroll went up and challenged Neavlas, and after a fine race home, beat him to the score by a length in 2:35½.

THIRD HEAT.—Carroll now became a great favorite, selling for $80; Cora $25; Neavals $24 and the field $7. The favorite led from the start and after a good race won the heat and race by two lengths, in 2:32½. Summary:—

UNION COURSE, Nov. 6th.—Purse $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Ben Mace entered g g Carroll	1	1	1
Dan Mace entered br g Ned Neavals	4	2	2
Dan Pfifer entered blk m Cora	3	3	3
Alex. Patterson entered ch g No Name	2	5	4
John Murphy entered b m Fanny Sprague	5	4	5
Mr. Jones entered b g Captain Gill	dr		

Time.	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*
First heat	0:38	1:18	2:33
Second heat	0:38	1:18	2:35½
Third heat	0:33	1:17	2:32½

IMPORTANT TROT AT WORCESTER.—On the afternoon of Wednesday, 4th inst., a trot of a very interesting nature took place at Agricultural Park, Worcester, Mass., for a purse of $2,000, between L. P. Comee's Belle Strickland and John Stewart's Climax, best 3 in 5, in harness. The former won handily in three straight heats. Time, 2:36½; 2:35; 2:37. The track was in very bad condition, and the horses were wet to the fetlock after the race was over.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Cambridgeshire Stakes.

Below we give a detailed account of the races for the Cambridgeshire and Criterion Stakes, the principal events of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, the result of which we previously gave by telegraph. The contests took place on Oct. 19th and 20th.

THE CRITERION STAKES of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two year olds; colts 8st 8lb, fillies 8st 6lb; winners extra. Criterion Course (6 furlongs). 63 subs.

Sir J. Hawley's br c Pero Gomez, by Beadsman—Salamanca, 8st 12lb	J. Adams	two
Duke of Hamilton's b c Wild Oats, by Wild Dayrell—Golden Horn, 8st 12lb	T. French	2
Mr. Padwick's b c Ethus, 8st 8lb	Fordham	3
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's b f Heather Bell, 8st 11lb	T. Chaloner	4
Sir J. Hawley's b c King Cophetua, 8st 8lb	Cannon	0
Colonel Lowther's b c Monkshood, 8st 8lb	Mann	0
Mr. H. Savile's b c Ryshworth, 8st 1lb	Daley	0

Sir Joseph Hawley declared to win with Pero Gomez.

Betting.—11 to 8 on Pero Gomez, 4 to 1 agst Wild Oats, 5 to 1 agst Heather Bell, and 100 to 8 agst Ryshworth. For a few strides the lot ran in a line, but Fordham, forcing the pace with Ethus, soon showed in advance of Heather Bell and the favorite, who were head and head on his whip-hand, whilst on the higher ground Wild Oats lay well up, Ryshworth following at his quarters. When they had fairly settled down to their work, both Monkshood and King Cophetua were outpaced. Ethus maintained his lead until they arrived on the crest of the hill, when he gave way, and Pero Gomez, at the commencement of the rails, took half a length lead, but in a few strides further Wild Oats shot up to him, the pair quitting Heather Bell and the remainder of their competitors as if they had been standing still. About 100 yards from home Wild Oats, although running as if in trouble—with his mouth open and his tongue hanging out—got the best of the struggle, and obtained an advantage of nearly a neck. Within a dozen strides of the chair, however, Adams, by most determined riding, and Pero Gomez by undoubted pluck, got on equal terms with the Duke of Hamilton's colt, and after a magnificent display of horsemanship on both sides, one of the finest and most exciting races ever witnessed ended in a dead heat. Ethus was next, beaten four lengths from the pair, whilst Heather Bell finished about a head in the rear of Mr. Padwick's colt; Ryshworth was fifth, and King Cophetua next; Monkshood trotted in several lengths behind Sir Joseph Hawley's second string. Pero Gomez afterwards walked over and divided the stakes with Wild Oats. Net value of the stakes, £1,300.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, 5 if declared, with 100 added; winners extra; second received 50 sovs; Cambridgeshire Course (1 mile 240 yards). 179 subs, 65 of whom declared.

Lord Wilton's br c See-Saw, by Buccaneer—Margery Daw, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (inc 7lb ex.)	Fordham	1
Sir J. Hawley's b c Blue Gown, by Beadsman—Bas Bleu, 3 yrs 9st	Wells	2
Mr. Johnstone's b c Mercury, by Lambton—Starlight, 3 yrs 7st 9lb	Cameron	3
Mr. Payne's ch c by Tom Bowline—Makeshift, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb (inc 2lb ex.)	Hunt	4

Twenty others started.

Betting.—9 to 4 agst Cecil, 8 to 1 agst Lady Coventry, 9 to 1 agst Lady Raglan, 10 to 1 agst Restitution, 11 to 1 agst Kettleholder, 20 to 1 each agst Blue Gown, Monarch of the Glen, Kidderminster, Wolsey and Warrington, 25 to 1 each agst Actaea and Snowdrop, 30 to 1 each agst See-Saw and Kingsland, 1,000 to 30 each agst Nelusko and Mercury, 1,000 to 15 each agst Kaupai, Makeshift colt and Princess colt, 1,000 to 10 each agst Professor Anderson, Porter's Knot, Noyau and Taraban. The fractiousness of Kidderminster and Python caused a delay of twenty-eight minutes before the flag could be lowered, which it eventually was to a wretched start, fifteen of the lot getting away in a line, while the remainder came on in straggling order, the last three to get away being Lady Raglan, Noyau and Kidderminster. When they had fairly settled down to their work, the line was broken by Mercury in the centre of the course taking a slight lead of Snowdrop on the upper ground, Kettleholder lying on the latter's right; Nelusko, Actaea, Warrington, See-Saw, Blue Gown, Kingsland and Lady Coventry following closely, the Makeshift colt and Monarch of the Glen heading the remainder, the last lot, upon whom the cracking pace at which Mercury led the field began to tell, being Professor Anderson, Porter's Knot, Restitution, Lady Raglan, Noyau and Kidderminster. The first to give way was Nelusko, whose retirement took place before reaching the Turn of the Lands, where the ruck became even more densely packed, and Mercury drew away at least a clear length of Snowdrop, Blue Gown being observable in the centre, with Warrington and Kingsland in attendance, Fordham taking a line for himself on See-Saw in the track, the colors of Wolsey now being seen, with those of Taraban, on the extreme lower ground. Before reaching the Red Post the field became somewhat straggled, and Mr. Angell's pair, Kettleholder and Python, took their places on the top ground simultaneously with the retirement of Actaea. Passing the old Betting Post, Snowdrop was in trouble, and the ruck breaking up, Cecil, who had been shut in, ran through his horses and took the fifth position, just behind Blue Gown, but Mercury was at this point at least three lengths in front, making the pace so hot that the Cesarewitch winner, after looking dangerous for a few strides, compounded, and was passed by Warrington, the Makeshift colt, and Restitution, the latter of whom passed a lot of beaten horses. As they approached the side of the old Duke's Stand, Blue Gown and See-Saw decreased Mercury's advantage, and a distance and a half from home the Northern horse was disposed of, dropping into the rear of Blue Gown and See-Saw, both of whom were going so well that it was impossible to say which had the best of it. See-Saw, however, after racing at Blue Gown's head for a few strides, took up the running, and at the commencement of the stand inclosure was a length in front of his opponent, nothing else being with him but, and though Wells made every exertion, and the Derby winner answered to each call with great gameness, the weight told its tale at the finish, and See-Saw, forging gradually ahead, won easily by a length and a half. Mercury was third, beaten three lengths from Sir Joseph Hawley's colt, and finished a head only in front of the Makeshift colt, who was placed fourth. Then came Lady Coventry, fifth, four lengths off; Actaea being sixth, Restitution seventh, Warrington eighth, Cecil ninth, and Snowdrop next, slight intervals intervening. Kettleholder was eleventh, Nelusko twelfth, Lady Raglan thirteenth, Professor Anderson, Noyau, Kingsland, Porter's Knot, Wolsey, Taraban, Python and Monarch of the Glen finishing in the order named, and Kidderminster, the Princess colt and Kaupai pulling up on the post last. Net value of the stakes, £1,350. Time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, 2 min. 15½ sec.

THE RING.

SHORT SCRAP IN CALIFORNIA

BETWEEN

Billy Dwyer and Arthur Bush, the Mountain Boy.

DWYER WINS IN 7 ROUNDS 12 MINUTES.

STRANGE DEVELOPMENTS CONCERNING THE MATCH.

A CARD FROM BUSH.

The match made nearly three months since between Billy Dwyer and Bush, the "Mountain Boy," ostensibly for $2,500 a side, was decided a couple of miles from Benicia, Cal., on Oct. 20th, and terminated in a very unexpected manner, as will be seen by the following account:—

Billy Dwyer was born in County Clare, Ireland, Dec. 25, 1838, is 5 feet 7½ inches in height and weighs in condition 138lbs. His first appearance in the ring was with Tommy Chandler, near San Francisco, Cal., June 5, 1862, when, after 64 rounds had been fought, in 1 hour 24 minutes, the battle was declared a draw. He next met Johnny Walker in Solano county, Cal., Oct. 6, 1863, for $1,000, Billy winning after fighting 106 round in 3 hours. He shortly afterwards came east and was matched against Jack Turner for $400, a bet of $600 being added. They fought near York Bay Cemetery, N. J., Oct. 11, 1864, the police interfering at the end of the sixth round and the fight being decided a draw. This was his last ring engagement up to the present encounter, although he tried very hard to get on another match with his old opponent, Chandler, who, however, did not seem to fancy it. Arthur M. Bush is a native of the Empire State, stands 5 feet 10½ inches in his socks, in fix weighs about 136 lbs. and is thirty-two years of age. He is lath-like in build and much narrower across the chest and shoulders than his antagonist. He made his *debut* in the roped circle on Oct. 20, 1867, at Coburn's Station, Nevada, his rival being Joe Budd. The stakes were $1,000 and Bush scored a victory in 15 rounds, occupying the same number of minutes. His nasal organ is of the Coburn mould and offers an inviting target for the digits of an opponent.

About half past nine o'clock on the 20th ult. the steamer Moulton left Vallejo street wharf with about two hundred and fifty sports on board, the lack of enthusiasm or general interest in the match tending to cause such a light attendance, which both astonished and disgusted those who had gotten up the little speculation. The principals with their trainers (?), Dave Wesley for Bush, and Prof. Quinlan and a friend for Dwyer, left in small boats and were taken on board the steamer several hundred yards from Meigg's wharf, and at once repaired to their rooms. It was the intention to land on the Benecia side, nearly opposite Martinez, but this was found impossible owing to the nature of the ground, and it was decided to stop at Quarry Cove, about three miles below Benicia. At 3 o'clock P. M. the boat cast anchor and a debarkation was speedily effected. A suitable spot was found after a short tramp, and the ring erected as soon as the stakes could be sunk into the hardened soil. Shortly after four o'clock Bush tossed his cady into the enclosure, but the wind caught it and blew it outside again, which the superstitiously inclined among the crowd regarded as a bad omen. He was attended by Johnny McGlade and Pete Morris. Dwyer followed a few moments later, having for esquires Patsy Fox and Billy Gordon. The ceremony of choosing officials was then in order, and resulted in the choosing of Jim Hennessey for referee and Roe Allen time keeper. At first Allen declined to serve, when Tommy Chandler was chosen and came forward with Roe's watch, but subsequently the latter accepted the position. Dwyer won the toss for choice of corners, and placed his opponent with his face to the sun. The men were now quickly disrobed, Dwyer being attired in white breeches, trimmed with green, white stockings and a green handkerchief, while Bush wore black velvet knee breeches and white stockings, and in his corner was erected a small American flag. When the flag was hoisted Dwyer stepped from his corner and said:—"Gentlemen, I didn't come here to fight against that flag, but to fight that man," pointing at Bush. All being ship-shape, the referee called "time," and they advanced to the centre for

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. Considerable sparring was done without effect, when Bush let fly his left mawley, which was parried by Dwyer, who came back with his left on Bush's right eye, bringing the claret; then they clinched and Bush went down. Dwyer's seconds claimed first blood and first knock down, but were only awarded first blood.

2. Dwyer came up lively into Bush's corner, and danced around him, leading him to the centre. Considerable fibbing followed, when Bush let drive his left at Dwyer, struck him in the face with his open hand and dodged his head, when Dwyer planted a heavy blow back of Bush's neck, bringing Bush to his knees.

3. Dwyer got in a heavy right-hander on Bush's nasal organ, bringing a copious stream of claret. Bush endeavored to counter, but Dwyer dodged the blow. More sparring took place, when Bush got in two light blows on Dwyer's face. A left-hander from Dwyer on Bush's right peeper was returned instantly by Bush, who struck Dwyer on the breast. Bush struck at Dwyer, missed his blow and fell, when he was struck across the back by Dwyer. Cries of "foul" were raised, but the referee decided that the blow was accidental, as Dwyer was in the act of striking a swinging blow as Bush fell.

4. Bush's eye was considerably swollen and nearly closed. He came promptly to the scratch, and after some cautious sparring on his part, and considerable dancing about by Dwyer, Billy hit Bush a stinger in the mouth, and received a counter from the latter's open hand. More sparring, when Bush went down, but getting up was again struck by Dwyer a heavy blow on his damaged eye.

5. Dwyer again advanced into Bush's corner and forced the fighting, striking out at Bush twice, both blows falling short. Bush got in on Dwyer a tremendous blow on the back of the neck. Both clinched and attempted to get each other's head in chancery. A large number of light blows were exchanged with lightning rapidity, but with no visible effect. They separated, when Bush dropped between Dwyer's knees; Dwyer stepped over him and went to his corner.

6. Bush came up with a more determined expression of countenance than he had previously manifested, and Dwyer's face had a wicked expression, and it was evident to the spectators that both men had warmed up to their work. Bush held his head more erect and watched his man as well as his one sound eye would permit. Left handers were exchanged, when Bush got in two blows on Dwyer, who countered with a right hander on Arthur's ribs. Dwyer then rushed at Bush, when he received a tremendous blow on his left side, sending him sprawling to mother earth, being the first and only knock-down in the fight. The fighting of Bush in this round inspired his friends with new confidence in his abilities, and he was encouraged with cheers from the spectators.

7th and last. The fighting in this round was good, blows falling thick and fast. Bush got in a stunner on Dwyer's neck, and Dwyer returned with a body blow, receiving a swinging blow in return on the neck. Bush got in a terrible blow on Dwyer's ribs, and was closely pressed, when he dropped. At this stage of the proceedings a better feeling was manifested for Bush, and the prospect seemed good for a long and toughly contested fight.

On time being called for the eighth round, Bush, who was wiping his face, threw the sponge into the ring. One of his seconds, supposing the action to have been unintentional, picked up the sponge, when Bush said he would not fight any more, and the second threw the sponge in the air, shouting, "He's whipped!" to the utter amazement and astonishment of the spectators, to whom the action of Bush was incomprehensible. Bush was then taken from the ring by his friends, and expressions of disgust and contempt for the vanquished were everywhere manifest, and "none so poor as to do him reverence." The crowd jeered and taunted him, calling him a "cow," "sick baby," "bilk," "slouch," "cur," and similar opprobrious epithets, and shouting, "He can't fight a sick woman," "I can get a little boy who will whip him," and in every conceivable manner expressed their contempt for a man who had made so poor a show. The crowd cheered Dwyer and pressed around him, congratulating him on his easily won victory. His face had not received a scratch, and after being dressed no one could have told from his appearance that he had been in the fistic engagement. Notwithstanding the fact that Bush got in so many blows upon Dwyer, the latter bore no marks, owing to the fact that Bush generally opened his hand and struck with the flat of it. This peculiarity of conduct was generally noticed and remarked, and was set down to his inexperience, want of skill and nervousness. Efforts were made to get up another fight, but the lateness of the hour prevented. The ropes were coiled up and the party returned to the boat. Bush had in the meantime gone ahead with two or three friends, and returned to his room on board of the boat. The party then embarked, the moorings were cast off and the boat headed for the city.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.

On the way home Bush sent for several representatives of the press and voluntarily made the following statement:—

At Congress Hall, on the night of the 22d of August, eleven weeks ago, I gave out a challenge to fight any man at 145lbs., give or take 4lbs. Dwyer accepted the challenge, but could not raise a cent. After the excitement was gotten up the understanding was between myself, Dwyer and Con Mooney that the fight should go on in public without any money being put up, but it was to be represented that $2,500 was up on each side, when really not a dollar was up. The excitement had been raised, and it was agreed to go on with the fight, either to have officers stop the fight or to make a draw fight of it. I went to Sacramento and started in pretending to train, but really did nothing towards training, and weighed nearly as much when I came down as when I left. When any one came around to the Louisiana track I pretended to be training, but at other times was doing nothing. Last Friday I came down to San Francisco, and weighed myself in the presence of my trainer at McCue's on Monday morning and weighed 152 pounds, about the same as I weighed on leaving the city to go into training. On Monday night I went to Mooney's to be weighed. We all retired to a private room and weighed. I weighed 152 pounds and Dwyer weighed 145 pounds, which shows that Dwyer trained, for when I went to Sacramento Dwyer weighed the most. When we came out of the room at Mooney's it was given out by agreement that I weighed 144¾ pounds, and Dwyer 140½ pounds, when Dwyer actually weighed 145 and I weighed 152. Sunday night Dwyer met me opposite McCue's stable, in the Alley, and we had a talk about what we should do. The first talk was that we should have an officer to stop the fight. We finally concluded to go on and make a fight of ten rounds, agreeing not to punish each other in the face, and to play light on the body; that the thing should be broken up in a row, and cutting the ropes upon a signal by Con Mooney. When we started to come up on the boat two rooms were selected, with a door leading from one to the other. Mooney came in there and advised Dwyer to go to bed and have some rest; and, speaking to my man, advised him to have his room cleared so that they could come together and have a talk. When the room was fairly cleared Mooney unlocked the door from Dwyer's room, and putting up the sheets over the windows left the room. Dwyer and I got together, and fairly arranged our fight for the day at ten rounds. It was decided upon between us that we should fight ten rounds, neither man should punish the other in the face and should play light upon the body. At the end of ten rounds the ropes should be cut by Dwyer's friends and the row be started, and the referees were to decide the fight as a draw under the rules of the ring. No understanding was had with the referee so far as I was concerned. I went in with the intention of throwing myself open to Dwyer, when he took advantage of it and stunned me on the first round. Afterward Dwyer struck me two foul blows, which were not given me, although claimed by my seconds. I being out of condition, and seeing that Dwyer was not keeping his promise, but was taking advantage of my condition, and I not having any friends present, and no money to fight for, saw that there was no use in stopping in the ring to get cut up, as I had no money to pay doctor's bills. I am now willing to fight Dwyer either for fun, love or money, upon a sufficient time being allowed for training. It was understood that I should have the first four rounds, Dwyer the next three, and I the last three.

JOHNNY LAFFERTY AND JIM BOYTON MATCHED.—On the 4th inst. articles of agreement were signed and a deposit of $50 a side posted for a match for $300 a side between Johnny Lafferty and Jim Boyton, to fight on December 10th. The second instalment of a like amount was to be planked at Barney Frain's on the 11th inst., the third at Charley Herbert's on the 18th, the fourth at Frain's on the 25th, and the fifth and last, of $100 a side, at Herbert's, on Dec. 1. Lafferty is backed from Covington, Ky., and Boyton from Cincinnati.

BATTLE FOR A SMALL STAKE.—On the 19th ult. the local fancy mustered in strong force at the Cheshire waters, near Manchester, England, to witness a fight for £5 a side, between Young Wadlow and Bill Tierney, a couple of Salford light weights. Both were ably seconded by fistic talent, and a referee having been selected, the lads commenced hostilities. A couple of rounds were got through in rattling style, which augured well, when a posse of "rurals" made a descent upon the fighting party, and collared Tierney, but Wadlow escaped.

A ONE-ARMED resident of Colorado has issued a challenge to try conclusions, fistically, with anybody for the championship of the territory and fifty dollars.

BENEFIT TO ABE HICKEN.

A larger crowd of sporting men, including many of the Broadway "upper crust," gathered at the upper hall 600 Broadway, on Saturday evening, 31st ult., than has been there congregated for some time, the loadstone or the attraction being a complimentary testimonial to Abe Hicken, who has fought some of the best men beyond the blue Atlantic, and in December next is to display his abilities as a ring fighter in this country in opposition to Peter Maguire, who fought Tommy Chandler sixty-nine good rounds on the Pacific Slope in the winter of '66. Abe was sure of a good "ben." at any time, but an additional incentive to attendance was found in the fact that upon this night something lively was expected to transpire; as a sequel to the off-hand scrap on the Wednesday morning prior between Ebenezer and Butt Riley. Nothing of the sort occurred, however, and 'tis fortunate it was so, for due preparations had been made, and had the anticipated rumpus taken place, somebody would undoubtedly have been severely injured. A song and dance by the "Jack of Clubs" was first upon the programme, after which a brace of youngsters made themselves ridiculous and bored the audience proportionately, and then a new comer, named Edwards, came on with O'Meahr. These two were very well matched, and had a slashing box, the first of which was in favor of Edwards, who planted his left time and again on the dial very neatly, often eluding the returns; but Omelia, who is exceedingly well put up for a young 'un was eager for it all the time, gave latterly as good as he got, and finally tired out his opponent, who rushed things too fast, and frequently struck out wild. The claret was drawn from the facial promontories of both, but most copiously from that of Edwards. The next couple were the unsquelchable and eccentric "Hoboken Clipper," and a ponderous, square-shouldered "Hinglisher," McKay by name. The comical antics of the horse-trimmer excited much merriment, and his peculiar tactics puzzled his opponent. After three rounds, during which the Hobokenite had the best of the hitting, though he was knocked upon his beam end by rushing too forcibly against Mac's left, the Englishman utterly refused to have any more of it, and retired amid the jeers of the spectators, leaving Clipper stock at a premium. Young Gallagher and Larkin, the corpulent youth, next displayed their knowledge of the art, and after a neat set-to gave place to those old friends and frequent opposites in a box, Lake Gleason and Ed. Tuohey, the latter of whom was lately spoken of as a match for Hicken and would probably have been matched had not Maguire showed up when he did. They had a friendly engagement, boosting each other all over the stage, and laughing continually as though it was the best fun in the world to them to nap plenty of hard knocks, which both got, one of which brough the cochineal from Luke's organ of scent. A couple of kids succeeded them, and after them appeared the "Clipper" again, in company with Tim Hussey. This was a slogging match from the start, but the confident Hoboken rooster found more than his match in the big framed Timothy, who speedily compelled him to cry a go, he being so weak at the close that he could scarcely move his "wings," and the carmine fluid trickling from a cut over his right optic. Tim evidently regarded this as a big feather in his cap, but considering the disparity in the size and strength of the contestants it wasn't so much after all. Tovee now announced that Billy Edwards being *non est* Dan Kerrigan would wind up with Hicken; and then, after offering up thanks, introduced the pair. The display was very scientific and pretty to look at, and drew forth frequent plaudits, but it was not as exciting as the spectators desired. Thus wound up the show, which in all respects was a success.

TURN-UP BETWEEN DOONEY HARRIS AND GEORGE LEESE.

"Where there's a will there's a way," is an old truism, applicable to all individuals, whether princes or pugilists, and the little *on dit* to which we are about to allude, is a striking example of how easy a matter it is for two men who want to fight to do so to their utmost. 'Twas evening, and the wind blew fitful gusts on the aforesaid evening (Oct. 31st), when two well known British boxers, long residents of the United States, named respectively William, *alias* "Dooney" Harris, and George Leese, *alias* "Snatchem," fell out while in their cups, discussing various matters at a well known sporting house on West street, not a thousand miles from the Inman line of steamers pier. From words the men of science came quickly to blows, until it became necessary for the proprietor of the tavern to interfere and order them out. Instead of ending the fuss, as we are informed, this only stimulated them to further hostilities, and to make it more interesting the bold Dooney offered to lay a fiver that Snatchem couldn't do him in ten minutes, which is said to have been accepted by the voluble Snatch. The bargain settled, both men accompanied by a select few, started for the first dock, and proceeded to pummel each other with the greatest vim, fighting all over the slip and once or twice coming very near going overboard when clinched, and rolling over and over. Various reports are in circulation as to the time and number of rounds fought. Some say seven minutes, others 12 rounds; but enough is known to prove that there was great execution done, as Snatchem had both eyes shrouded in deep blue borders the next day, while Dooney was so badly hurt as to be compelled to keep his room for several days afterwards. Dooney's principal injuries, we were told, were the result of being double banked afterwards, although he didn't escape scot free, by any means, at the hands of Leese. After it was over the police appeared in large numbers, but through a little brainwork on the part of a shrewd sporting man, both Harris and Leese got out of harm's way just in time. Leese is the same who was defeated by Clare. Harris' career is too familiar to recapitulate.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.—Joe Coburn, one of the most scientific exponents of the art fistic in this section, intends spending the winter in the El Dorado of the Pacific Slope, for which he will take his departure, probably, on the next steamer after his great glove contest with Prof. Clarke shall have been decided. Coburn has never yet tried his fortunes in the golden country, although often solicited by residents of that thriving place, and that he will be well received is a foregone conclusion. There is some talk of Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, accompanying the Roman nosed gladiator, but nothing is as yet certain on that score. Ned seems desirous of visiting the Great West upon the settlement of his business with Joe Wormald, and has no notion of leaving these parts until it is settled. The Giant and Coburn, were they to make the trip overland, would make barrels of money, as the term goes, and they may yet conclude to try it.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A WEDDING FEAST IN NORMANDY.

A wedding dinner in Normandy is a serious affair to undertake, and demands both time and patience on the part of a novice. As for the *habitues*, they seem to enjoy it very highly. The company sat down to eat at noon, and when we had left at noon the next day they had not yet left the table, but proposed staying another twenty-four hours. Although there was occasionally some sleepiness among the *convives*, there was no lack of gaiety. Roguish old uncles retailed all the old staple wedding jokes, more or less indecent, which were laughed at as heartily as if they had never been heard of before, and teasing old aunts and grand dames, told or hinted all the old scandal that might hector or bring the blush to the faces of any of the young fellows present. Incessantly the unfailing bottles passed round from hand to hand, the glasses clicked together, and the health of everybody was toasted over and over again. During the festivities it is the duty of the groomsman to sit by the bride, and see that she is served with everything on the table; also, he must watch, or at the moment when his eyes are turned away, or when he has left her place for an instant, another will steal away the bride, take her to another seat, and assume the honors of groomsman. This causes a great many stratagems, and furnishes from time to time a laughable scene. The company would often leave the table and walk in procession, two by two, around the streets. The drink was wine and that favorite of the Norman countrymen, apple brandy. The latter is, undoubtedly, the most villainous liquor in the world; forty rod whiskey is nectar in comparison. The farmers distil their own brandy, and make it of a very high proof, from 7 to 10 per cent. higher than all other brandies. Again, it is used when quite new, and, in consequence, harsh. For any one whose stomach is not already well cauterized with fiery drinks, a single glass of brandy is enough to make him sick for a week. How the people at the wedding were able to do so I cannot understand, but I know that for twenty-four hours they continued to drink, at short intervals, of this brandy, alternating with wine and cider, yet nobody was seriously intoxicated, and I venture to say they continued the same operation for twenty-four hours more, yet were able to go soberly enough to their homes. Wedding festivities, especially when there is dancing, often last for three or four days of a continual carouse, during which nobody sleeps, unless it is to take a nap in their chairs at the table, or, perhaps, lay down for a couple of hours. The happy pair usually quit the company at the end of 24 hours or so, and leave them to feast and frolic until fatigue compels them to go home.

A QUEER DIVORCE CASE.

A divorce case in which Louisa F. Lear was plaintiff, and O. H. Lear was defendant, was brought before Judge Sutherland, of this city, on the 6th inst. Plaintiff was a woman of twenty-five years of age and the defendant is twenty-three years her senior. A short time since she obtained a decree of divorce from her husband, the defendant, and the case came up yesterday on a motion to set aside the decree or so modify it that she could receive alimony. It appears that an attempt was made to obtain a divorce by collusion, a friend acting as the medium of the arrangement, and the proposition being that Mrs. Lear should allow Mr. Lear to obtain a decree of divorce as against her. Mrs. Lear could not see it in this light, and a second proposition was to the effect that if she would obtain a divorce from him he would allow her reasonable means of maintenance. She had no objection to this idea, and the papers used on this motion disclose that he went to a house of ill repute, accompanied by a friend who was to appear as a witness to prove his infidelity. Through this same friend an attorney was employed to conduct Mrs. Lear's case, the husband to pay the fees, and the divorce was obtained. The defendant then refused to render her any support, saying he "had the best of her; she had a long headed Dutchman to deal with." The attorney also told her she had no remedy. The attorney who obtained the decree says now that he did not know the money was paid by Mr. Lear, and denies that he stated to her that she had no remedy, but that, on the contrary, he told her what her rights were and she declined to attempt their enforcement. The defendant denies that he ever promised his wife any allowance, but neither admits nor denies the allegations as to his guilt. At the close of the argument the Court took the papers and reserved its decision.

A VIAL FEMALE.—A young bank clerk in Paris was recently robbed by a woman, under the following singular circumstances: He had been sent there to pay a draft but when he arrived there he found the room crowded with men and women, who also wanted to pay drafts. By his side stood a pretty young lady, well dressed, and of very elegant manners. "How provoking this is," she said to him, "we shall have to wait at least three hours until our turn comes." The clerk entered into conversation with her. He found her so chatty and amiable that he invited her to accompany him to the neighboring coffee house, and the upshot of the matter was that he spent the whole day in her company. He thought he could get the draft the next morning from the *suisse* of the bank before it had been protested. Late in the evening he was walking with his dulcinea in one of the deserted alleys of the Chateau de Fleurs, when the lady suddenly drew from her pocket a casket from which she took a small golden vial. "This vial," she said to him, "contains a very delicious perfume; just smell it." The young man smelled the perfume, became very dizzy, sank to the ground, and fell asleep. When he awoke to consciousness, several hours afterwards, he found that his gold watch and all his money were gone.

A FEMALE IN MALE ATTIRE.—One of the feminine gender, "Miss Frankie" by name, was discovered by a detective on the night of the 31st ult., in a fashionable "parlor house" in West Twenty-sixth street, N. Y., attired in a "nobby" suit of male attire. The officer secured a hack and started with his prisoner for the nearest station house, but before arriving there she succeeded in "talking him sweet," and she was allowed to return home in peace.

A MATRIMONIAL JOKE.—Mr. John G. Saxe recently met on board a steamer a lively young lady, to whom he made himself agreeable. Of course he made an impression upon the damsel, who said at parting, "Good-bye, Mr. Saxe. I fear you'll soon be forgetting me." "Ah, Miss," replied the many times defeated candidate for Governor of Vermont, "if I was not a married man already, you may be sure I'd be for getting you."

A WEDDING TOILET valued at $8,000 was on exhibition at St. George's Church, in this city, one day last week.

☞ Welling's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, constipation, with flatulency, headache, languor and all weaknesses of the digestive organs; pleasant to the taste and convenient to carry. Sold by the druggists. 25-4t

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Further and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

J. R. Green,	H. Stone,	Harry Clifford,
Wm. Carleton,	M. W. Fiske,	Wm. Shepler,
Harry French,	C. L. Banks,	I. N. Drew,
W. A. Boswell,	Lew Woodward,	J. Lew. King,
Chas. Weightman,	Mons. La Thorne,	Eugene Leach,
John Naylor,	Wm. Organ,	J. W. Sanford,
Mat. O'Reardon,	Fred. L. Kent,	A. B. Newcomb,
Wm. E. Biddison,	Lon P. Berger,	H. M. Tyndall,
T. H. Jefferson,	Ben Brown,	Harry Sanderson,
Geo. Winthrop,	K. H. Brink (2),	Manager B. (3),
Abram West,	John T. Raymond,	Lew Collins,
Chas. De Verdie,	Louis Henderson,	Wm. Lake,
McKean Buchanan,	Johnny McVeigh,	Stephen Massett,
Max Maretzek,	W. O. Crabbie,	J. C. Fryer,
Henry Lindley,	Chas. Holly, 10c.,	Chas. Mathews,
W. Hilton,	E. Eissman,	Frank Collins,
Geo. Gaston,	Ole Bull,	Harry Newell,
W. H. Sleigh,	Anton Zulm,	Max Strakosch,
Jerry Cohan,	Skiff & Gaylord,	Chas. Dobson,
W. A. Oughton,	W. J. Thompson,	C. B. Hicks,
Harry Bloodgood (2),	Edwin Blanchard,	Jimmie Fay,
Chas. Melville,	Prof. Nichols,	S. D. Perose,
Edmund Holmes,	Ted O'Brien,	T. B. McDonough,
John E. Searler,	J. L. Stackhouse,	Chas. Parker,
Gus Mortimer,	John F. Keppel,	Chas. E. Lovett,
R. G. Wilmot,	Mark Beerman,	A. Tyte,
W. Wilder,	Frank S. Finn,	J. G. Shorey,
M. C. Dorithy,	M. L. Townsend,	D. C. La Rue,
Lew Benedict,	Chas. Heywood,	J. G. Newton,
R. P. Jones,	Geo. Danforth,	Frank Kent,
W. B. Carroll,	Wm. Grassmack,	J. H. Carter (2),
Tom Coney,	Frank Townsend,	H. T. Mudge,
G. F. Metkiff,	Chas. Frost,	Chas. Vivian,
W. Richards,	Frank Campbell,	J. Gordon,
Jennie Oakley,	Lottie B. Maxwell,	Mrs. H. More,
Annie Lasten,	Carrie Weston,	Lotta (2),
Kate Fisher,	Carrie Gardner,	Anna Everett,
Jeannie Gourlay,	Pauline Cushman (2),	Emma Dumont,
Marietta Ravel,	Louisa Wray,	Mad. Macarte,
Helen Western,	Therese Berrie (3),	Jennie Johnson,
Anna Byron,	Charlotte Richardson,	Emma Booth,
Mlle. Augusta,	Violet Campbell,	Mrs. F. L. Kent.
Jennie Barker,	Ada Richmond,	

City Summary.

MONDAY, Nov. 9, 1868.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, BY "OUR JIM."

Once more I take my pen in hand to have a few occasional words with my invaluable readers durin' the absence of my "indulgent boss," but I'm gittin tired of this here sort of thing; I think indulgent bosses ought to do their own dirty work, and not git their *corpses* to do it, and then they git all the credit. It isn't just the mitey cheese, and if this is treason, as Mr. P. Henry said in a thanksgivin' speech, let 'em make the most of it.......The fellerin *billy dux* carries its own tail with it:

Galena, Ill., Nov. 4, 1868.

CONFIDENTIAL.

DEAR JIM:—Seeing how things were going, and feeling convinced that the "early bird catches the worm," I took a special train from New York for this place to congratulate General Grant on his election to the Presidency. I had made the same arrangements to call upon Mr. Seymour, had fortune smiled on him in the late contest. This note is written to you in strict confidence; you will, therefore, be cautious, and not divulge my present whereabouts to a living soul, not even to that black-eyed little creature who calls upon me once a week for her dues. I do not wish the readers of the CLIPPER to think that I am after office, for you know I am neutral in politics, but am always sure to turn up on the winning side—such is my luck. After years of toil in the service of one party or another, without ever as much as receiving the most trivial position in the gift of the most humble office holder, I think I am on the right tack now. *Veni, vidi, vici*—I have seen General Grant; have had an interview with him; and smoked the calumet of "let us have peace" with him. I boarded him at his boarding house, where he promises to be bored to death before he gets to Washington; but I've got the inside track, he being an old sport. I shall be detained here for some time. Say nothing about it, however. If the readers express dissatisfaction at my absence, and at the crude manner in which you conduct this department, say that I am seriously "indisposed;" if they doubt it, pay Dr. Allspice five dollars and he will give you a certificate to that effect, which you can publish, and that will still the clamor of the rabble. If the office I am after carries patronage with it, I will see that you and the rest of the boys are well bestowed. Don't forget the Doctor's certificate—tell Bray to give you twenty-five cents to pay for an extra dish of clam chowder. If you are *forced* to tell where I am, say—and this will obviate any necessity for lying—that I have gone to see a poor Gal-in-a western State. Mum's the word. Remember that a still tongue makes a wise head. Don't forget the extra clam chowder, or the Doctor's certificate.

YOUR INDULGENT BOSS.

That's all very well, Mr. Indulgent Boss, and I give our readers the benefit of your explanation; but *veni, vidi, vici* hasn't nothin' to do with it, whatsomever, which such language it is all Greek to me. The extra clam chowder isn't no more than I'm entitled to; it's not much for all this here extra brain work which is forced on to me. What's he mean, I wonder, by sayin' that a still tongue makes a wise head? That's some more of his dirty slurs. *He* keeps a still tongue, goodness knows, but I don't see that it never makes *his* head wise. He got off a pretty good thing, though, a while ago, which I think ought to be ventilated. You know that we are building a new office, don't you? I guess not, though, for the boss's still tongue has kept you out of that, even. One day, just when they was beginning to lay the foundation, the indulgent boss thought he would show us all where our future residence was to be, so in he marches where all us fellers was makin' believe to be busy, and without changin' a mussel of his immovable countenance, he says, says he, in the language of a diseased poet:—

"Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie!"

The *corpse* seen it at once, and they burst out into one of the most irrepressible conflicts of merrimental mood which it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive of, I guess...... I never could git the hang of the boss's politics. When Kentucky, some months ago, went Democrat by two or three or four hundred thousand, Salt River tickets poured in on the boss, until he jockalary exclaimed, "Old Kaintuck must be a pillow of salt!" Then when Johnty Hoffman got "it" for Governor, his friends sent in excursion tickets by the hundred, and this, mind you, at the same time as the Grant men was sendin' of 'em in by cart-loads. There isn't never an excursion up Salt River but what all of the boss's political friends send him dead head tickets, some of 'em marked "C. O. D.," to remind the officers of the boat that he belongs to the codfish aristocracy, and to treat him in a becomin' manner. Here's a few specimen tickets:—

NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1868.

Pass the Editor of the CLIPPER free on the Salt Water Excursion.

JOHNTY HOFFMAN.

All aboard for Salt River. Editor's Ticket. Dead Head. Pass Frank Queen and suit. Rations found.

USELESS GRANT—SCHUYLKILL COLEBOX.

Nov. 4, '68.

This is all I can give in this issue of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, but its enough to show the estimation in which the boss is held by both parties; there isnt but few men favored like that. I don't think his unbiased neutrality was ever equaled by the extremest British neutrality in its most halcyonest days, and I say this without prejudice......The absence of the boss, owing to "serious indisposition"—of which a doctor's certificate will be published, if necessary, for which I have his receipt—I open all his private correspondence to see if there's any jokes in 'em worth usin'. Some of 'em is rich. Frinstance:—

3,375 Fifth Avenue.

DEAR FRANK:—I gazed upon thy pensive face at the opera last night, and read a tale of sorrow there. I could not meet thee at the appointed rendezvous in consequence of the prying eyes of a cruel, unrelenting parent. Your sweet note was a balm for every wound, however, and the assurance that you are a single man, fills my soul with joy. Read "Personals," in *Herald*, next Wednesday. We may be happy yet. Thine ever,

PRISCILLA OGILBY.

Of the truth of these reports I don't know nothin'. I give the letters as they are, leavin' my well-informed readers to arrive at their own conclusions. Here is another, which it isn't so funny. It was left by that "black-eyed creature" of whom he has reference in his confidential note. She *isn't* bad lookin', that's a fact; one of the cold facts, as the opposition said when they saw the day after election that Seymour and Blair hadn't got it."

New York, Nov. 1st, 1868.

MR. FRANK QUEEN:—This is the second time you have disappointed me. Let it be the last. Who has made me what I am? For who am I hiding away, shuttin' myself out from the world, but to save you from disgrace? I loved you as never woman loved man before. I have given you my soul and body. But beware how you trifle with my love, for I can hate as fiercely as I have loved wildly, madly. How am I to support your child if you do not give me the means? You have purposely avoided me, and for whom? For that *woman*, that vile harlot who seeks to draw your affections from me. I asked you to spend last Sunday afternoon with me, for I was so lonely in my retreat, but you never came, and I almost died with grief. Were it not for our little one, I should go distracted at this neglect. If you are bent on deserting me, *your wife shall be informed of our liason!* and of your intimacy with that woman! Beware what you do. I will yet be avenged for the wrong you have done me.

AMELIA.

There don't seem to be no joke in this, and I'm afeard the boss has been doin' somethin' wrong. I think I better not publish no more of this private stuff, for may be the boss won't like it. You'd be astonished to see the letters he gits on this kind of subjects, and what is the most strangest part is that they all have somethin' to say about children, and board bills, and such like. Why, you might think the "indulgent boss" had been very deep in the illisit still business, of defraudin' the government, and ministers, and registers, and baptisers, and so on. But I'm mum—"a still tongue makes a wise head," the boss says, and I guess *he* ought to know. There is a old adage which says a burnt child dreads the fire, but of this I can't avouch......Theatres isn't been doin' a right hearty trade durin' election week; some of 'em looked as bare as the "Black Crook" girls used to look, and that was *awful*; it used to shock me every night I went to see 'em; if it hadn't been I was *forced* to go in my employment as a cricket, I don't suppose I should have seen so much of 'em as I did. I used to see men there every time I went who ought to be *ashamed* of theirselves—men with several families, and grown up daughters exposed to the rudish gaze of libidunous men. As I said, some of the play houses was just as bare during election week, and some managers cussed right wicked, and dammed all the politicians, and wished they was all in hell! I grieve to think men should be so worldly and selfish. There was quite a variety of plays played, first and foremost of which was "Metamora," a big Injin, played by Mr. Forrest in honor of the rise and fall of the big Injin of Tammany Hall, and for which Mr. Mare Hoffman giv him the freedom of the city in a private box at Niblo's Garding, where the Injin show was brought out. Mr. Forrest has made the Injin business a deep study, I believe; but I don't think he isn't got the nack of turnin' his toes in enough; Ingins is proverbal for turnin' their toes in, specially squaws; but as Metamora wasn't *much* of a squaw, I think that's why Mr. Forrest didn't study this feature of it too close. But I think by constant attention to his business, and goin' a little more among the Injins, he will in time become a right good actor. N. B.—This isn't no puff. I also went up to the Academy of Music, so-called, to see Leotard, but he was in the same category with my boss—"owing to indisposition" he wasn't unable to appear any more until elections had subsided. Elections has much to answer for; they're wuss than the root of all evil, I think, but I don't *insist* on my 'pinyuns being proverbal. Another party which is much hankered after is old Grau's French show. Some evil-minded persons (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) [*To the foreman—"See if this is right"*—Private—"OUR JIM."] says it's a immodest show, but it's only them which doesn't understand French which has such indelicate ideas. *I* don't see nothin' immodest in 'em, and I've seen everything in that line, while huntin' up items in a professional mood. Look how they rose agin the Grecian bend! "What shockiness!" they'd say, and turn aside to hide their blushes, which wasn't nothin' but Dr. Gouraud's excellent red paint. [The doctor gives the boss soap and things, thinkin' he needs 'em, perhaps, and I think it no more'n right to say a good word for the doctor; I don't believe in gittin' things, and sayin' nothin' about 'em, lettin' on that you don't want 'em, and all that. I expose all such beastliness—"OUR JIM."] And what was it all about, forsooth? Nothin'; just nothin'. A idea strikes me impulsive mind, and I call upon the poetic muse to assist me in offerin' this

QUERY.

If "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,"
What, wast, I pray, will be the crooked end
Of the gay damsels with those humps behind
We see cavorting with the Grecian Bend."

But as I said prevuesly, let her bend; wimmin has as much right to their ways as other men, be they of the male or masculine gender, I don't care which. I also put in one evenin' with Lucy Thompson and her contemperaries up at Wood's Museum. 'Have you seen Lid. yet? By the way the house is crowded a refined and discriminatin' public must think them performances immodest, too. It's a well known maximum—handed down to us from the infancy of Adam and of Eve—that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." I rise to a question of privilege, and would ask the author of them remarks what's his intensions is by such spurious language. The man which could conceive such rudeness in speech must be a profligate of the most radicalest ill-fame. Take, frinstance, a female woman of a highly moral class of education—put the best store clothes onto her which the market affords—put lily white on to her heavenly face, dye her well-rounded eyebrows, and give a slight dab of red to each cheek—isn't she then beautiful forever? Yet this wicked wretch who's the author of the previous adage would tear the things from her wirtuous back, and stand her up in a complete state of unadornedness to be looked at, and cajoled, and toted off to assignation houses by the most wiciousest men which this wirtuous city is capable of projucin'. I say down with such pernishishness. I haint no extremist in anything, but I would hang the pollated sicorfant or any other corfant who would thus unadorn woman and disgrade her. Lydia Thompson, Ada Harland, Lisa Weber, Pauline Markham, and the rest of 'em is beautiful enough for me with their things on, and *wice wersa*. And talking about beautiful maidens, and how they'd look when unadorned the most, puts me in mind of a little thing which suggested itself to me mind's eye, Horatio Seymour, as I was taking mine ease in another man's inn on election night with two box stews and a double fry waitin' me onslaught. Its a

CONUNDRUM.

Give me, give me an answer—
Answer me riddle young chap—
What is the difference between, now,
A maiden and her night cap?

Don't be all day about it!
Can't you see one's born to wed,
And the other, you innocent numbskull,
The other one's worn to bed?

"Me eyes is in a fine frenzy, rollin'," to use a well known motto of a sleepy sluggard, so I'll close this amusin' little narrative by givin' you the follerin' communication, which reached me hands by reglar course of male, for which I paid the boy four cents in the coin of the Queen's realm. You will see, after you read it, may be, what's its about, showin' that somethin' more is needed than a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I don't take no man's dust in my respects for this Animal Society, but I shed a good many tears when I see how innocent little children and unpretected wimmen is mauled and treated, and beaten by unscruperlous characters in the disguise of men. I don't go about gittin' up riots, or incouragin' wickedness of any sort, but I must admit that I yearn to wipe any man across the Dutch snoot which abuses children which haven't no means of defence. There is other means than cruelty to keep boys in the traces besides lickin' em, and I hope Gen. Grant, now that we've elected him President, will wipe out this unhuman abuses, if it takes the whole power of the army and navy. Jist read this here communication.

Mister Clipper:—Reading into your paper t'other day about a way some circus chap has of whaling talent into his children by the back door at the end of a strap, puts me in mind of some experiences of my own in that line, and sort of sets my own flesh creeping. The possibility is that philanthropy may be mistaken as regards individuals, although, doubtless, very justifiable in the abstract. I can tell you one thing for certain, and that is, if I hadn't been kivered with welts and bumps in *my* boyhood, I shouldn't a been able to stand onto my head atop of a maypole in a shower of fireworks and twist myself into a cruller as I can now, nor hop from trapeze to trapeze as I now do, and might have been obliged to content myself with the menial employments of a tradesman, and perhaps ha' been toted off to Greenwood and buried under a marble mussalloven, instead of breaking my neck gloriously in a Niagara leap, as I one day hope to do. MISTER CLIPPER, I'll tell you a secret which of course you're not up to; all circus boys what's expected to be anythink has to take it regular. At first they objects to it and tries to run away, but after a bit they sees the good it does, and gets to like it. All of us that's come to imminence in the show line has been through the mill, and blesses our instructors for dislocating our bones and induratin' of our muscles. Ask the Hanlons, ask the Buislays, ask the Martinettis, ask anybody that can turn a cozen flip-flaps without the springin' board, and they'll all sing the same tune. I mind when the old Richmond Hill Circus was in full blast, with old Wells for clown, and Aymar and Dale, and lots of other clever boys in the ring, what times we used to have of it. It was a high old place, it was, and had a fine stage for the display of equestrian speckticles, and this reminds me of a prime geak, for wonst when we'd been doing our best to shabby houses, Mr. Garvey, whom was great in the Spanish Tranca, came forward and said, says he—"Ladies and gentlemen, the treasury being short o' funds to pay the gas bill, the manager requests me to state that, owing to circumstances beyond his control, this season will have to be postponed *sine die*, but next year he hopes to resume the agreeable task of public caterer, under more favorable *horse-pieces* (h'auspices). "Never say die!" yelled the pit with one voice (and *he* was a dead head), and went out to take a glass of tanglefoot without askin his money back. Shall I ever forget the flush days of the old Richmond Hill, when all the butt-enders used to crowd its walls to revel in "Timour the Tartar," the "Blood Red Knight," and the "Cataract of the Ganjees," done up in prime style with a whole regiment of horse and all the resources of the talented company; and when old Bill Stickney use to fly down the painted precipice as Mazeppa, after a stile that nobody has never came near to since. And what a brilliant display we made as we rode round the circle all tights and spangles, and how the house came down when we piled ourselves in pyramids or went into convolutions on the upturned feet of Risley, our posture master! Poor fellow! I wonder if he larrups his Japs the way he use to give it to us at rehearsal! But them days has gone, although I sometimes think 'em over in the ring, and wonder if it'll ever come my turn to break my neck before the gaze of admiring thousands. Of all the old Richmond Hillers, I believe I am the only example now livin in these parts. A few days ago I went out with a livery horse to have a look at the races. I rode round amongst the groups to see if I couldn't recognize a friend, when a band near by struck up the overture to the "Bronze Horse." Just then my horse, which was a painted one, started in to dance, and got so excited over it that he didn't mind whip and spur no more'n if a child had been handlin' him. He finished up by tryin' to stand on his head, and when I dismounted amidst great sensation, to look him in the face, what should I recognize but our old trick horse Selim, that used to be the delight of the ladies at the Old Richmond Hill. "To this complexion must we come at last!" I ejaculated, and sadly turned away to hide—not a little circus boy, but a tear!

IF THE PUBLIC TASTES, as exhibited in their hankerings after amusement, may be accepted as evidence of the prevailing state of mind in different ages, the present is clearly very different from all that have preceded it. Only a few years ago tragedy was the prevailing passion, and plays that had sufficient merit to keep the stage were works of genius calculated to withstand the ordeal of print and to occupy conspicuous places on the shelves of libraries, side by side with productions of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Ford and Marlowe. The humorous palate was tickled with the wit of Colman and Congreve, and a swarm of minor dramatists satisfied the public craving for what was called the "minor drama." For many years the "Spanish Armada," and "Puff, the Critic," were the only examples in the line of travestie, but with the coming of "Bombastes Furioso" a hidden chord in public sentiment was touched, and a new era of theatrical entertainments was at once inaugurated. The satirical element in our nature was developed, and Planche and other English playwrights were on the alert to gratify it by a succession of burlesques of which "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," "Za-Ze-Zi-Zo-Zu" and "Aldiborontifoskifornioštikos" were shining examples. Based upon lively sallies calling for the display of the keenest wit, the modern burlesque has maintained its place upon the mimic stage as a specialty, and has even been pressed into service by the negro minstrels, of whose performance it at present constitutes a salient part. It's *forte* is here the unlimited travesty of opera, and from "Bone Squash Diable" or "Coal Black Rose"—the star pieces in this department of wit before our day—to the "Grand Dutch S" and "La Belle L N," we know of nothing in the theatrical *repertoire* more capable of provoking the risibles or more deserving of being liberally sustained. The burlesque serves a double purpose by ridiculing the follies and pretensions of the day, and thus restraining aspirants within the bounds of decency and common sense. Of late the full fledged *ballet* and pantomime have been added to the original woof of which burlesques were made, producing an agreeable effect, as the continued succession of crowded audiences sufficiently attests, and triumphantly redeeming the modern stage from the charge of tameness which for so long a time clung to its skirts. Properly understood, a burlesque is the very incarnation and embodiment of trenchant satire, but as too much of one thing would soon pall upon the appetite, a dash of extravaganza is added. Music and dancing are brought in to heighten the charm, and the scenic artist lends his aid with great effect to crown the illusion. It must be a vulgar mind which can suppose that obscenity and indecent revelations are necessary to enhance the interest or strengthen the attractive powers of these waifs of the passing hour, and it is to the credit of many of our managers that such appliances are generally discountenanced by them, as they certainly are by the great majority of the playgoing public. While, however, we accord to burlesque it's due meed of praise, we do not echo the too common regrets over "the decline of the drama." Plays of an elevated character, well put upon the stage in every department, are sure to meet with proportionate encouragement when rendered by performers capable of entering into the spirit of their authors and imbued with at least a share of their talent.

"ORPHEE AUX ENFERS" is the title of a new burlesque produced by Kelly & Leon's Minstrels on the 2d inst. It has, no doubt, been in preparation for a long time, judging by the amount of labor attending the production of a piece presented in the manner which this has been. As regards scenic effects and magnificence of costumes, nothing equal to it has ever been attempted in a minstrel hall in this country, and we have seen many spectacular pieces mounted at first class theatres whose transformation scene would sink into insignificance in comparison with it. The same may be said of the costumes, for the dresses worn are not only magnificent but equal in elegance and style to anything we have witnessed in this city for some time. Leon has four changes, each rivaling in beauty the other; Mr. Kelly, Brockway, E. Warden and L. Mayer are also beautifully costumed, and Mr. Kelly has two or three changes. The scenery, from the opening to the close, is very handsome; but the best one is the crowning climax, while the Transformation Scene is dazzling in the extreme, equaling in effect any scene witnessed on the New York stage excepting the "Black Crook" and the "Fawn." The manner in which this burlesque has been placed upon the stage is a credit not only to Messrs. Kelly and Leon, but would be to any theatre in Broadway, and crowded houses ought to be in attendance every night to repay them for their outlay. It is capitally acted in every respect. Leon is Eurydice, while Kelly as Jupiter, Brockway as Orpheus and E. Warden—a late addition to the company—have the leading parts and do them full justice. Harry Leslie and Harry Raynor appeared on the ends last week, the former as bones and the latter as tambo. They came to this city a few months ago with a big reputation from Australia and California, and appeared together with the Frisco Minstrels for one week; but as they appeared only in the olio it was stated that they did not have a chance to show themselves. We were pleased with Harry Raynor's Japanese Fiddle act and said so, but were not so favorably impressed with Mr. Leslie in his Stump Speech, from the fact that we could not find anything he said or did to laugh at, nor did we see or hear any one else of a different mind. However, preferring to see the two performers at another time, we waited until they appeared at Kelly and Leon's, where they have certainly had every opportunity of displaying their abilities, for they have the ends in the first part, as well as two acts in the olio. Messrs. Leslie and Rayner no doubt did please in Australia, South Africa and other countries where a minstrel show is a novelty, but they certainly are not up to the required standard as first class end men for New York, where, if a man is funny, it is very quickly found out. Unfortunately they sung two end songs—the Hen Convention and Hold Your Horses—old enough to have been sung by the first band of minstrels nearly twenty years ago. Then again, all their gags were so old that the audience knew them by heart, and it was impossible to provoke any one to laughter. Although Mr. Leslie has a fair voice, Mr. Raynor has none whatever, and scarcely a word he uttered while singing could be heard. There may be some excuse for the shortcomings of a man on a first night, in a new place and before a strange audience. In the olio they appear to greater advantage, for Raynor's "Japanese Fiddle" is an act that will make any one laugh, and in the act called "Cosmopolitan" they were pretty good.

THE WORRELL SISTERS' THEATRE was reopened on the 4th inst., under the joint management of the Worrell Sisters and Augustin Daly. "Under the Gaslight" was produced, with some changes in the cast. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway appeared as Byke and Laura, Viola Crocker Barrett as Peachblossom, F. A. Gossin as Ray, Mrs. I. R. Shewell as Pearl and Sadie Cole as Mrs. Van Dam. The balance of the cast are about the same as when originally produced at this house. Mr. and Mrs. Conway acted well their parts and met with a good reception. Viola Crocker is a good *soubrette* and played the *role* of Peachblossom with considerable vivacity. Mr. Gossin shows rapid progress in his profession, and bids fair to make a good juvenile comedian. J. K. Mortimer appeared in his original *role* of Snorkey and met with a hearty welcome. He acted very well the part of the one armed soldier throughout and makes the part one of the features of the play. Mr. Rynor was excellent as the judge and signal man, receiving a good round of applause for his acting at the signal station. Mrs. Shewell had very little to do except to look charming, which she did. Mrs. Wright afforded considerable amusement by her rendition of Old Judas, while Charles Parsloe came in for a large share of applause. The attendance was only fair the first night, but business picked up by the close of the week. The same piece will hold the boards this week.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS produced the past week a most excellent burlesque on "La Somnambula," entitled "The Midnight Grecian-bender who Walked in her Sleep." Several new scenes have been painted expressly for it and the costumes are very appropriate. Nearly all the music is from the original opera, and is exceedingly well rendered by this troupe of black artists. The song of "Taffy was a Welch Man," sung with so much applause by Lydia Thompson, Pauline Markham, Liza Weber and Harry Beckett at Wood's Museum, has been happily introduced, and is sung by Nelse Seymour, Dempster and others in a manner that ellicits thunders of applause and is demanded two or three times. The song of "The Bells are Ringing for Sarah" (changed to Amina), is also effectively given by the entire company with bell accompaniment. Warren White, an old times rocks member of the profession, has been added to the company and is a valuable addition. The burlesque was acted throughout in a pleasing manner, and is the best thing of the kind this troupe have done this season. In the first part Charles Henry sang in a spirited manner "Oh Maggie When the Sun Goes Down," which was well received.

THE COUTELLIER BROTHERS, who made their *debut* at Tony Pastor's Opera House two weeks ago, are two young men that are clever athletes. They perform on a trapeze suspended from an iron frame similar to the L'Echelle, tightly secured at the end directly over the footlights. The largest one of the two does all the difficult feats while the other is merely lifted up and down. The former possesses a wonderful amount of muscle, as he performs a number of feats on the trapeze and L'Echelle seldom attempted by anyone. While hanging by his feet he holds his companion in mid-air by a belt, with his teeth, and twists him around and around. Although they are not very graceful they are very clever performers. A most laughable act called the "Cow-bell-O-Giana" was performed last week, introducing Billy Sheppard and Johnny Thompson in a comic double violin solo, which was not only cleverly executed but was loudly applauded. Although Alice Seedler is a pleasing vocalist she should stop singing political songs, for they never add to the popularity of anyone. While some may be pleased there are many of a different opinion. As the political struggle is over she should quit struggling for applause through such a source. Tony Pastor has also got a weakness this way. It is just as easy to please the entire audience with a good song, as only one half, as is generally the case with those of a political nature. This evening Mons. Jean Gibbons, gymnast, puts in an appearance. Business was good all the past week, the house being well filled on election night.

"IXION" continues the attraction at Wood's Museum, but will shortly be withdrawn for the production of the burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." Mr. Dubonay, a young gent who plays one of the characters in the opening of "Ixion," has a capital make up for Forrest. Although he has very little to do, yet he does that little well.

JAMES TAYLOR and his combination continue at Apollo Hall, on Twenty-eighth street, near Broadway, but business does not appear to improve. Alf. Burnett, one of the most pleasing humorists before the public, appeared in conjunction with the company, making one of the strongest attractions in the city. Mr. Taylor appeared, in addition to his previously noticed songs, as a modern swell in and the character song of "Happy Uncle Joe," all of which were given in his usual quaint and pleasing style. Mr. Burnett took his text from "Weepin' and Whalin'," followed with his "Woman's Rights" and his character impersonations. Prof. Sharpley appeared in a concertina solo. Taken altogether, the entertainment is one of the most pleasing we have witnessed for a long time, and every act is enthusiastically *encored*. Mr. Taylor will shortly go on a traveling tour.

THE STAGE VS. BLACKSTONE.—The profession is at present pretty well represented in our courts. William B. Freligh, manager of the Bowery Theatre, has been sued in the Circuit Court by Augustin Daly. Mr. Freligh produced on the 2d inst., the play of "After Dark," written by Mr. Dion Boucicault, and in which is introduced the "railroad scene," alleged to be exactly like that originated by Mr. Daly, and represented in the play of "Under the Gaslight" at the New York Theatre, this season and last. The plaintiff claims that this valuable scene, which was his own conception, was duly patented by him, and that the defendants had no right to make use of it in the performance at their establishment. On the affidavit of Mr. Daly, Judge Benedict issued an order requiring the defendants to show cause why an injunction should not be issued by him restraining them from continuing the representation of the "railroad scene" in the performance of the play of "After Dark." The order was made returnable on the 9th instant. The second is that of Edward R. Ward, who brings a suit in the Supreme Court against W. H. Lingard, of the Theatre Comique, on a breach of contract. Mr. Ward alleges that on the 7th of September last he entered into a contract with Mr. Lingard, to act as stage manager, light comedian and first walking gentlemen, at a salary of $30 per week; that he continued to perform such duties until the 1st of October, when he was discharged. He now sues for three weeks' salary. The next call is that of Miss Forrestine Berthillot, a late member of Papa Bateman's Troupe. She sues him in the Marine Court claiming $500 damages for an alleged assault and false imprisonment on June 26th. The last case is that of Maurice B. Pike against W. H. Lingard for breach of contract. Mr. Pike was engaged for the season, but owing to some little difficulty between Lingard and Mr. Pike's wife, both were discharged. It is Mr. Pike's intention to sue Lingard for each week's salary.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE continues to do a most excellent business, the principal attractions being Lingard and Prof. Hilton, the ventriloquist. The latter is unquestionably one of the best ever heard in this country, and this is proved by the hearty reception that awaits him every evening. His act is one of the most entertaining we have listened to in a long time, and the management, well aware of his great popularity and at the earnest demands of the audience, has put him on for two acts this week. The farce of "My Neighbor's Wife" was capitally played on the 6th, and Mr. John Raymond, as Timothy Brown, convulsed his audience with laughter. He is a pleasing comedian. Conway Cox is a good amateur actor and shows signs of improvement.

THE FRISCO MINSTRELS made several changes in their programme the past week. Bobby Newcomb, Cooper and Fields appeared in a triple jig dance, Backus gave his pleasing and correct imitations of actors, while Billy Birch rattled the bones with the same astonishing skill, and his fun and humor appear to be perennial. Tim Hayes executed a clog dance. "Barber Brown," the most successful afterpiece yet produced by this company, continues on the bills.

IMPORTANT NOVELTIES are in active preparation to be introduced in "Humpty Dumpty," in addition to which will be a new burlesque for the introduction, a beautiful transformation scene now being painted by Mr. Hayes; also a grotesque automaton imported from Paris. By constantly introducing novelties in this pantomime, it will no doubt enjoy a run equally, if not surpassing the "Black Crook," which, so far, enjoyed the longest on record. The *matinees* on Wednesday and Saturday are largely attended, particularly on Saturdays, when standing room is difficult to obtain after the performance has commenced. The attendance the past week was quite large.

JAMES MELVILLE and his talented children, professionally known as the Australian family, commence at the New York Circus this evening; also Jeannette Eilsler on the tight rope. In addition to these fresh attractions the Conrad Brothers do for the first time their daring act called the Triple Horizontal Bar. The "New York" is giving one of the best equestrian entertainments witnessed in New York for a long time, and the attendance is quite large every evening as well as on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

THADDEUS B. GLOVER, a gentleman well known in the literary world in this city, died in this city on the 6th inst. He was the author of a number of plays produced in this city at the Bowery, the "Heart of the Great City" and "River Pirates" being the most notable. He had been suffering from lung disease for a long time. He was in the forty-second year of his age.

JOSEPHINE ZUCCOLI, the youngest of the Zuccoli sisters, *danseuses*, who came to this country with the "Black Crook" troupe, and who afterwards appeared with Butler's troupe at 472 Broadway, died in Havana suddenly on Oct. 30th, with the black vomit. She went to Cuba with her sister and a *ballet* troupe under the management of Tamaro and Albisu, but met with a disastrous failure and bad treatment from the manager.

EDWIN FORREST terminated his engagement at Niblo's Garden on the 6th inst., when he appeared as Richard to a densely crowded audience—the largest of his engagement. Mrs. H. P. Grattan deserves especial praise for her excellent rendition of the Duchess of York. The same may be said of Mad. Ponisi as the Queen.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS opens an engagement at Niblo's Garden of six nights this evening in "Elizabeth."

A REGULAR VARIETY COMPANY opened at the Alhambra on the 6th inst., consisting of Viro Farrand, Mr. Charles, Harry Richmond, W. Howard, Lottie Estelle, Florence Wells, May Scott, Agnes Sutherland, Naomi Porter and Robert Nickle, with Mons. La Thorne, stage manager. This company was engaged at only a few hours notice, as Harry Macarthy was called to New Orleans by telegraph the same day to attend court, he having sued Spalding and Bidwell for breach of contract, and the trial was set down for the 12th inst. The entertainment given by this company, was, under the circumstances, a most satisfactory one. The attendance has been pretty good of late, and now that a full variety company is engaged the hall will, no doubt, be full each evening.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS give their first *matinee* on the 14th inst.

THE BUFFER OPERA CONTEST between Grau and Bateman is all in favor of Grau, whose "Genevieve de Brabant" has been crowding the French Theatre ever since its opening representation. Bateman, having nothing fresh to offer the people on the western slope, is compelled to rely on operas that are becoming stale, flat and unprofitable. Grau's theatre is better located for purposes of opera than Pike's Opera House, and the fashionables throng to Fourteenth street in consequence of that and the superior style of performances offered. A portion of Bateman's party are in Philadelphia this week, trying to create a diversion in favor of Bateman's *grand armee*.

GEORGE AIKEN is busily engaged preparing several sensational plays for the Bowery Theatre.

MANAGER SELWYN, of Boston, was in this city during the past week.

SICK.—Kate Newton, who has been lying at the point of death the past week, was a little better on Sunday evening, the 8th inst., and the prospects at present are that she will recover. She took cold in her dressing room in the Broadway Theatre during the cold snap we had about two weeks ago, there being no fires in the rooms. She was so low the latter part of last week that her life was despaired of on the 7th inst., and her death was looked for at any moment. We are pleased to know that she is much easier.

"AFTER DARK" will be produced at Niblo's Garden on the 16th inst. McKee Rankin, F. C. Bangs, Belville Ryan, Louise Moore and Sidney Vane are in the cast. The last two are late arrivals from England.

PREPARATIONS have already commenced for transferring Tammany Hall into a place of amusement. The lower floor will be fitted up with *cafes*, where "everything that the market affords" will be furnished in good style, while the hall up stairs will be devoted to amusements of all kinds and of a first class order. Leonard Grover will be the acting manager. Harry Jarrett sailed from England on the 7th with talent, but the place will not be ready for them when they arrive.

P. PICARD, agent for Chiarini's Circus, sailed on the 9th inst. for California to join the company. He took with him R. Rivers, El Nino Eddie and Willie. Viro Firand, *danseuse*, was under contract to go, but backed out at the last moment.

MARRIED.—Paul Alhaiza and Aline Lambele were married on the 2d inst.

MACEVOY'S HIBERNICON is announced as in the last week of its stay at Irving Hall, where it has been attracting large audiences the past week.

J. E. HONER gives a concert at Steinway Hall on the 15th inst. Anna De La Grange appears.

THE TOM THUMB COMBINATION appear at the Cooper Institute Thanksgiving week.

MAX MARETZEK opens an Italian Opera Season at the Academy of Music on the 16th inst.

MRS. LANDER commences another engagement at the Broadway Theatre this evening in "Marie Antoinette." Barney Williams in "Emerald Ring" on the 23d.

MLLE. RITA SANGALLI, at present the *premier danseuse* at the Olympic Theatre, where she has won quite a reputation as a first-class representative of Terpsichore, has concluded to make her *debut* next season as a *prima donna*, under the direction of Max Strakosch in this city.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS continues to give performances every afternoon and evening on the lot in Thirty-fourth street near Broadway. The management announce for the current week the first appearance of James Robinson in his somersault act, and carrying his pupil, Clarence; also Jennie Watson and the Denzer Brothers. The company give a first-class show and are well patronized.

DICK CARROLL joins Kelly and Leon's Minstrels this evening.

W. L. JAMIESON, son of the late George Jamieson, died in this city at half-past four o'clock on Monday morning the 9th inst., at his late residence in Bleecker street corner of Elizabeth, after a brief illness of the typhoid fever. He was born in this city Oct. 15, 1835, and made his *debut* as Osric in "Hamlet" at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1855. He afterwards traveled throughout the country playing character parts with his father. Made his *debut* in this city at Barnum's Museum, where he played character and eccentric business with considerable success. His last engagement was with Maggie Mitchel's traveling company. He was a good actor and a warm friend.

BEN MAGINLEY is at present in this city, where he intends remaining for the winter.

ARRIVED.—Miss Louisa Moore, from the Haymarket, and Edith Challis, from the Adelphi Theatres, London, arrived on the 9th, in the City of Paris, and will appear on the 26th, in "After Dark, or London by Night," at Niblo's Garden.

HARRY CLIFFORD, comedian, has been favorably received at the Bowery Theatre, since the opening of the season. He has made a decided hit in the character of Nicodemus Nobbs, in "After Dark."

"AFTER DARK."—In the case of Augustin Daly vs. the Bowery Theatre management, the former [illegible] tion to restrain the representation of the rail [illegible] play, the court, by consent of counsel, adjourned [illegible] the 9th inst. until the 11th inst., when the argument will be heard by Judge Nelson. It is rumored that Harry Palmer, of Niblo's Garden, has obtained an injunction against the management restraining the performance of the play, and that it is to be served this evening, the 9th.

SHAVEY & Co., the scene painters on Broadway, are thriving. They have gotten up the scenery for the New York Theatre, and proscenium for McEvoy's Hibernicon at Irving Hall, and an elaborate garden scene, for Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn.

A YOUNG LADY made her *debut* at Niblo's on the 7th inst., as Nichette in "Camille," lately performed by Annie Deland. This lady received three lessons from Matilda Heron, which, it is stated, is the only instructions she has ever received from any person. Her *debut* was a successful one, and she bids fair to make her mark.

Dramatic.

NEW ORLEANS THEATRICALS are reported to have been only fair up to Oct. 28th, under which date our correspondent, "Nat Ormsby," says:—"The Varieties Theatre, since the penning of my last, has produced 'The Lady of Lyons.' The play was tolerably well produced and very well received. The farce of the 'Wandering Minstrel' concluded the performance of Oct. 23d. On Saturday the second family *matinee* was given, with the 'Hunchback' for the attraction. The cast was the same as upon a previous production of the piece. Alice Gray appeared as Julia, and I was not prepared for such a performance. Close analytical study was exhibited in every phase in which the character was presented by this gifted lady. There was nothing of exaggeration or tameness, but a well sustained and modulated power marked her portrayal of the wayward, impulsive, self-willed and high-toned Julia. 'Richard the Third' was produced on the evening of Oct. 24th. There was no performance on Sunday. On Oct. 26th 'Masks and Faces' was brought out, and repeated on the 27th. To-night (Oct. 28th) 'Camille' is to be produced. Business at this house continues good, and the management thus far have no reason to complain......At the Academy everything is going along smoothly, with good houses and a performance equal to any variety theatre in the country. All the old favorites remain and no changes have been made since my last except in the programme, and the addition of Luke Schoolcraft, who made his bow on Oct. 23d in a Dutch character. Luke's appearance upon the boards is generally a signal for applause. Bonfanti, Delehanty and Hengler and Vivian, underlined to appear, have not yet made their appearance, but are shortly to give a sample of their style of doing things."

"FOUL PLAY" was produced in Syracuse, New York, on November 2d, by J. C. Myers' dramatic company.

AT THE BRYAN CITY (Texas) Theatre, "Macbeth," "Retribution" and "Robert Macaire" were produced during the week ending October 24. Carrie L. Dalton opened with the company in "The Hunchback" and "Perfection," essaying the parts of Helen and Kate O'Brien. She is pronounced a handsome lady and a good actress, and bids fair to become a favorite. Our correspondent says:—"Since my last Geo. W. Miller has been united in the bands of wedlock, and is now, I understand, speculating in cotton, having retired from the profession. On October 26 Miss Agnes Stanfield (Mrs. Noyes), took a benefit (the first of the season), when was acted "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Maid with the Milking Pail." Miss Stanfield is a favorite here, a deserving lady, and one who strives hard to reach the ladder of fame. The company comprises at present J. Frank Noyes, C. Toler Wolfe, C. Jerry Foster, J. C. Heybourne, Chas. Wallis, C. G. Strahan, Willie Wrenn, Prof. Ed Patch, Miss Agnes Stanfield and Carrie L. Dalton.

NELLIE GERMON and Robert Johnston were the stars at the New Nashville Theatre the past week. Under date of Nov. 1st., a correspondent says:—"'Little Polly, the Child of the Street,' was rendered well. Nellie Germon, as Little Polly, truthfully personated the character and received the good opinion of all present. During the piece she favored the audience with several songs and was loudly *encored*. She has a sweet voice, and is in every respect a sprightly little actress. Robert Johnston ably supported her, and in his personation of the character of Grims proved his versatility. The other characters were well sustained by the stock. On Oct. 30th 'Foul Play' was presented to a large audience, and this sensational play passed off with *eclat*. These two stars are re-engaged for five nights more. Although perfect strangers when they came here, they have already become great favorites. The company consists of Mr. Frances, W. H. Cooper, A. Morrison, J. M. Hamilton, C. F. Walters, Julia Walters, Lizzie Cooper and Mary Thompson."

AN IMPOSTOR.—Hotel keepers and all others should be on their guard against persons attempting to pass themselves off as correspondents of this paper. It is needless to say that the person referred to in the annexed note is an impostor:—

SYRACUSE, Nov. 2d, 1868.

FRANK QUEEN.—A person has been here for the past week who registered his name at the hotel as E. M. Gotthold, correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER. He told the landlord of the hotel he was paid sixty dollars a week by you. He sold outside tickets for J. Holmes Grover's farewell benefit with us, and yesterday bolted from the town, leaving his hotel bill unpaid and forgetting to return to Mr. Grover the money for the tickets he had sold. Thinking you might wish to know of this matter, as the man uses your name very freely, I drop you this.

FRANK J. WHITCHER,
Agent Myers' Company.

JENNIE HIGHT'S COMBINATION appeared in Decatur, Ill., on Oct. 30th, in "The Ticket of Leave Man," when Jennie appeared as Sam Willoughby. Emma Leland has lately joined this company.

R. M. DEWITT, theatrical book publisher of this city, has just issued fifteen cent editions of one act farces entitled "One too many for Him," "The Little Rebel" and "Taming a Tiger."

THE NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE has been meeting with success with Charlotte Thompson as the star. A correspondent, under date of November 1st, says:—"This establishment has been thoroughly regenerated, and is the only fashionable resort in the city. Mrs. W. C. Thompson, widow of the late manager, is the lessee, and C. D. Stienkuhl manager. Through their efforts, together with the assistance of Robert McWade, stage manager, they have succeeded in procuring the best stock company that has appeared in Memphis for a number of years, many of whom are rapidly becoming great favorites. Among the number I am pleased to make note of the following worthy gentlemen and ladies:—Theo. Hamilton, leading man; W. S. Higgins, heavy; M. Lanagan, first old men; R. C. White, second old men; G. W. Waterbury, juveniles; T. S. Cline, walking gents; Frank M. Morgan and W. Keat, general business, and last, though not least, Messrs. Robt. McWade and Frank S. Dorey, who ably support the *role* of comedy. Mr. McWade is a young man, and destined to be classed among the ablest in his profession. The following ladies are in the company and are acknowledged by the patrons of this favorite resort parexcellent in their respective lines of business:—Mrs. M. Lanagan, leading; Mrs. T. S. Cline, *soubrettes*; Mrs. Nellie Taylor, first old women; Mrs. G. B. Henri, second old women; Mrs. W. S. Higgins, juveniles; Viola Plunket, walking ladies; Miss L. Vultee, general business, and Madames Barrett, Navarre and Miss Blanch, utilities. The management, finding their company so favorably received, have determined to run them the ensuing week, during which Mr. Hamilton will appear as Richelieu, Metamora and other difficult characters, while McWade will appear in a round of comedies. Mr. and Miss Couldock open on the 9th inst."

F. S. CHANFRAU played "Sam" and "Joe" at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on Nov. 6th and 7th.

EDMUND S. COLES commenced a dramatic season in Montreal, at the Theatre Royal, on the 2d inst., with the production of "Nobody's Son" and the "Lost Child." Edwina Gray played Lucy, Edmund Coles, Joe; Mr. Becket, Peter; Mr. Langdon, Captain Dudley, and Kitty Fyffe, Patty. Colin Stuart appeared in the farce. Kitty Fyffe made a most favorable impression, charming the audience by her merry acting. "Little Barefoot" was given on the 3d, with Jose Booth as Amey and Kitty Fyffe as Rou. "Leap Year" was given on the 5th.

MR. AND MISS COULDOCK continued the past week at the Louisville Theatre. The "Chimney Corner" was given on the 2d, instead of "Old Phil's Birthday," in consequence of the indisposition of one of the principal characters.

WILSON AND CLARKE'S dramatic company, who performed in Calais, Maine, the past week, open in Eastport on the 10th for one week. The present organization consists of Kate Estelle, Mary Estelle, Annie Mortimer, Josie Morris, Lottie Ward, Kate E. Griste, Emma Morrison, La Petite Mai Estelle; E. W. Beattie, G. E. Wilson, C. H. Clarke, H. F. Pratt, M. M. Price, G. S. Whitmore, J. B. Howard, J. Billings, C. H. Newell, Wyatt and J. L. Connor.

THE FRANCE AND LANNIER DRAMATIC CONSTELLATION have been playing the past two weeks in Alpena, Mich., and were to go thence to Bay City and East Saginaw through the western towns, returning to the Canadas in December. Mrs. Lannier is the star.

"THE MOBILE (ALA.) THEATRE," says our correspondent "Guy," writing under date of Nov. 2d, "has run 'Nobody's Daughter' during the past week to slim audiences, but was withdrawn on Oct. 31st, when the Queen Sisters, Misses Laura, Julia and Fanny Waldron, made their bow in 'The Child of the Regiment;' Miss Laura as Josephine was rather tame; she neither dressed nor acted the character Buckstone intended Josephine to be, while Miss Julia as the Duchess could not be heard ten feet from the footlights. Miss Laura sang 'Ask Me Not Why' with considerable feeling, but in 'Salut a la France' she lacked the voice. Messrs. Grisdale, Wallace, Hayden, Webster and Shields were well up in their respective *roles*, as were also Mrs. Henri and Mrs. Madden. 'Under the Gaslight' is underlined for next week."

A LIVELY WEEK the present promises to be in Philadelphia, where the "Lancashire Lass" is announced at two theatres, each claiming sole right to its production in that city. Manager Sinn, of the Chestnut, announces that he obtained his copy from the author's agent in London, while Mrs Drew, of the Arch Street, bases her claim on having purchased a right to the piece from Lester Wallack, at whose theatre, in New York, the play is now running. Mr. Sinn has addressed a letter to Mrs. Drew, of which the following is a copy:—

CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
PHILADELPHIA, 7 Nov., 1868.

MADAM.—I respectfully call your attention to the enclosed certified copy of record in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, wherein it appears that the said Court have granted me a Copyright of my adaptation of H. J. Byron's play of "The Lancashire Lass." I am informed and believe that it is your intention to produce at your Theatre, for public representation, a play called "The Lancashire Lass," so closely resembling my own adaptation as to seriously conflict with my right under said Copyright, and I therefore respectfully request and demand that you will not produce for public representation said Play called "The Lancashire Lass," on the 9th day of November, 1868, as you have advertised, or at any other time, without my permission.

[Signed], W. E. SINN.

To MRS. JOHN DREW, Lessee and Manageress of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

So there is likely to be exciting times about the "Lancashire Lass," if "working the case up" in proper style goes for anything. The following is the cast of characters at each house:—

Characters.	*Chestnut.*	*Arch.*
Ruth Kirby	Miss Henrietta Irving	Mrs. John Drew.
Kate Garstone	Senora De Carlano	Miss L. Price.
Fanny Danville	Bessie Ludlow	Mrs. F. A. Creese.
A Party by the name of Johnson	Mr. J. B. Studley	Mr. Barton Hill.
Spotty	J. T. Ward	R. Craig.
Farmer Kirby	J. B. Roberts	——
Robert Redburn	G. L. Tilton	A. Everly.
Ned Clayton	E. Thorne	L. James.
Mr. Jellick	J. W. Jennings	S. Hemple.
Sergeant Donovan	Willis Page	Mr. Snyder.
Mr. Danville	——	F. Mackay.
Black Dan	J. B. Daily	——
Phil. Andrews	——	Mr. Meagher.

It will be seen that the cast is strong at both theatres, and as the management of both have promised to produce the piece, with new scenery, costumes, effects, etc., it is but fair to presume that a good performance will be the result at each house. We shall give the issue of this dramatic contest in our next, awarding the claims of superiority where we consider it to be justly due......The Worrell Sisters closed their English bouffe opera season at the Chestnut Street Theatre on the 7th inst. "Barbe Bleue" was presented on Tuesday evening, 3d inst., but an apology was made for Irene Worrell, who was cast in the part of Fleurette; it was given out that she was "indisposed," and she continued so during the week; the part was played by a member of the company. What is the matter Irene? No "Family Jars," we hope, in consequence of the recent card of Miss Sophie, announcing that Mr. Finch was no longer agent for the Sisters. The engagement has been fair......"He's Got Money," a new drama, was produced for the first time at the Arch Street Theatre on the 2d inst., but we question whether the management "got money" from it, the attendance not being very large. If the author could have introduced a scene where some poor devil is cut to pieces with a cheese knife, or a mangled carcase dropped from a balloon, the play would have suited the public taste better, and the patronage would have been liberal. There *must* be a diabolical sensation in a new production, now-a-days, if authors and managers hope for success. "He's Got Money" was concluded on the 7th, and now the "Lancashire Lass" is on the boards......The American is doing well with its varied entertainments of drama, *ballet*, opera, etc., not to omit the Mobille Can-Can, which never fails to echo the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. The American also announces the "Lancashire Lass" and "A Party by the Name of Johnson." Among the new attractions for the current week is Mlle. Conchita Ronzati, tight ropist and *danseuse*. A more attractive programme, or one better calculated to please every taste, is seldom offered outside of the American Theatre......E. L. Davenport is in the closing week of his engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre. Shakespeare having been thrown overboard by Mr. Davenport, larger audiences attended his sailor character business during the past week, and Long Tom Coffin will be retained for the present, "The Pilot" and "Rob Roy" forming the programme. On Wednesday evening, 11th Mr. Thomas J. Hemphill, business manager of the Walnut, will take a benefit, Mr. Davenport appearing as Dazzle, in "London Assurance," and Long Tom Coffin, in "The Pilot." ......On Monday evening next, 16th inst., Mr. Edwin Forrest will enter upon an engagement of ten nights......A portion of Bateman's bouffe opera troupe are at the Academy of Music the present week, opening on the 9th, in "Barbe Bleue," and a good deal of puffing is being done by the press to draw attention to their enterprise. We doubt its success, however, for the Worrell Sisters have given the Philadelphians as much of "Barbe Bleue" as they care to endure in one season.

ZOE closed her engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on the 7th. In the "French Spy" she had much success; while her newpiece called "Nita, or Woman's Constancy" was run to a succession of large audiences. This play was written by Chandos Fulton, one of the most successful and promising of the younger dramatists, expressly for Zoe, who appears to much advantage in the title *role* and astonished her audiences by her spirited acting and correct readings. The story is another illustration of the old saying "that true love never did run smooth." The play is in four acts and six tableaux, and is interesting and exciting. The situations are well worked up, and very exciting. She is followed this week by Emma Maddern, who opens on the 9th in "Cigarette," a dramatization by T. B. McDonough of "Under Two Flags."

THE COMPANY engaged by Claude DeHaven consists of Mrs. L. E. Barker, Mrs. Harman, Mary Norman, Agnes Leopold; Messrs. L. E. Barker, J. B. Brown, G. Bates, J. Lew King, Henry Warton, A. H. Allen, J. Woodruff and others. C. W. Kidder, late with the Hemmings, Cooper and Whitby's Circus, is director, T. L. Fitch, for several years with Yankee Robinson's Circus, is agent, and J. Beyer musical director. The party open in Middletown, N. Y., on the 16th, and go thence up the Erie road to Buffalo.

JOHN F. POOLE publishes a card in another column, warning managers or performers against producing any of his pieces written by him expressly for Tony Pastor's Opera House. Parties can obtain the right of playing them by addressing him as per card elsewhere.

THE "MOONSTONE" is the title of a new sensational play, in five acts and a prologue, written by George Aiken, copies of which can be had by addressing him as per advertisement elsewhere.

FOR CATHERINE LUCETTE'S Vaudeville theatre, Brooklyn, dramatic talent and musicians are wanted by Morton Price. A scenic artist is also wanted. See advertisement.

LIZZIE CLINTON, second walking lady, can be engaged. For address see advertisement in another column.

J. C. MEYERS' DRAMATIC COMPANY plays Edwin Adams in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 9th and 10th, and the company go thence to Springfield, Mass., for the 11th and 12th; Hartford, Conn., for the 13th and 14th; New Haven, 16th and 17th; Providence, R. I., 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st; return to Hartford for one week commencing Nov. 23d; Worcester, Mass., Nov. 30th, Dec. 1st and 2d, and Springfield, 3d, 4th and 5th.

HELEN WESTERN continues at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE occupied the Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, Pa., the past week.

BOSTON THEATRICALS were pretty good the past week, as we are informed by a correspondent who says:—"The great event of the week, and, indeed, of the season thus far, was the performance at the Boston Theatre, on the 3d, of Macbeth; Edwin Booth as Macbeth and Fanny Janauschek as Lady Macbeth. The house was literally crammed from parquet to the gallery, there being some four thousand people in the building. Mr. Booth never played Macbeth here in so masterly a manner as upon this occasion, and the Lady Macbeth of the German tragedienne was indeed a most masterly rendition of this powerful character. So wonderful is this lady's power of facile expression and so artistic are her gestures, that even to the many present unacquainted with the German language her lines were almost as comprehensive as if she had spoken in our own language. At the fall of the curtain there were loud calls for Booth and Janauschek, upon which Mr. Booth appeared and begged the audience to excuse the lady from appearing, as she had changed her dress, and desired him to return her thanks to them for the compliment. It is a pity that the German citizens and students of the language are not sufficiently numerous here to repay the lady for her arduous labors, but her audiences at the Olympic have been very small. She gave her farewell performance on the 5th, presenting 'Mary Stuart,' and on the 9th opens at Buffalo. 'After Dark' was produced at the Boston Theatre on the 4th, and was greeted with a meagre audience in comparison with those filling the house during Booth's engagement. The piece will not draw much money to the treasury, for so great are the attractions at the other places of amusement that the stock cannot compete with them....The sensation at Selwyn's was the production of Brough's historical extravaganza, 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold,' which proved to be quite as full of fun, good music, &c., as was 'Foul Play' of dismal jokes and stale music. The contrast is quite refreshing to the lovers of burlesque who flock to Selwyn's nightly. Eva Brent made a favorable impression as Constance, and the rest of the company in the cast were very successful. On the evening of the 3d (election night) the election returns were read to the audience by different members of the company during the burlesque, and were received with great applause. Stuart Robson is made to exclaim 'So glad!' several times in the piece, and when the announcement was made that Ben Butler was elected, his exclamation of 'So glad' brought down the house. The piece is a success, and will, doubtless, have a long and successful run, which it certainly deserves. 'Dreams of Delusion' precedes the burlesque, in which Mr. Robinson gives a fine performance of Sir Bernard Harleigh......The 'Surf' is drawing big houses at the Museum. ......Bonfanti, Regl and the rest are drawing well at the Comique. The *Can-can* is loudly cheered nightly......The Howard is still drawing immense houses. Trowbridge's 'Old Sexton' is the only new feature of note. Josh Hart has revived his Lingard business and is well received......It is rumored that the Olympic will be fitted up as a Minstrel Hall, and a large company will open it."

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" continued to hold the boards at the Galveston (Texas) Theatre, until Oct. 30th, when the "Stranger" was given with R. D'Orsay Ogden as the Stranger, E. A. Eberle as Solomon, Sam Ryan as Peter, and Nellie Johnson as Mrs. Haller. The "Bonnie Fish Wife" followed. On Oct. 31st "Nick of the Woods" and "Old Phil's Birthday" were played with R. D'Orsay Ogden as the Jibenainosay, George Morton as Richard Braxley, J. G. Beckett as Roland Forrester, E. A. Eberle as Col. Bruce, Sam C. Ryan as Roaring Ralph Stackpole, Nellie Johnson as Tillie Doe, Maud St. Leon as Edith Forrester, and Mrs. E. A. Eberle as Mrs. Bruce. On Nov. 2d "Rosedale" was to be given.

LEO HUDSON was re-engaged for the third week at the Academy of Music, Omaha. Nov. 2d was devoted to a benefit to the Omaha Fenian Circle. The performance consisted of "Arrah Na Pogue," with Mrs. German as Arrah, Nobles as Beamish Macoul, Irwin as Shaun, Jordan as O'Grady, and Ashton as the Sergeant. A correspondent says:—"The part of Feeney was rather too much for Rainforth. This gentleman would get through with character parts better if he would devote a little attention to making up his face. The piece was followed by a recitation of Shamus O'Brien, by Mr. Nobles, the performance concluding with 'Widow's Victim,' Miss Hudson as Jane, with imitations of popular actresses, Irwin again giving his burlesque imitations of Forrest and Kean. Miss Hudson produced, the week ending Oct. 31st, 'Putnam' and 'Cataract of the Ganges.' In the latter piece, on the 31st, herself and horse fell from the first run to the stage, both sustaining slight bruises, no material damage being done."

CARNER AND WOODFORD'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" COMPANY play in Hornellsville, N. Y., on the 9th, 10th and 11th inst., and Jamestown the balance of the week.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, who appeared in Detroit, Michigan, the past week in "Rip Van Winkle" is at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., this week, playing with his dog Schneider.

LAURA KEENE AND COMPANY appear in Detroit, Michigan, this week.

S. B. DUFFIELD, a gentleman well known in the dramatic world, has become manager of the Louisville Theatre, Mr. Fuller having retired from the management, and Mr. D. has a lease of the theatre for five years. Mr. Duffield was to open on the 9th, with J. H. Hackett as the star.

MR. AND MRS. R. A. BRENNAN, the former a baritone singer and character actor; the latter a serio comic vocalist and *soubrette* actress, may be addressed on business, as per advertisement in another column.

A TRAGEDIAN AND COMEDIAN advertises for a loan of $$3,000 in another column.

J. HOLMES GROVER, after months of careful preparation, has brought out his new comedy-drama, "The Way of the Wicked." It is said to abound with startling situations, exciting tableaux, and is one of the sensations of the day, by way of an old saw mill. The hero of the play is strapped to a large log, the mill set in motion, and the building fired. Mr. Grover informs us that this design was given him by Dr. M. L. Ruth, of Philadelphia, nearly two years ago, and any attempt to imitate is an infringement upon his scene. He carries the entire mill properties and elaborate scenery painted expressly for this act. We refer to an advertisement elsewhere.

EMMA MADDERN terminated her engagement at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 7th inst. On the 4th, she brought out "The Mountain Bell," which was well received. Miss Maddern's engagement was a success.

VAN HAMME'S BALLET AND PANTOMIME TROUPE perform in Providence, R. I., on the 11th inst., and remain four nights.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY were announced to perform "The Lonely Man of the Ocean," at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 9th and 10th inst.

THEATRICALS IN CHICAGO, ILL., during the week ending Oct. 31st, were not very brisk, owing to the election excitement, which tended to lessen the attendance at the various places of amusement very materially, some of them falling short of paying expenses. Our correspondent "Loiterer," under date of Nov. 4th, says:—"'Humpty Dumpty' enjoys the most remunerative audiences, and well it may, for every feature of the piece provokes the loudest laughter and amuses its beholders. No new tricks have been introduced, but many changes have taken place in the *ballet*. Pepita is dancing the 'Carnival' magnificently, and in the incidental *ballet* Mlle. Alexandrena does a new solo very neatly—this lady also does a dance with a skipping rope which meets with applause each night. Mlls. Ellsler and Denier also do pleasing solos. Sloan and Tony Denier keep up the standard of fun, and Leslie and Auriol that of grace in the pantomime. Goodrich appears this week in a new and nobby dress, in which to do the awkward, and meets with an instantaneous change of dress at the hands of Clown and Pantaloon when he proceeds with his champion act. The troupe will return to Cleveland on the 8th, and open there on the 9th for a few nights, when they proceed to Columbus...... On Nov. 9th Caroline Richings and her opera troupe open a season at Crosby's with 'Martha,' followed in turn by 'Czar and Zimmerman,' 'Crispino,' 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Norma' and 'Bohemian Girl,' which fills the bill for the first week......Frank Aiken has produced a new drama entitled 'Moonstone,' from Wilkie Collins' novel of the same name. The play is by Geo. L. Aiken and is drawing quite well for the season. It abounds in characters, there being some thirty-five, necessitating considerable doubling, which is not the best thing in the play world. The opening night it played until half past eleven, but Frank very wisely cut it next day, so it now plays only a little after ten, giving John Dillon a chance to wake 'em up in the 'Horse Railroad', which he never fails to do. 'Lancashire Lass' is underlined......The 'Dream' must be withdrawn on the 14th inst., giving our citizens but a few more chances to see the finest spectacle as well as the best cast comedy ever presented in this city. The houses are falling off materially."

ANNIE BLAKE, formerly of the "Undine Combination," played Fenella, in the "Dumb Girl of Porticia," at the German Theatre, Chicago, Nov. 1st, and met with an enthusiastic reception at the hands of the "Swei Lagers," being called before the curtain several times. She was to appear again on the 8th.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, resumed dramatic business last week, with John E. Owens as the attraction, who opened as Major DeBoots in "Everybody's Friend" and Solon Shingle. "Our correspondent says:—"The first play was well cast, Lingham appearing as Felix Featherby, a part he does well, though with a little mannerism. The programme was unusually long, however, the first piece occupying two hours in representation, and the audience was rather wearied with so much humor. The same programme was repeated on the 3d. On the 4th 'The Happiest Day of My Life,' with Mr. Owens as John Gilman, was substituted for 'Everybody's Friend.' On the 5th the 'Victims' and the 'Live Indian,' and on the 6th, for his benefit, Mr. Owens gave his impersonation of Caleb Plummer in 'The Cricket', together with the 'Live Indian.' On the 7th he appeared in 'Married Life' and 'Forty Winks.' His acting has attracted good audiences, notwithstanding the presence in this city of Maretzek's opera troupe. Owens continues at the National through this week. On the 5th Mrs. Mattie Clarke, a clever *soubrette*, was added to the company......Wood's Theatre did not open on the 2d in *ballet* pieces, as announced, John Allen being disappointed in the expected arrival of a *ballet* troupe. Their failure to come to time upset all his arrangements, but he finally managed to open on the 7th with the following company:—Mr. Fitzgerald, leading; J. H. Richmond, heavies; J. H. Wallack, second heavies; J. K. Vernon, juveniles; R. Grierson, first old man; Harry Linden, low comedy; Mrs. H. Linden, leading; Mrs. J. R. Allen, juveniles; Miss C. Jefferson, chambermaids; Miss Annie Mayhew, first walking ladies; Mrs. J. H. Wallack, second walking ladies; Mrs. R. Grierson, first old woman; Miss Maggie Lowry and others. The opening play was the 'Hidden Hand.' The theatre has been neatly refitted, one welcome change being the substitution of chairs in the parquette for the old benches. Mr. J. R. Allen is stage manager."

MAX MARETZEK'S GERMAN AND ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE opened at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, in "Il Trovatore," followed by "Faust" in German. "The audiences," says our correspondent, "have been only fair. The German operas have drawn well from the Over-the-Rhine portion of the city."

THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., is reported to be doing a good business. Lady artists are wanted there. See advertisement.

THE ATLANTIC GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, has been enlarged and now seats 2,500. Dramatic and gymnastic sensations, also novelties of every description, are advertised for in another column.

"NO THOROUGHFARE" was given at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th inst. The piece was placed upon the stage in a manner fully up to the usual standard, and the characters were placed in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hamilton, Susie Schenck, Mrs. F. Meek, and Messrs. Foster, Myron, Davidge, Lamb, Parkhurst and Beall. Our correspondent "Novice" says:—"Owing to the excitement attending the election, business has not been very flattering. Last evening (6th) "Under the Gaslight" was given, with Hamilton as Snorkey; Foster as Trafford; Myron as Byke; Lamb as Bermudas; Parkhurst as Sphnter; Mrs. Meek as Laura; Miss Schenck as Pearl; Mrs. Hamilton as Peachblossom; and Mrs. Muzzy as Judas. The same bill is announced for to-night. On the 9th inst. the Zavistowski Ballet and Pantomime Troupe appear in the French Spy and Spanish dances. A very interesting scene was given at the National Theatre on the evening of election day, which seemed to be quite a novelty, and was heartily relished by the audience. Manager Spalding had copies of election dispatches brought at once to the theatre. At the close of the first act one of the company made his appearance before the curtain with a role of manuscript in his hand and commenced to read the election news. The greatest applause was manifested during the reading of the returns, and the air was rent with cheers as the majorities were announced......At Wall's Opera House 'Foul Play' continues the attraction. The play is well put upon the stage, the scenic arrangements are complete and the company is a good one. New features have lately been added, one of which is a cascade of real water. The cast remains the same. This afternoon the last 'Foul Play' *matinee* is announced, and this evening the piece is given for the last time. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins commence a short engagement at this house on the 9th."

THE ROCHESTER THEATRE has been favored with good houses during the past week, to witness the new play of "The Black Band," which has proved a success, and held the boards the entire week. Our correspondent, "Agate," says:—"It is a dramatization of Miss Braddon's last novel, 'Oscar Bertrand, the Idiot of the Mountain,' and is really an excellent sensational drama, abounding in effective situations, well gotten up and well played, the principal characters being sustained by Mr. Meldrum and Miss Clifton. Mr. Dulany, who dramatized the story, was called to the front the opening night, to receive the plaudits of the audience. He received a substantial benefit on the 6th inst., on which occasion he was loudly called for, and appeared before the curtain, thanking the audience for their liberal support and appreciation of his efforts. He goes to Buffalo, where the play will shortly be represented. Mr. Wood and Miss Palmer have received nightly *encores* in the 'Curiosity Song.' Among the additions to the company are F. V. Jones and wife."

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Taunton, Mass., on Nov. 6th, to a good house, in the "Pearl of Savoy" and "Rough Diamond." Dollie Bidwell was warmly received in the *role* of Marie. Mr. Sullivan, as Arthur, gave prominence to the part of Arthur, and Mr. Donald, who assumed the part of Lanstalot, in the place of Mr. Bidwell (who was ill), did well. Lillie Marden—now Mrs. Wilkinson—played Margery capitally, and Charlie Wilkinson was excessively droll as Cousin Joe. The company will remain till the 16th, when they open in New Bedford. Yankee Locke will reappear on the 11th. Mr. Bidwell has been quite ill for the past two weeks, but was to appear on the 7th as Gennaro in "Lucretia Borgia." Notwithstanding the election excitement and the illness of both managers, this company is said to have been doing well.

CHARLES BARRON was the attraction at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., the past week. He opened on the 3d in "Ruy Blas" and during the week appeared in "The Fool's Revenge," "The Drunkard," "Merchant of Venice," "Katharine and Petruchio" and "The Apostate." Our correspondent, Mose, says:—"Mr. Barron appeared to advantage and displayed abilities of a hige order. His acting for the most part is quiet and impressive, his manner easy and graceful and his reading admirable. He received excellent support from the stock company. Mrs. Emma Waller is the star for this week. Edwin Forrest has been engaged, and will appear Nov. 30th, for one week.

THE NEW NASHVILLE THEATRE is still in a flourishing condition, though the late election excitements have materially lessened the attendance of late. Miss Nellie Germon and Rob't Johnson were re-engaged for the past week, and appeared in "Foul Play," "Hidden Hand," "Little Barefoot," "Caste," "Old Guard" and "Katherine and Petruchio."

MEMBERS OF THE PROFESSION in want of wigs of any shape, size or kind, can obtain them by calling upon or addressing Footner & Schmidt, as per advertisement in this and succeeding issues.

NOT IN THE BILLS.—During the first act of "Massaniello" at the Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, on the 5th inst., just as the company were in the midst of the Fisherman's Chorus, with Davis as leader, some man walked from the parquet to the front, climbed upon the stage, politely bowed Mr. Davis back and took up the song himself. The transaction was so cool, the manner of the man so deliberate, that both actors and audience were too much surprised to comprehend. The singing "Guiseppe" (Mr. Davis) gave back with a puzzled look, the "Fishermen" looked like they had caught a whale, and the fierce "Massaniello" laughed in a very undignified manner. The intruder was hustled from the stage mid roars of laughter, actors and audience joining.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" will be produced in Columbus, Ohio, by Manager Ellsler on the 18th inst.

HELEN WESTERN opens at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on the 17th, for two weeks.

CHANFRAU plays at New Haven, Conn., on the 11th and 12th inst., under Lowell and Simmonds' management. These gentleman have secured Roberts' new Opera House, Hartford, Conn., for it's opening, with a dramatic company.

SHERRY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY were announced to open in Williamsport, Pa., on the 9th inst. for one week.

A. O. MILLER'S DRAMATIC TROUPE produced "Money" in Dubuque, Iowa, on the 5th inst.

HOUGH AND DAVY'S COMPANY were to open in St. Paul, Minn., on the 9th inst. with the "Black Crook."

ST. LOUIS THEATRICALS the past week are reported as having been good at all places of amusement. Our correspondent says:—"At DeBar's, the principal attraction has been 'The British Lion in St. Louis,' a piece composed by G. P. Furgeson, better known as Jenks, of the *Democrat*. It is full of rich and racy sayings, and is a good burlesque on our City Fathers, Chaplin playing Dobson; Loomis, Peto the Lion, and Roger, Rip Rap. The other plays were 'Joyce's Baby,' 'Drunkard' and 'Rosedale.' On the 6th Jenks and Waldaner took a benefit, producing the burlesque and 'Guy Mannering,' with Charlotte Crampton as Meg Merriles, she having kindly volunteered for the occasion......At the Olympic on the 2d inst., Maggie Mitchell opened in 'Lorle,' supported by Jas. W. Collier and the company of the Olympic. Miss Mitchell is an old favorite here, and was greeted by a host of friends. During her engagement she will play her world-renowned character of Fanchon...... At the Varieties business has been good. The principal features are Fayette Welch's 'Last Sensation,' Carroll's song and dance, also his clog. Harman's comic song and 'French Dancing Master,' with Eagan as the Master, Jennie Eagan as the Scholar, and Welch as the servant, Pompey. The afterpiece was 'Too Much for Good Nature.' Deagle has in preparation 'Sinbad, the Sailor.'"

THEATRICALS IN BALTIMORE, MD., the past week, says our correspondent "Muggins," "notwithstanding the intense election excitement, have been unusually brisk, and all places of amusement have been well patronized......At the Holliday Street Theatre, Lotta opened on the 2d inst., in 'Pet of the Petticoats' and 'Family Jars,' supported by the regular stock company. On the 4th inst., 'Little Nell' was produced and will be continued the current week. As for the drama itself, I do not consider it a clear interpretation of Dickens' novel, but as it affords a wide field for the display of Lotta's peculiar talents, it satisfies her audiences. She has lost none of the vim and vivacity for which she is so justly noted, but performs in her usual captivating and life-like manner. Dick Swiveller is personated by Bishop, but I think him too heavy (physically) for the part. It is better suited for Saulsbury, who is cut out for such a character. However, Bishop spreads himself and puts in some good hits. Meeker sustains the arduous part of Quilp, and, although somewhat extravagant, deserves credit for his rendition. Healy as Grandfather Trent, Parker as Samson Brass, Kennedy as Ned Trent and Saulsbury as Slum, are all well rendered. Miss Stanley does Mrs. Quilp in her accustomed good manner. The same may be said of Mrs. Germon's Sally Brass. The minstrel troupe, in the scene of the English Fair, are shocking—positively shocking—and would never make their 'alf and 'alf were they to attempt the reality across the waters."

CALIFORNIA THEATRICALS.—We have news from the Pacific Slope up to Oct. 24th, by the overland mail. "Barbe Bleue" continued successful at the Alhambra, preceded every evening by the California Minstrels. Johnny De Angelis, the Dashwood Sisters, and Lew Rattler are in the company......"Faces in the Fire" and "Ireland as it Was" were given at the Opera House on Oct. 19th, "Married Life and "Handy Andy" were presented on the 21st, followed on the 22d with "Marble Heart;" 23d, "Rip Van Winkle," and 24th "Octoroon."......Thomas Maguire has leased his interest in the Opera House to Messrs. Sheridan Corbyn (present business manager of the Opera House) and F. G. Bert, long identified with the fortunes of minor theatrical enterprises in that city, and at the present time largely interested in the Olympic. Mr. Maguire's speculations of the last eight years have been somewhat herculean in their proportions and have failed to realize the pecuniary reward that was deserved. The new management will probably entirely revolutionize the character and *status* of the Opera House; indeed, it is authentically understood that the melodeon troupe now performing at the Olympic Theatre will be transferred to the boards of the Opera House for permanent occupation within a month. It is understood that Mr. Maguire meditates an early departure to the Atlantic States......George W. Ryder, long connected with the Olympic Theatre, and of late revenue collector, died on Oct. 19th......Charles Schultz returned from Australia on Oct. 19th......The "Black Book" a burlesque on the "Black Crook" is in rehearsal at the Alhambra.

SAM GLENN, the Dutch comedian, is now in Baltimore "resting on his oars," and was to have a benefit at the Broadway Institute on the 9th inst.

DAVIS' CONCERT SALOON and the Temple of Momus, Baltimore, are both running, but we notice no change of faces in either place since our last.

THE LEFFINGWELL COMBINATION are in Toledo, Ohio, this week, and go thence to Detroit on the 16th and Cincinnati 23d.

BATEMAN'S OPERA TROUPE presented for the first time in New Haven "Le Grande Duchesse" and "Barbe Bleue" on Nov. 6th and 7th.

ALEX. FISHER has left Philadelphia and joined the "Humpty Dumpty" company, under Ellsler's management, as treasurer. The receipts of this company in Chicago for the first two weeks are said to have been $14,816.65, which is a big business. This company go to Columbus, Ohio, next week, and thence to Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, and then down the river to New Orleans.

EDWIN FORREST, on the 6th inst., paid Mrs. Catharine Sinclair Forrest, through T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, the sum of $65,000, in full for alimony arrearages, etc., allowed by the court.

THE MARSH TROUPE, consisting of Amy Stone, H. F. Stone, G. W. Marsh, G. R. Caine, R. G. Marsh, M. S. Gregory, Chas. Clarke, Miss Lizzie Yeomans, Miss Nelly Marsh, Mrs. R. G. Marsh and Miss Louise Arnott, appeared in Shanghae, China, the first week in September, and were there up to last advices, Sept. 15th. They opened with "Fanchon," in which Miss Stone achieved a success, being called before the curtain at the close of each act. Since then the "Pearl of Savoy," "Po-ca-hon-tas," "Cricket on the Hearth," etc., have been given, notwithstanding the intense heat, which is almost intolerable at this reason of the year. The prices of admission were high, being—dress circle, $3; pit, $2; gallery, $1. The Marsh Troupe propose to remain there during the winter, and give three performances a week.

Negro Minstrelsy.

CHARLEY NORRIS' MINSTRELS perform in Pittsburgh, Pa., this week.

MARIETTA RAVEL closed in Columbus, Ohio, on the 7th, and is this week in Dayton.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS—Wash Norton's party—appeared in Stellenbosch, South Africa, on Sept. 15th and Wellington 17th. Steele, Coyle, Raynor, Sturt, Norman Coyle and Wash Norton are in the company.

GEORGE TEED AND SONS are prepared to furnish their patent banjo, five or six stringed. See their advertisement in another column.

THE ARLINGTON MINSTRELS closed in Chicago, Ill., the past week. Billy took a benefit on the 6th.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS closed in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 7th inst. The company played to more money in three weeks than ever before taken by a minstrel company, it is claimed, their receipts amounting to $26,000, and people turned away every night. There were some sudden changes in the company last week. Hart, Ryman, Queen, Sweatman and Curwen, the piccolo performer, all cut loose. Ryman, Sweatman and Curwen went to Pittsburgh, to join a new company just organised by C. A. Morris. Harry Slate and Charley Enos made their appearance on the ends, and, in connection with John Oberist, the warbler, did the funny things. The farces of the week were "Actor and Singer" and "Trix on Travelers." The troupe commenced traveling this week, opening in Hamilton, Ohio, on the 9th, Dayton, 10th and 11th, and Columbus, 12th, 13th and 14th. Mr. Newcomb continues lessee of Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, he having rented it to R. E. J. Miles for twenty-six weeks, at the expiration of which time Mr. Newcomb re-opens with his minstrel company.

CRAIG'S BURLESQUE of the "Grande Duchesse" is still running at Carncross and Dixey's Opera House, Philadelphia, where business continues good, and delighted audiences are seen.

EMERSON, ALLEN, AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS have not drawn very largely in Cincinnati, owing, it is thought, to the number of other attractions, but more especially Mr. Newcomb's lottery scheme. During the past week Johnnie Allen took the tambourine, instead of Emerson, singing "The Beautiful Ballet Girl," and in the second part giving "Nicodemus Johnson." The farces were "Actor and Singer," and "Blinks and Jinks." The vocal and instrumental portion of the troupe is pronounced good. The quartette consists of Dr. J. Hanmer, Tyrrel, Wheaton and Whitehouse. D. S. Rosenthal, balladist, closed his engagement with the company on Nov. 7th, and will probably retire from the profession. The feature for this week is to be a burlesque on Owens' "Live Indian" entitled the "Live Injun," with Johnnie Allen as the Aborigine.

LA RUE'S MINSTRELS are on the tramp again, showing in New Haven, Conn., on the 21st inst.

FRED. WILSON'S MINSTRELS, of St. Louis, hold their own, having good and appreciative audiences. The usual olio is given introducing new features by Kemble, Wagner, Wilson and Bray, concluding with the burlesque of "Lottery of Life."

MANAGER HOOLEY is doing a good business with his two minstrel companies in Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, the latter place having already become an established fact, while the former has long since been recognized as one of the most popular places of amusement known in the City of Churches. Joe Emmett appears at the Brooklyn establishment this week, and George Leslie re-appears. The extravaganza of "The Feminine Wigwam" hit 'em hard last week and keeps the bills for the current week. On the 13th John Mulligan, a great favorite there as well as wherever he appears, takes a benefit. At the Williamsburgh house Archy Hughes and S. S. Purdy appear on the ends and a good programme is presented. Next week there will be a great change, as the entire Brooklyn company will appear in Williamsburgh, and the Williamsburgh company appear in Brooklyn.

Circuses.

JAMES J. JOHNSON AND CO.'S CIRCUS is to go into winter quarters at Galesburg, Ill., where they intend erecting an amphitheatre, and by giving good performances anticipate success financially. They have done well in the west during the summer, we are informed.

SAMMY RINEHART and Charles Seaman joined Lake's Circus at Florence, Ala.

CHARLES NOYES' CIRCUS takes a trip south this winter. They made their first stand at Brady's Bend, Pa., on Nov. 7th, and were to go thence to Pittsburgh, Pa., for the 9th and 10th, and then take the steamboat, New York, for a trip down the river. Clark Gibbs is principal clown. James De Mott and wife are in the party.

YANKEE ROBINSON closed his tenting season at Dayton, Ohio, on Oct. 30th, with a complimentary benefit to the "Yank." The attendance was quite large and Yankee left for Chicago with a pocket full of stamps. The concern is wintered on the Fair Grounds in Dayton.

CHARLES PARKER, clown and general performer, can be addressed care of this office by managers who may wish to communicate with him on business for the winter season.

CHARLIE PELL, *avant courrier* of Dan Castello's Circus, was in Mobile, Ala., Nov. 2d, making arrangements for the concern to open there.

YANKEE ROBINSON is in Chicago, still suffering from his recent accident.

JULIAN KENT, clown, is at present in Chicago, Ill. A letter sent to 378 South Clark street will reach him.

MAGINLEY AND CARROLL'S CIRCUS is wintered at Knoxville, Tenn.

JOHN WILSON'S CIRCUS left Shanghae, China, suddenly, the first week in September for California. It appears that he had chartered a sailing vessel to convey his company from port to port. Failing, somehow or other, to come to time, John was sued, and the result of the lawsuit was that he came out loser to the tune of $8,000; that is, damages were brought in for that amount, which he determined not to pay, and the irrepressible John, being never at a loss for an expedient, succeeded in eluding the police and in getting himself and company away on a sailing vessel.

ALBISU'S CIRCUS, HAVANA.—Ladies and gentlemen engaged for this establishment will note an advertisement in another column.

D. S. GIBBONOISE, contortionist, advertises that he can be engaged for the coming season.

BRYAN'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS, at Broad and Wallace streets, Philadelphia, will close on the 14th inst. It is certainly a grand exhibition, and deserving of extensive patronage.

Music Halls.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE—late Academy of Music—Louisville, opened a few weeks since by George Lee, came to grief and gave up the ghost on Oct. 31st in consequence of bad business. Frank Rivers was business manager. An exchange says:—"Manager Lee left for the interior of Indiana with the cream of the company, and entrusted the Theatre Comique to a Mr. Davis, to run to the best of his knowledge and financial ability. The departure of Mr. Lea, and the bulk and baggage of the company, gave rise to sundry grave suspicions among those who had an insight to the green room, and thenceforward the clouds lowered thick and fast on the doomed institution. Mr. Davis soon perceived that his was an awkward dilemma, and in this frame of mind it was not particularly strange that he sought courage and consolation to meet the impending disaster in the flowing bowl. He seemed to care but very little whether school kept or not, and last night the Theatre Comique opened with a bold front. The flaming posters announced a grand combination of new faces, with a famous Dutch comedian as the star feature for the night's performance. As usual on Saturday nights, a large audience assembled, comprising nearly every class of the male sex, from public officers down to newsboys and shoeblacks. While they were eagerly awaiting the rise of the curtain a scene was being enacted at the treasurer's office which was destined to involve an entire change of the programme. The members of the orchestra having observed the extent of the audience, and knowing that the treasury had thereby been replenished, quietly walked down to the clerk's office and demanded their salaries, refusing to sound an instrumental note until it was forthcoming. The treasurer reluctantly forked over, and no sooner had they been satiated than the bill-poster presented his claim and sternly enforced its immediate liquidation. Following these unexpected demands came the company in force, all demanding pay or no play. This was too many for Mr. Davis, and, taking his hat and money box, he vamosed the ranche. The members of the company, fully comprehending the situation, went up to the green room, and, packing up their wardrobes, deserted the building, leaving the audience to wait and wonder at the unusual delay in the rise of the curtain. It finally leaked out that the company had abandoned the theatre and the treasurer's office was vacant. The scene that followed this interesting discovery baffles all description. The heterogeneous mass poured out, and soon the ticket office was besieged with the deluded audience, some of whom demanded the immediate return of their money, while others took it in good part, and left wiser, if not better men. The clamor was kept up in front of the building for nearly an hour, when some wag circulated a report that there was an opossum lunch at Schad's, when the crowd rushed pell-mell to the sumptuous repast, only to be sold again. After the discomfited audience had dispersed, somebody put out the lights and closed the institution. Officer Bob Seay was called upon to ferret out the absconding treasurer, and in a very short time captured the unlucky Davis, who was making giant strides towards his hotel. He was conveyed to the jail, and Nov. 2, the second act was to be played in the City Court, and all who were in attendance last night are expected to appear as supernumeraries."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Tenn., Oscar Willis has assumed the stage management. A correspondent writes as follows:—"M'lle Lizzie, Fannie Gray and Sallie Eldridge, are winning golden opinions, while the balance of the troupe generally acquit themselves with credit. The present (past) week will be one of interest. In addition to Minnie Gray, Miss St. Martin, and Marie Roselle, *danseuse*, the managers announce the engagement of Auguste Lameraux, Bonie Emerson, Nellie Holland, and the former old favorite, Dan. Griffin, who is a perfect trump. James Cummings, song and dance, has created a *furore*......At the National Theatre, a small hall built by the troops at the post, Mr. Evelynn Clifton will produce on Nov. 2d the burlesque of 'Cinderella.' The piece was to have been produced last week, but it is unavoidably postponed for lack of suitable scenery and properties for its presentation."

SEVERAL ADDITIONS have lately been made to the Olympic company, New Orleans, in the persons of John Prendergast, Jno. Collins and Joe Mairs; Signorita Lopez and children, Billy Diamond, Charley Gardner, Emma Lloyd, Nell Whitney and Henrietta, continue in the company.

FIRST CLASS ARTISTS in every branch of the variety business, are wanted for the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia. See J. C. Gregory's advertisement.

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., notwithstanding the bad weather, political excitement, and the counter attractions at the theatre, holds its own, and has done a fair business the past week. The company consists of Johnny Keegan, Johnny Redden, Geo. Madden, Lottie Starr and Fanny Williams. Miss Lillie Beckett left for New Orleans, on Oct. 24th; also Augusta Lameraux, for Nashville, on the 1st. Mr. Wells, of Montgomery, Ala., was in that city during the past week, looking for talent to open a Music Hall in that city, on or about the 17th, to be called the "Office Varieties." Johnny Redden takes a farewell benefit on the 8th, and goes to Montgomery with Mr. Wells. Ned Gooding will be stage manager. So says our correspondent.

WATSON AND WELLS, clog dancers, joined the forces at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., on the 2d inst. Nick Norton also appeared on the 5th inst. "Detroit by Gaslight" was played during the week, and the "Octoroon" was announced for the current week.

THE ZANFRETTA AND SIEGRIST TROUPE are at the Olympic, Detroit, Mich.

N. B. SHIMER opens at the Comique, Detroit, Mich., on the 9th inst.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., formerly the Baltimore Opera House, re-opened on the 7th inst. to a crowded house. During the past week the establishment has been closed for repairs, and during the *interim* workmen have been engaged night and day renovating the hall, and, although not yet finished, it presents a more pleasant and comfortable appearance. Mons. Alex. Boldy, *maitre de ballet*. Nellie Howard, Annie Trewaller, the Clarke Brothers, Harry Hart, Tom McIntyre, Dan Howe and Julian Keen are in the company. By the 11th the principal *danseuses* and a *ballet* will be on.

THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Baltimore, re-opened on the 5th inst. under the management of Messrs. C. Nachman and Robt. G. Gardiner. Buckingham, the English actor, is stage manager. In the Olio department J. W. Berkeley acts as interlocuter, Billy Perkins attends to the tambourine, and George Thatcher has the bones. Maggie Clare, Annie Ellmore, the Buckingham boys and Tom Whitaker are in the company, which is to be augmented the current week by a new *ballet*.

MINNIE CLARK was announced to open at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on the 9th inst., also Harry Talbot.

GEORGE LEA'S COMBINATION, late of the Theatre Comique, Louisville, burst up at Logansport, Ind., on Nov. 5th, in consequence of poor business. The baggage is said to have been seized there. Carleton, Gallietti and Zanretta, having some money on hand, got away.

AT THE EXCHANGE, Indianapolis, Ind., Bowman and Harris having withdrawn from the management, have disposed of their interest to Gus Gebert, who is now director. Miss Rosa Lee, Mary Russell, Minnie Clark and Maggie Clark commenced on Nov. 3d. M'lle Albertina, M'lle Stacey and Lizzie Wheeler, of Lea's Theatre Comique, were to open on the 9th. Johnny Bowman and Sol. Yewell, Jr., have benefits this week.

AT THE COURT STREET MUSIC HALL, Indianapolis, Ind., E. D. Gooding commenced with Sam E. Denin on the 2d, and also Miss Kate Castello, *danseuse*, and Minnie Estelle, vocalist. The Reynolds Brothers, Harry Blood and Johnny Thompson are in the troupe.

THE ADDITIONS to the Company at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, this week, are Nixon, contortionist; Little Nell, vocalist; Sames Gaynor, banjoist; Hank Mudge, cloggist; Lizzie Kelsey and Sallie Maddox, *danseuses*.

"JOSEPHUS ORANGEBLOSSOM" is the title of a new song and dance performed by Johnny Thompson, of Tony Pastor's Opera House, copies of which can be had for one dollar. See advertisement.

Miscellaneous.

THE HANLON BROTHERS closed a successful week's engagement in Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 31st, and were at Wilmington, Del., on the 2d and 3d inst. It is said that on the day of election, when great excitement prevailed, the Hanlons played to over $300. They were at Trenton, N. J., on the 4th and 5th, concerning which, a correspondent says:—"Taylor Hall was thronged on both nights of the Hanlon Brothers' performance, and it is the universal opinion of our citizens that these artists gave one of the best entertainments ever seen in this city. They did this by themselves, because, owing to its being impossible to make holes in the ceiling, the trapeze could not be put up, and Ptan, the Russian athlete, did not appear. The performance, however, gave unlimited satisfaction, the brother acts being all new to a Trenton audience. The three little pupils are assuredly prodigies, and all their feats were heartily *encored*, as were the songs of Emily Thorne, and the artistic harp solos of Mr. Blumphin. Our amusement lovers regret that the Hanlons could not have remained several nights longer but prior engagements prevented them. This company was at Reading, Pa., on the 6th and 7th, and was to open at the Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, on the 9th."

JAMES E. MURDOCH has prepared a lecture for the coming winter, called "Impressions and Recollections of Abraham Lincoln."

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL has joined the Peak and Berger Family of Bell Ringers.

ANNA DICKINSON lectures in Providence, R. I., on Nov. 30th.

GEORGE VANDENHOFF gives Shakespearean readings in Providence, R. I., on Dec. 17.

OLIVE LOGAN gives her lecture of "Paris, City of Luxury," in Providence, R. I., on Dec. 22d.

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG concertizes in Providence, R. I., on Nov. 9th.

PROF. BOSCO, prestidigitateur, appeared at the Salt Lake City Theatre on Oct. 28th.

MARTINO, the wizard, commenced a six nights' stay in Indianapolis, Ind., on Nov. 4th.

THE LIVING SKELETON, I. W. Sprague, may be engaged by addressing him as per advertisement in another column.

A LADY ROPE WALKER can get an engagement to travel south by addressing G. B. Byron as per advertisement.

M'LLE CAROLISTA is requested to send her address to G. B. Byron in an advertisement elsewhere.

BATTERY HALL, a new hall in Pawtucket, R. I., of comfortable dimensions, with gallery and two ante-rooms, is advertised to be let in another column.

PROF. HASSELMEYER, prestidigitateur, was at the Greenlaw Opera House, Memphis, Tenn., the week ending Oct. 31st.

MESSRS. HARRIS AND BROADWAY, the Chicago bill posters, have sailed from La Salle street to Randolph street, where they intend to be always ready to hang showmen's as well as other people's banners on the outward walls. They have an effective paste brigade, who are well posted in the tactics of de-fence, as Sambo would say. Their removal is announced in our advertising columns.

CARD.—ST. JAMES' HALL, 28 PICCADILLY W., Oct. 22.—To FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—In the CLIPPER of October 10, appears a paragraph relative to Mr. Levy, the cornet player. It has reference to his forthcoming trip to America as a member of Madame Parepa-Rosa's company, and it prognosticates that Mr. Levy will not be well received, but that a disturbance will take place, and that he is likely to be hissed off the stage. My own experience of America was that of one unvaried round of courtesy and kind treatment; so much so, indeed, that it is very hard for me to imagine that any foreigner could be received in America in any other way. The generous sentiments and cosmopolitan feeling of the people of the United States have become proverbial, and it can never seriously be the intention of any respectable portion of the community of New York to meditate giving a rude reception to a stranger. The reasons alleged for the probable rudeness and roughness are, that Mr. Levy behaved badly towards Mr. Charles E. Dobson, while the latter was in England; that "out of jealousy" he caused Mr. Dobson to be ill received at Birmingham, and that he subsequently assisted in getting Mr. Dobson hissed at the Alhambra, London. Mr. Levy and those who know him well are around me as I write. They assure me that Mr. Levy was not even in London at the time; but at Leeds, fully two hundred miles away. So clear an *alibi* renders it impossible that Mr. Levy could have assisted at the Alhambra *fracas*. Then, as to the Birmingham affair, what possible "jealousy" could there be between gentlemen who play on instruments so different? Mr. Dobson's excellence on the banjo in no way interferes with Mr. Levy's eminence on the cornet. The paragraph is a series of mistakes, or else the evidence of half a dozen of persons here is quite false. Besides, when Mr. Dobson left England he was on terms of friendship with Mr. Levy, and Mr. Levy assures me that he believes him to be on the same friendly terms at the present time. The paragraph being both erroneous and injurious, pray do your best to correct it and to maintain the good character for cordiality to visitors which all trans-Atlantic travelers accord to the United States. Yours, very truly, E. P. HINGSTON.

QUEEN, the Fakir, was in Lexington, Mass., on the 7th inst.

OLE BULL holds forth in Detroit, Mich., on the 11th inst.

OLIVE LOGAN gave her lecture, "Stage Struck," in Boston, on the 5th inst.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS was to commence a series of readings in Boston on the 9th inst.

PROF. M. O'REARDON, pianist and composer, who has just closed an engagement at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, can be engaged. See his advertisement elsewhere.

PHILADELPHIA, not to be behind Boston, has got a "big organ," which will be opened for the first time on the 18th inst., at the Cathedral, Logan Square. A number of organ men will "manipulate the ivories," and bring dulcet strains of melody and harmony from this "new organ."

THE MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, in Cincinnati, is still open. Many of its curiosities are of a character more appropriate to be imagined than described in print. One of its great attractions is described in large letters to be "the great Cæsarian and Circumcision operation."

MRS. FRANCIS ANNE KEMBLE is billed to give her Shakespearean readings at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, as follows:—Nov. 9, "The Merchant of Venice;" Nov. 10, "King Lear;" Nov. 11, "Coriolanus;" and Nov. 12, "A Mid Summer Night's Dream."

JAMES E. MURDOCH, the well-known actor and elocutionist, gives an original lecture entitled, "Impressions and Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, illustrated in Poetry and Prose," at Pike's Music Hall Cincinnati on Nov. 10th.

HERR HOLTUM, cannon ball performer, advertises for an engagement. See his card elsewhere.

PROF. NICHOLS, who advertises as the Champion Glass Blower, desires an engagement. See his card.

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSSA will give one of her readings from American and Irish poets at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Nov. 15th.

THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL, located on Broadway, above Bleecker street, this city, a favorite resort with showmen visiting the metropolis, has been leased by George Leland, late of the Metropolitan Hotel.

HOWARD, the ice and roller skater, advertises for engagements in another column.

OLIVE LOGAN commences a lecturing tour of one week on the 9th inst., under the management of Lowell and Simmonds, opening in Springfield, Mass., on the 9th; Troy, N. Y., on the 10th; Albany, N. Y. on the 11th; Hartford, Conn., on the 12th and New Haven, 13th.

GRAU'S GERMAN OPERA TROUPE having changed hands, Fred. Widdows is now manager, and the route ahead is as follows:—Bloomington, Ill., 10th and 11th; Springfield, Ill., 12th and 13th; Lafayette, Ind., 14th, and open in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 16th. H. Grau is agent. The company consists of Franz Himmer, Johann Arman, Joseph Weinlich, H. Steinecke, Wm. Bach, Wm. Zeigler, L. Hense, W. Wigand, R. Appelino, Fritz Frederici, Prof. Hubner, J. Dreyer, F. C. Shaefer. Prof. F. Mann, Musical Director; Marie Frederici Himmer, Clara Lang Zeigler, Bertha Berger, Eleury Roche, Mad. Schmidt and M'lle Berger, with chorus and orchestra.

JOHN SIVORI continues to teach the violin and banjo at his residence, 290 Sixth avenue, this city.

Amateur.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY AMATEURS, of Boston, gave their second entertainment at their hall in Boston, on Oct. 31st, when "A Happy Pair" was given, followed by the farces "Turn Him Out" and "Nan, the Good for Nothing;" also a few character songs by Wm. H. Lee.

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION, of Cincinnati, performed "Twelfth Night" at Smith's Hall, in that city, on Oct. 27th, a large audience being in attendance.

THE BOOTHENIAN ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed the "Serious Family" on the 5th inst. The house, says a correspondent, "was crowded and the performance an excellent one in every respect. Mr. Francis as Capt. Maguire was deservedly applauded throughout the piece, whilst E. H. Hayhurst as Chas. Torrens fairly divided the honors with him. Mr. Perry as Sleek came in for a good share of applause. Mr. Howard was cast as Vincent and Mr. Feldman as Danvers, Miss Hamilton as Lady Creamly, Miss Seymore as Mrs. Torrens, Miss Winters as Emma Torrens, Miss Morton as Mrs. Delmaine, and Miss Gardener as Graham were all good...... The Shakespeare gave a version of the 'Golden Farmer' on the 5th inst. Mr. Hulfish murdered the part of Harry Hammer. G. Conway as Old Mobb and W. H. Gunnis as the Farmer are the only ones worthy of mention. ......The Monte Christo will take a benefit at Washington Hall on the 19th of this month. The Boothenian members and others have volunteered."

THE AMATEURS of the 30th Regiment of Halifax, gave two performances Nov. 3d and 6th of "The Momentous Question" and the burlesque of "Othello" at Theatre Royal in that city.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Cincinnati, is to essay "Much Ado About Nothing" this week, with Mr. Kennedy as Benedick, Mr. Finch as Dogberry, and Miss Bard as Beatrice. ..... The Davenport Club, of the same place, gave "Self" last week to a full audience.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia presented, on the 4th inst., the comedy of "Money," which is pronounced a pleasing performance, although the business of the piece was slighted. This association has been organized since April, 1860, and now has one of the finest and most complete halls in the city. The club room and dressing rooms are spacious and considerable taste has been evinced in their fitting up. They intend having new seats in their auditorium, which will cost at least $600. In December they perform the "Grand Duchess."

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—The great influx of strangers to the metropolis has awakened considerable enthusiasm in the theatrical world, and business up to last advices is reported as having been pretty lively. Covent Garden was announced to open for a season of Italian opera under the direction of Mr. Mapleson, on Oct. 24th, with Mlls. Titiens, Trebelli, Bettini, Mongini and Santley. Minnie Hauck was to make her English *debut* on Oct. 26th, as Amina in "Somnambula"......Drury Lane Theatre continues to rely upon the attractions of "The King O' Scots"......No change whatever has occurred at the Lyceum, Queen's, Princess'. Strand, New Royalty, Prince of Wales', Holborn, Surrey, Victoria, and Alexandra Theatres, nor at the Royal Amphitheatre......"Pindee Singh" is the principal attraction at the Royal Alfred......A new version of Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," was produced at the Standard, on Oct. 19th, under the title of "Madge Wildfire." It does not differ, it is stated, from previous adaptations of the same play, the trial of Effie, the journey of Jeanie to London, her mishaps on the road, and interview with the Queen being its principal features......During the wandering through the country of the Haymarket company, the theatre has been thoroughly cleansed and decorated. The regular season opened on Oct. 19th, with "Leah," Miss Bateman making, as its suffering and persecuted heroine, her first appearance upon the Haymarket boards......A new burlesque, on the subject of "Lucrezia Borgia," is in rehearsal at the Holborn. Mr. Byron is the author......The name of the forthcoming Drury Lane pantomime is "Puss in Boots."......A new drama by Mr. Alfred Rayner, entitled "Danger," is in rehearsal at the Standard. A new sensation is to be introduced...... Webster and Fechter have brought out "Monte Cristo" at the Adelphi. It was unequivocally damned the first night...... Nothing could have been more successful than Lord Lytton's "Rightful Heir," just brought out, with Mr. Bandmann as hero, at the Lyceum, but it is not a success. It is a long agony, in five acts, lighted up with a little love, but not enlivened with one bit of humor. There is not even a smile in the whole piece. There are some nice poetic passages, as in the "Lady of Lyons;" but the heroine has nothing to do but hugging, which, in five acts, gets tiresome—to a mere spectator. Mr. Bandmann finds it hard work, and so gets anxious and overdoes it—rants, in fact. His other piece, thin as it was, working slowly up to a single strong situation, made a better impression. This is overloaded and overstrained every way. People admire, but they get tired of admiring. It is patriotic, but the patriotism drew out not the least response...... "London by Gaslight" continues the attraction at Sadler's Wells, where "The Flowers of the Forest" has been added to the bills, with Miss Hazlewood as Cynthia......Louisa Pyne was married Oct. 12th to Frank H. Bodda......John Walsh, Irish comedian and dancer, died in London on Oct. 20th, aged twenty-eight years...... H. Talbot sails for Melbourne on Dec. 21st......Lizzie Wilmore, having arrived in London, advertises for an engagement during the holidays.

MR. W. SIDNEY, lessee of the Norwich and Richmond Theatres, has also become the lessee of the Birkenhead Theatre.

"BLOW FOR BLOW" has been produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, and achieved a success. Miss Hughes, Mr. Sidney and Mr. Gaston Murray were specially engaged to play respectively Mildred Craddock, John Drummond and Sir Harry Linden. The author, who personally superintended the production of the piece, was called for three times, and was enthusiastically cheered, and a similar compliment was paid to each of the above named artists. The burlesque of "The Zingara" has followed the drama.

MISS BEATRIX SHIRLEY, who was seized with cholera and her life despaired of, opens in Liverpool, England, on December 7th, as Rosalind.

THE [illegible] SON AND MONTAGUE TROUPE OF CHRISTY MINSTRELS gave, by command, a concert at Balmoral on Oct. 23d. Her Majesty, with the members of the royal family, including Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold and Prince and Princess Teck, occupied a raised dais opposite the platform, and the visitors and household were provided with seats on either side of the room. Her Majesty expressed herself highly gratified with the entertainment. When the programme, which was unusually long, was concluded, the Queen intimated to Mr. Montague, through Lord Charles Fitzroy, that she desired to hear another plaintive ballad, and, in compliance with the request, Mr. Bernard sang his own version of the popular piece, "Just Before the Battle, Mother."

AT THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE, Liverpool, "Il Trovatore," "Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," "Marta," "Il Barbiere," &c. (with Santley, Mongini, Foli, Toboli, Titiens, Sinico, and Bettini in the principal characters), have been played.

MLLE. DEJAZET, the actress who made her *debut* under the First Empire, and received her first communion a few months ago, has just been confirmed by the Archbishop of Lyons.

A TENOR, endowed with a marvellous voice, is said to have been discovered at Winamplanche, near Spa, in the person of a young shepherd, sixteen years of age, named Chaiseche. An Italian gentleman, who alighted on this trouvaille, has taken on himself the charge of the new singer's musical education.

A NEW OPERA by Sig. Aspa, "Don Matteo," is being prepared at the Teatro Nazionale of Florence, and "Ulema la Schiava," just completed by Sig. Pedrotti, is to be brought out in Venice. The last named maestro has been appointed to the direction of the Liceo Musicale and of the Opera in Turin.

MR. EDWARD SAKER has taken the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, for the winter, and opens with a new pantomime, "Ali Baba; or, The Forty Thieves."

THEATRICAL MEDLEY.—"The Lancashire Lass," "To Oblige Benson," met "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," "After Dark." She said she very much enjoyed his "Society," but he was not "The Rightful Heir" to "King O'Scots," and she believed the report of his having flirted with "Leah" was "Founded on Facts." He assured her some one had been "Mischief Making," but she declined to hear of "Marriage at Any Price." A quarrel ensued, and they retired to "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," where they indulged in "Blow for Blow," surrounded by "Monte Cristo" and "The Scamps of London," who made such a noise they disturbed all the "Land Rats and Water Rats" that had been in the sewers ever since "The Rise and Fall of Richard the Third."

BOTH MR. BOUCICAULT and Mr. Watts Phillips, in their play of "After Dark" and "Land Rats and Water Rats," now being performed at the Princess' and Surrey theatres, London, have introduced an incident of a railroad train, which both acknowledge is borrowed from the American play of "Under the Gaslight." This has induced some one to attempt to trace the pedigree of the railway-train business, and the history thus ferreted out is as follows:—The contrivance was originally introduced by Mr. Fenton, the manager of the London Victoria Theatre, in a play at his house. The man was visibly knocked down by a train, the model of which was purchased by the manager of one of the Parisian theatres, and the incident, in a modified form, was introduced in a French drama. From Paris the train and its accessories passed to New York, where a man was seen tied to the rail. In this condition the incident was transplanted to the Princess', and then to the Surrey, when, like Tiresias, the man is changed to a woman. We are thus let into a strange community of pirates, who make their living by robbing each other of French ideas.

The attempt of Mlle. Karoly, of the Comedie Francaise, to act the difficult part of Monime, in Racine's "Mithridate," reminds one of the difference between players of the present day and the great actors and actresses of the glorious old times. Mlle. Clarion said, in her memoirs, that she read and studied the character of Monime for fifteen years, as she tells us, with charming modesty, "before I permitted myself to learn the part." She then acted it less to her own satisfaction than that of her audiences. The most finished comedians of that day were modest. Betterton, at seventy, remarked to a friend who was praising his Hamlet as perfect, "Perfect! I have played Hamlet for fifty years, and I believe I have not got to the depths of all its philosophy yet!" Now, not only beardless boys, but presuming girls, leave their yard measures and their needles and "enact" Hamlet with an air of knowing all about it.—*Athenæum.*

IN LONDON the music halls have seriously injured the regular theatres. It has been found that men prefer a hall, where they can combine the pleasures of a light theatrical or *ballet* entertainment with tobacco and beer, to the weariness of sitting quietly through a five act play or a three hour opera. Of course this state of things shows a want of taste for the legitimate drama, and a preference for sensual over intellectual pleasures; but, however much the opponents of beer and tobacco may regret it, the success of the music halls is an undeniable fact.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.—Paris is merry over a quarrel between M. La Tour St. Ybars and the manager of the French Comedy. The former wrote one brilliant play, in which Mlle. Rachel shone brightly; but Virginie had no successors, although M. La Tour St. Ybars tried earnestly to give them to her. Last year he read to the actors of the French comedy a drama, "L'Affranchi," which was rejected. The Odeon is about to bring it out. A few days since he read a new play, "Alexandre" to the actors of the French Comedy, and it was "received upon condition the author corrects it." M. La Tour St. Ybars insists the manager (who is all-powerful) did everything he could to prejudice the actors against the piece. His card to the public is very piquant. He tells how the manager of the French Comedy forced M. Victor Hugo to pay all the expenses of bringing out "Hernani;" how the manager was annoyed that "Alexandre" was not refused, and said to him:—"You may read the piece again, but I should not advise you to do so, for the red balls will become black balls." M. La Tour St. Ybars was accused of having broken his cane over the manager's head when he heard this insolence. He denies the truth of the rumor, saying:—"I have the grief to inform you I am not guilty of the crime I am charged withal, and I shall long drag through life the remorse I feel at being innocent." The whole letter is in this strain. A few days afterwards the newspapers announced a theatre manager had sent seconds to a dramatic author who had made excuses. M. La Tour St. Ybars, in a second card, denied he was this author, and added, "I have received no seconds and I ask no excuses." He has more than once been in trouble with the actors of the French Comedy. When he went to Paris he asked permission to read his first work to the actors of the French Comedy. It was granted. While reading, he noticed nobody listened to him; some were half asleep, others looked towards the windows, some actresses giggled together or amused themselves curling paper. He abruptly stopped, and bluntly said:—"Gentlemen, I see you are to-day in no humor to listen to me. Do not let us lose together here hours we should spend more agreeably in promenading. We will postpone this reading, with your good permission, to some day when you may feel more inclined to listen." The actors all started from their chairs, saying, "Why, go on, sir, go on—indeed, we are all attention." He made no reply, quietly folded his manuscript, put it in his pocket, and walked out, leaving the actors confounded...... The Gaiety will open in December with a new piece by Mr. Sala and Mr. Halliday, and also a burlesque from the pen of Mr Gilbert.

MADAME GUEYMARD, the *cantatrice*, who receives $18,000 a year for singing at the Grand Opera in Paris, was locked in her dressing-room at the theatre one night by her husband, and whipped without mercy for five minutes. She did not cry or scream, but went immediately out on the stage and sung her part as if nothing had happened. A divorce will be the result.

SALVATOR TAGLIONI, composer of several *ballets*, and father of the renowned dancer, has just died at Naples, aged seventy-eight.

HERR JANSA, the violinist, has been permitted to return to Vienna. He was in the first instance dismissed from his position in the orchestra of the Viennese Opera because he had taken part in a concert given in London for the benefit of Hungarian refugees. He is 73 years old.

A NEW OPERA by Signor Aspa, "Don Matteo," is being prepared at the Teatro Nazionale of Florence, and "Ulema la Schiava," just completed by Signor Pedrotti, is to be brought out in Venice. The last named *maestro* has been appointed to the direction of the Liceo Musicale and of the Opera in Turin.

M. FETIS is arranging with Didot in Paris for the production of the first volume of his "General History of Music."

THERESA, the notorious Parisian singer, is giving concerts at Tours, which have been attended by all "the country people" as well as by the *canaille*.

THE RUSSIAN NOVELIST, M. Ivan Turgeniev, is at work at Baden Baden on a new *libretto* for Madame Viardot. It is founded on a northern legend, and is said to be not only poetical, but well laid out for music.

THE LATEST OFFENBACH EXTRAVAGANCE is the establishment in Amsterdam of an "Offenbach Company," which possesses its own theatre, and produces nothing but Offenbach's works. Its performances are very well attended.

FLOTOW is in Paris, completing his new work, "L'Ombre," to be brought out in December at the Opera Comique. M. de Saint Georges is the author of the *libretto*. The story is carried on by four characters only, without the aid of a chorus.

HORTENSE SCHNEIDER, the *prima donna* of Paris, as well as of Offenbach's opera bouffes, is described by a journalist as a fat, waddling woman, with a short neck, a round, voluptuous face, a crooked, ugly nose, an exceedingly narrow forehead, and very fine, bright eyes. There is absolutely nothing very attractive about her person, except those eyes. Her bust is too expansive, her waist at least three times as large as it ought to be, her hands and feet are plebian. When you meet her on the street, you would not look at her; and yet she is the queen of the French opera bouffe because she can say nasty things in a ten times nastier manner than any other French actress. This woman, with her lascivious glances and innuendoes, has done more to demoralize the French stage than all the wretched little plays which are performed at the lowest suburban theatres. Her popularity has brought riches to her. She is wealthier than any of the celebrated *prime donne* of the Italian opera. Her demands of salary are perfectly monstrous. She receives more money for singing for two hours than Henrie ta Sontag, thirty-five years ago, received for singing six nights in the week; and yet, she is neither good looking nor even a passable cantatrice; and her whole theatrical capital is a skill in doing things at which every honest woman would blush."

FREDERICK WILLIAM DICKENS, last surviving brother of Charles Dickens, died a few weeks ago at Darlington, Eng.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MUSEUM,
BROADWAY, CORNER OF THIRTIETH STREET.
Open from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M. Two performances daily in Grand Theatre. Afternoon, at 2; evening, at 7¾ o'clock.
Greatest Combination of Attractions in the World.
LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE
Every Evening, and Wednesday and Saturday Matinee, in
IXION,
And
DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO JERSEY.
Full Dramatic Company.
Every Other Afternoon in
CINDERELLA.
MENAGERIE OF LIVING WILD ANIMALS.
Ellinger & Foote's Combination of Little People.
HOST OF HUMAN PHENOMENA,
Together with all the
WONDERS OF WOOD'S MUSEUM.
CROWDED HOUSES. No increase in prices of admission.
32-1t*

NEW YORK CIRCUS,
Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT......Director
MATINEES AT 2½
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
NOVELTY! NOVELTY! NOVELTY!
CHANGE! CHANGE! CHANGE! CHANGE!
AN ENTIRELY NEW PROGRAMME.
First Week of
THE GREAT MELVILLE,
the world-renowned Australian Horseman, who will appear in his startling
BAREBACK STEEPLE CHASE ACT!
NOVEL AND DIVERSIFIED
SCENES IN THE CIRCLE,
introducing
NEW ARTISTS IN NEW ACTS,
together with the entire strength of the
MOST TALENTED CIRCUS TROUPE
ever organized on this continent. 32-1t*

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
BEGINS AT 8.
JAMES E. HAYES......Lessee and Manager.
C. W. TAYLEURE......Business Manager.
MEMORABLE AND MATCHLESS SUCCESS.
267th to 275th Performance of G. L. FOX's Grand Pantomime,
"The" Hit. HUMPTY DUMPTY. "The" Hit.
"The" Hit. "The" Hit.
The inimitable American Comedian and Pantomimist,
MR. GEORGE L. FOX, as
HUMPTY DUMPTY and CLOWN.
"Brilliant kaleidoscope of Fairy Marvels and Enchantments, Comic Tricks, Gorgeous Scenery, Great Dancing, Rubbing Fun." | 275 | "There never was a piece so unexceptionably cheery, bright and innocent as this beautiful production."
MLLE. SANGALI AND THE ITALIAN BALLET,
(The Greatest Ballet Troupe in America.)
The rush is unexampled. Throngs are turned away. Secure seats in advance; it costs nothing extra to do so.
[illegible] MATINEES [illegible] WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.

NEW HALL IN PAWTUCKET, R. L
BATTERY HALL
Is now ready to let.
It is 73 feet long and 45 wide, with two ante rooms and gallery in addition. For terms apply to
GEORGE HENRY, Bill Poster, or
32-3t* GEO. W. NEWELL, Treas.

WORRELL SISTERS' NEW YORK THEATRE.
Now open for the regular dramatic season with
A GREAT STAR COMPANY.
Mrs. F. B. Conway, Miss Viola Crocker,
Rose Sherwell, Mrs. Edward Wright,
Mr. F. B. Conway, Mr. J. K. Mortimer,
Mr. C. T. Parsloe, Mr. James Dunn,
Mr. H. Ryner, Mr. F. A. Gossin,
Miss Saidee Cole, Jenny Gilmer, Newton, Hurley, Williams, Cowan, &c., all appearing in Augustin Daly's picturesque local drama, of world wide fame,
UNDER THE GASLIGHT,
WITH ITS WONDROUS RAILROAD SENSATION, THE THRILLING PIER SCENE, and the frolics of the "Lost Tribes."
THE HUMORS OF THE TOMBS TRIALS,
and all the original features, revived with new superb adjuncts.
MATINEE ON SATURDAY.

EUROPEAN CIRCUS.
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AND BROADWAY.
ONE WEEK LONGER.
First appearance since his return from Europe of
JAMES ROBINSON,
CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,
In his great
SOMERSAULT ACT,
The execution of which gave him
HIS GREAT NAME,
AND
DREW MULTITUDES OF PEOPLE
to his place of [illegible] in this city.
HE WILL RESUME THIS ACT
And introduce the Boy
CLARENCE IN ASSOCIATION
AT THE
GREAT EUROPEAN,
which is not only
THE BEST CIRCUS IN NEW YORK,
BUT IN THE WORLD.
First appearance of Miss JENNIE WATSON. First appearance of the celebrated DENZER BROTHERS, together with the BELL and SHERWOOD FAMILIES.
SAM LONG and FRANK WHITTAKER, the great Clowns. A Daily MATINEE and Evening Performance, at 2 and 7¾ P. M.
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OVER HALF A MILLION PERSONS,
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Engagement FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY of
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ELIZABETH.
ON MONDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 16,
(after every preparation) and an outlay of ten thousand dollars,
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AFTER DARK;
Or, LONDON BY NIGHT.
The management, in presenting the first
SPECTACULAR NOVELTY OF THE SEASON,
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An immense programme of Novelties.
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Will hold their
SEMI-ANNUAL GAMES
ON
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11,
AT
THE EMPIRE SKATING RINK,
Third avenue, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets.
Fourteen games will be contested, and over one hundred entries already made, comprising members of
THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB,
and gentlemen of other Clubs from Montreal, Toronto, Troy, Paterson and other cities.
ELEGANT GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS
awarded for first and second prizes.
THE EMPIRE CITY SKATING RINK
is the largest place of amusement on this continent and peculiarly adapted for these sports, being a mammoth building constructed with arches, having the largest clear span in America, 350 feet long 170 feet wide and 70 feet high, with ground floor and raised platforms capable of accommodating 10,000 spectators.
The games are open to all amateurs. No entrance fee charged.
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DODWORTH'S BAND
Is engaged for the occasion.
Admission......50 cen
Reserved Seats......75 cen
For sale at the principal ticket offices and music stores.
Games will commence at 7:30, sharp. 32-1t*

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MARY SCOTT, NAOMI PORTER, FLORENCE WELLS, LOTTIE ESTELLE, and others.
GRAND MATINEE ON NOV. 14TH. 32-1t*

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OF
MAC EVOY'S GREAT
PICTORIAL, MUSICAL AND
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THE NEW HIBERNICON,
Representing
A TOUR IN IRELAND.
CHAS. MAC EVOY AS
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All the old favorites will appear, with full chorus and orchestra.
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GREAT HIT OF THE CALIFORNIA COMEDIANS
LESLIE AND RAYNOR.
Unbounded applause welcomes the appearance of
THE ONLY LEON'S NEW "BEND."
THE ONLY LEON'S SONNAMBULA,
THE ONLY LEON'S EURYDICE.
ORPHEE AUX ENFERS. GRANDEST COSTUMES.
ORPHEE AUX ENFERS. GORGEOUS SCENERY.
ORPHEE AUX ENFERS. BRILLIANT BURLESQUE.
A dazzling and marvellous
TRANSFORMATION SCENE!
NOTICE—TWO PERFORMANCES ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

NOTICE.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
Understanding that several surreptitiously obtained manuscript copies of my original and adapted one act Dramas, played at Tony Pastor's Opera House, in this city, during the past two years, ARE IN CIRCULATION,
this is to give
WARNING
to all parties that the performance of and right in and to said PIECES
OUTSIDE THE
CITY OF NEW YORK,
are, pursuant to the laws of the state of New York and of the United States, my personal literary property, and all permission to play such pieces must be obtained from me.
Any infringement upon my rights will in future be met by an immediate appeal to the law. JOHN F. POOLE,
320 Eighteenth street, South Brooklyn,
OR TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE.
New York, Nov. 6th, 1868. 32-1t*

PRESENTATION.
HARRY ROBINSON, who has lately closed a brilliant engagement in Pittsburgh, was presented last week by his Pittsburgh friends with a magnificent gold ring, with an onyx stone, studded with diamonds, containing in all thirty-two diamonds. The following letter accompanied the present:—
Understanding that you are about leaving Pittsburgh for New Orleans, we cannot take leave of you without expressing the gratification and pleasure you have given us, not only by your artistic acting but by your social qualities and gentlemanly deportment in private life. As a slight testimonial of the esteem in which we hold you, and, in return for the enjoyment your performances have afforded us, we beg your acceptance of the accompanying ring, and hope you will live long to wear it in remembrance of your [illegible] friends. 32-1t*

[illegible]
189 Bowery. Ladies and gentlemen instructed in every branch of the theatrical profession. For terms, etc., apply to THOMPSON & RIGGS, 189 Bowery. 32-1t*

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NO MORE STAIRS TO CLIMB.
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BILL POSTERS,
have removed from their old stand, 47 La Salle street, to 99 RANDOLPH STREET, beneath the MATTESON HOUSE.
(NOTE.—*The Matteson House, first class in all its appointments, will be found one of the most agreeable and centrally located Hotels in the city for troupes to put up at,*) where we shall be pleased to see all our old friends, and as many new as may choose to call.
Hear what the "Daily Programme," (George Morris, Editor and Proprietor) says:—
ENTERPRISE EXTRAORDINARY.
Messrs. HARRIS & BROADWAY, the well known Bill Posters, have removed from their old stand, 47 La Salle street, to the large and commodious premises, 99 Randolph street, (underneath the Matteson House), and have now, without exception, the finest Bill Posting establishment in the world. They throw their place open on Monday evening by giving a grand banquet to their many friends—comprising all of the agents, managers and job printers in the city. It would, perhaps, not be out of place to give our readers an idea of how they have things arranged. The first room is a general office for reading and writing, tastefully arranged; adjoining this is their reception parlor; this room is furnished regardless of expense; the floor is covered with a beautiful velvet carpet, one of Steinway's grand pianos, and black walnut and marble top furniture to match; the walls are handsomely frescoed and hung with pictures of all the leading artists in the country; to the right and left of this room Messrs H. & B. have a private office, which is also handsomely furnished, and the floor covered with a fine Brussels; in the rear they have a large work room for folding and joining posters, and a paste and store room all arranged especially for their business. Mr. B. informed us that this luxurious establishment has cost the firm upwards of $5,000 to fit it up. They are now prepared to do all manner of posting in a style that cannot be surpassed in any country. 32-1t*

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DANSEUSE, was under contract with me for one year, to join Chiarini's Circus, but broke her contract at the last moment, as she has previously done with Pepita, of Havana; the Bowery Theatre, and the Alhambra, in this city. Managers should be careful in engaging her, as she is not to be depended upon. P. PICARD, Agent for Chiarini's Royal Circus. 1t*

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with a seating capacity of 2,500 persons. Dramas and horse pieces having been drawing immense houses.
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"J. Holmes Grover's new piece is an immense success. He sustains six characters in a faultless manner."—Standard......"The situations are good, the plot highly interesting and Mr. Grover's role a success, although the most difficult one an actor could possibly attempt."—Journal......"The piece is a marked success."—Courier.
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Thompson Crockett, with a "P," a vagrant, with original song; Michael McLarry, an Irishman born, with original Irish song and jig; Gen Hans von Schnickelfritz, a German voyager, with German song; Sir Arthur Flyaway, an English voyager; Mons. Pierre la Voir, Professor de la Langue Francaise; Edward Livingstone, a returned voyager; Joshua Blackburne, a retired merchant; Antonia Malibran, a professional gambler; Aaron Sharkey, an attorney at law; Ned Harcourt, a New York sport; Jesse Horner, a real estate agent; Ralph Marston, a match peddler; Timothy Tibbs, "Esq.," landlord of the "Dew Drop Inn;" Jim Crow, a sawyer; John Thomas, a handy boy about the house; Cuffee, a Freedman's Beauroite; Mr. Crabsubolden, a policeman; Lois Blackburn, a belle and an heiress; Widow Marston, a victim of Joshua Blackburne; Blanche Marston, a beautiful "shop girl;" Annette, a French maid, with songs; Dinah, the entire "cook ob de kitchen;" Gamblers, Citizens, &c., &c. Managers desiring to produce the "Way of the Wicked," with Mr. Grover in his original cast, can do so by addressing his only authorized business manager, CHAS. S. FORBES, Penn Yan, N. Y.
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Mr. GEO. F. FULLER having retired from management, Stars wishing [illegible]

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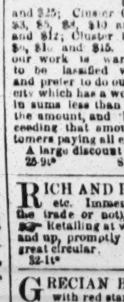

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At the ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, MUNICH, Kingdom of Bavaria.
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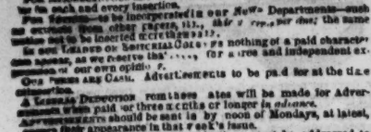

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LADIES AND GENTS of acknowled ability, also first class PANTOMIMISTS, may address
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WANTED,
FLUTE AND PISTON PLAYERS.
First class talent in all branches of the Minstrel Profession. Address the Manager. 29-8t

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LEWIS BAKER.....Manager
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